

E 12820

OVER LAND AND SEA.



SENTINEL ROCK, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

OVER LAND AND SEA.

A LOG OF TRAVEL ROUND THE WORLD

IN

1873-1874.

BY ARTHUR G. GUILLEMARD.



FIJIAN CHIEFS AND DWARF.

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.
1875.

(All rights of Translation and Reproduction are reserved.)

OVER LAND AND SEA.

A LOG OF TRAVEL

ROUND THE WORLD

IN

1873-1874.

BY

ARTHUR G. GUILLEMARD.

LONDON :

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1875.

[All rights of Translation and Reproduction are reserved.]

1989
CHECKED

910-41

GU1

TO
LEWIS WILLIAM NOVELLI,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF
MANY PLEASANT DAYS BY SEA AND LAND,
THIS BOOK
IS
Affectionately Dedicated.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

ROUND THE CAPE TO AUSTRALIA.

- A Long Sea Voyage—From London to Melbourne in Four Lines
—Passing Glimpses of Porto Santo, Madeira, and the Canaries
—Amusements on board the *Lord Warden*—Cricket at Sea
—Our Club and its Doings—Law in the Mizen-top—Lotus-eating—Australia Felix at Last—Hobson's Bay—Sandridge and Williamstown pp. 1—8

CHAPTER II.

MELBOURNE.

- The Road from Sandridge—Appearance of the City—Its Streets and Gutters—Melbourne Dust v. Epsom Dust—Cabs and Cab-horses—The New Government House—The Botanical Gardens—The Public Buildings—The Fair Sex and the Fashions—Melbourne Faces—A Porter of Importance—A Leading Waiter—Manly Physique—Advantages to the Immigrant—High Wages and Cheap Food pp. 9—25

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS TASMANIA.

- Across the Straits—Scenery on the Tamar—Launceston—Corra Linn—Domestic Economy—Farms and Farming—The Launceston and Western Railway—Westbury—Dog, Cat, Lamb, and Kangaroo—Deloraine—The Trackless West—An Early

Game of Skittles—Perth—A Day with the Kangaroo—
Coaches and Coaching in Tasmania—Campbell Town—Oat-
lands—Scenery on the Derwent—Arrival at Hobart Town
pp. 26—56

CHAPTER IV.

AN EXCURSION TO THE TASMANIAN LAKES.

Hindrances to Visiting the Lake District—Stella—The Main
Road—Melton Mowbray and Rabbit-shooting—Antill Ponds
Forge—Our Blacksmith and Guide—His Appearance, Con-
versation, and Horsemanship—Ascent of the Western Tiers—
“A Good Road”—Almost a Catastrophe—A Tableland
Forest—A First Look at the Lake—Steve, the Bridge-keeper
—Scenery of Lake Sorell and Lake Crescent at Sunset—
Interlaken—Stock-driving in the Lake District—Lake St. Clair
—The Great Lake—A Day's Drive through the Forest—Both-
well—The Falls of the Clyde pp. 57—75

CHAPTER V.

HOBART TOWN.

Aspect of the City and Harbour—Streets and Public Buildings—
The Botanic Gardens—Fern Tree Bower—Ascent of Mount
Wellington—A Trip to Port Espérance—A Tasmanian Re-
gatta—New Norfolk—Hops and Hop Gardens—The First
Tasmanian Salmon—Fruit and Flowers—The Huon Forest—
A Big Tree—The Wellington Falls—Through the Forest by
Torchlight—The Climate of Tasmania pp. 76—96

CHAPTER VI.

TASMANIA.

State of the Colony—Want of Labour—Produce—Wool—Mines
and Minerals—Whaling—Cessation of Transportation and its

Results — Railways — Emigration — Convicts — Capital and Labour	pp. 97—105
---	------------

CHAPTER VII.

SYDNEY.

From Hobart Town to Sydney Heads—Sydney Harbour—Hotels—Streets and Public Buildings—Parks and Gardens—Horses and Horse-breeding—Attractions of Sydney—Up the Parramatta River—Twelve Miles of Jelly Fish—A Parramatta Orangery—A Picnic at Botany Bay—A Heavy Rainfall—Climate of Sydney—Prosperity of New South Wales—Sydney Hospitality	pp. 106—121
---	-------------

CHAPTER VIII.

A WEEK IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Scenery of the Blue Mountains—The Great Western Railway—Views from the Line—Mount Victoria—Govett's Leap—Its Cliffs and Waterfalls—Sunlight and Storm—Characteristics of the Gorge—The Weatherboard Falls—Prince Regent's Glen—The Vale of Clywdd—The Lithgow Zigzag—Bowenfels—Hassan's Walls—The Alum Mount and the Caves—Leicester's Fall—Monaghan's Falls—Weather in the Blue Mountains	pp. 122—135
--	-------------

CHAPTER IX.

A FEW WORDS ON THE COLONIES.

English Ideas of the Colonies—A Worthless Immigrant—Field for Capital and Labour—Openings for Artisans—English Institutions—Freedom and Loyalty of the Colonies—Separation—Victorian Energy—Sydney and New South Wales Prospects—Victorian Policy—Scarcity of Labour—Society—Telegraphs and Mails	pp. 136—144
---	-------------

CHAPTER X.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Best Friends must Part—The New Mail Route—Lord Howe's Island—Kandavu—A Native Congregation—Fijians Aboard—“The Giant Wind ;” his Wife and Daughters—An Olive-skinned Venus in Full-dress Undress—Morning Calls—A Luncheon Party—A Fijian Cricketer—The Barrier Reef—Government House—“The Giant Wind's” Turtle Pond—A Love-stricken Princess's Farewell—The Natives—Fijian Politics—Products of the Group—Climate and Position—A Future Naval Station—Levuka—Revenue—Population—Coast and Mountain Tribes—Fijian Prospects under British Rule

pp. 145—167

CHAPTER XI.

HONOLULU.

From Kandavu to Honolulu—The Capital of the Hawaiian Islands—Bijou Villas—Honolulu Beauties—The Pali—The Parliament House and Parliament—A Hawaiian Church—The King's Palace—Charge Bayonets !—A Political *Emeute*—King Kalakaua—A Hawaiian Ballet—Mortality amongst the Natives—Products of the Islands—American Views of the Situation—Climate—Volcanoes in Hawaii . pp. 168—189

CHAPTER XII.

SAN FRANCISCO.

From Honolulu to San Francisco—A Pacific Gale—The Golden Gate—San Francisco Carriages—Melbourne and San Francisco Compared—The Chief City of the West—Hotels—An Expen-

sive Laundress—The Chinese Quarter—A Chinese Theatre—
Chy Lung—Chinese Ladies—Californian 7. Chinese Labour—
The Exchange : a “ Deal ;” how it is done in San Francisco—
Sunday and yet not Sunday—The Fruit Market—Earthquakes,
Suicides, and Shooting Affrays—A Brace of Fire-eating
Editors pp. 190—203

CHAPTER XIII.

INTO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY ON WHEELS.

An American Steamer and Train—From San Francisco to Merced
—Stage Travelling—The San Joaquin Valley—Dudley’s Mills
—Ascending the Sierra Spurs—Forest Scenery and Wild
Flowers—Bower Cave—The Merced Big Trees—Opening of
the First Waggon Road into Yosemite—Down into Yosemite
Gorge on Wheels—The Cascades—The Opening Ceremony
—View up the Valley—Yosemite at Last . . pp. 204—215

CHAPTER XIV.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A Morning Ride to Cholock—The Highest Waterfall in the
World—Down the Valley—Pompompasus—Cathedral Spires—
Tutockahnulah—Cathedral Rocks—Pohono in Sunlight—The
Virgin’s Tears Fall—Up the Valley—Tocoyœ and Tissaack
—Mirror Lake—The South Cañon—The Vernal Cascades—
Piwyack at Sunset—Mahtah—The Silver Shoot—Yowiye by
Moonlight—Snow’s Hotel—The Little Yosemite Valley—
Tuloolweack—The View from Glacier Point—On Sentinel
Dome—A Panorama of Peaks—Loya—A Last Look into
Yosemite pp. 216—246

CHAPTER XV.

ABOUT YOSEMITE.

Discovery of the Yosemite Valley—The Digger Indians—Hotels and Hotel Expenses—Horses, Saddles, and Riding Costumes—The Buildings in the Valley—Yosemite Photographs—Routes to the Valley—The Hetch Hetchy Valley—The Total Cost of a Visit to Yosemite—Table of Heights of Waterfalls, Cliffs, and Mountains—Winter in the Valley—When to Visit Yosemite 247—256

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

From Inspiration Point to Peregoy's—Forest Scenery—Clark and Moore's—The Mariposa Big Trees—The Upper Grove—Wahwonoh—The Fallen Monarch—Appearance and Nomenclature of the Trees—Their Bark, Wood, Cones, and Seed—The Lower Grove—The Grizzly Giant—Big Tree Groves—Comparison between the Californian *Sequoia* and the Australian *Eucalyptus*—Mariposa pp. 257—265

CHAPTER XVII.

ACROSS CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.

The San Joaquin Valley—The Richest Corn-land in the World—Volunteer Crops—Modes of Reaping—Waste of Straw—A Boundless Ocean of Corn—Tobacco, Oranges, and Silk—Stockton—Sacramento—Sleeping Cars—Up the Sierra Nevada—Cape Horn—Gold Mining—Moonlight on the Mountains—Fifty Miles of Snowsheds—The Deserts of Nevada—A Courteous Official pp. 266—274

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SUNDAY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

The Great Salt Lake—The Capital of Utah—Its Streets and Buildings—The Tabernacle—A Mormon Service—The Dignitaries of the Church—A Mormon Sermon—A Vindication of the Creed—The Temple—Brigham Young's Houses—The Present State and Prospects of Mormonism—Girl Converts to Protestantism—A Mormon's Dictum on Polygamy

pp. 275—288

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO CHICAGO.

Scenery in the Wahsatch Mountains—Weber and Echo Cañons—Over the Rocky Mountains—The Highest Railway Station in the World—Across the Prairies—Coggia's Comet—Omaha—The Central and Union Pacific Lines—A Railway of the Future—Through Iowa and Illinois pp. 289—295

CHAPTER XX.

CHICAGO.

Railway Station and Car Accommodation in America—Chicago's Rise from the Prairie—The Export of Grain—The Lake Shore—Grain Elevators—Trade in Timber and Cattle—Massacre of a Million Hogs—The Great Fire—New Chicago—Its Streets and Buildings—The Largest Hotel in the World—Independence Day and Anti-British Sentiments—The Debts of Chicago pp. 296—307

CHAPTER XXI.

NIAGARA.

From Chicago to Niagara—Lakes Huron and Erie—Buffalo—
 At Niagara—Prospect Park and Point—The American Fall
 —The Horse-shoe Fall—Descent of Twenty Million Cubic
 Feet of Water every Minute—Nature's Symbol of Force
 —Goat Island—The Three Sisters—The Grand Rapids
 —The Cave of the Winds—Under Niagara—Yosemite and
 Niagara pp. 308—318

CHAPTER XXII.

TORONTO.

From Niagara to Toronto—A Canadian Thunderstorm—Toronto
 —Facilities of Communication—Toronto Bay in Summer and
 in Winter—Ice-boats and Ice-boating—A Mile a Minute under
 Sail—Trade of the City—Toronto Lions—The Queen's Park
 —The University—Osgoode Hall pp. 319—327

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Kingston—Sunrise on the St. Lawrence—The *Spartan*—Amongst
 the Thousand Islands—River Scenery—The Rapids of the St.
 Lawrence—Down the Long Sault—Perils by River—A Timber
 Raft—"When Greek meets Greek"—A Brace of Shipwrecks—
 Lake St. Louis—Baptiste—Montreal from the St. Lawrence—
 The Victoria Bridge—Montreal by Night . . . pp. 328—339

CHAPTER XXIV.

QUEBEC.

Point Levi—Quebec—A Walled City with a History—The
 Upper Town: its Sinuosities and Peculiarities—A House

CONTENTS.

xv

in extremis—Breakneck Stairs—The Citadel on Cape Diamond—The Gibraltar of Canada—The Plains of Abraham—Wolfe's Monument—The Montmorenci Falls—The Trade of Quebec pp. 340—353

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Afloat Again—The Northern Lights—Through the Straits of Belle Isle—Amongst the Icebergs—The North Coast of Ireland—Lough Foyle—The Scottish Coast from Rathlin Island—Home Again pp. 354—355

96

97

98

99

OVER LAND AND SEA.

CHAPTER I.

ROUND THE CAPE TO AUSTRALIA.

A Long Sea Voyage—From London to Melbourne in Four Lines—Passing Glimpses of Porto Santo, Madeira, and the Canaries—Amusements on board the *Lord Warden*—Cricket at Sea—Our Club and its Doings—Law in the Mizzen-top—Lotus-eating—Australia Felix at Last—Hobson's Bay—Sandridge and Williamstown.

A LONG SEA VOYAGE is generally supposed to be in every way uninteresting : once out of sight of land, everybody is said to give himself or herself up to a routine of *ennui*, a species of mental as well as physical torpor which lasts uninterruptedly until the welcome cry of "Land-ho !" rouses all again into life. It is imagined by some that there is next to nothing to be done to kill time, that the petty jealousies of those who take upon themselves the task of catering for public amusement, will cause any entertainment that may be projected to be nipped in the bud, that even the most good-natured individuals are put out of temper by the

merest trifle before the ship has been a week in blue water. Covert jealousies and open squabbling have been said to form the leading features of society at sea. In fact I was warned, before sailing, that by the time I had crossed the Line I should not be on speaking terms with my best friend. All predictions of unpleasantness fortunately failed of fulfilment, and from London to Melbourne everything went smoothly with our small community aboard the *Lord Warden*.

But a voyage round the Cape to Australia has been described so often, that a few brief notes only need be transferred from my log to these pages. An editor once told a correspondent starting for a voyage round the world, that he could go from London to Melbourne in four lines, and I have this hint before my mind's eye in referring to my three months at sea.

The frigate-like hull and taut spars of Messrs. Green's ship, the *Lord Warden*, moored in mid-stream, are looming dimly through the fog and driving rain on a cheerless morning early in October, 1873, as Novelli and I are rowed off from the Terrace Pier at Gravesend to commence a tour round the world. Strong head winds and calms

alternate to detain us a long time in the Channel, but we have a good run across the Bay of Biscay, and on October 27th, the ninth day after having put our pilot ashore at Dartmouth, we sight Porto Santo, and that evening watch the sun setting in a grand golden blaze behind the mountains of Madeira. A couple of days later we pass Palma, one of the Canaries, and then see land no more for eighty days. We have the customary "burial of the dead horse," when we have been a month at sea, and, crossing the Line on November 13th, Neptune boards us in full marine toggery, with a crowd of attendant satellites, and celebrates his mysterious rites with due solemnity.

Amongst eighty first and second-class passengers one expects to find a little musical talent, and on the *Lord Warden* we are fortunate in numbering amongst us a very energetic musician. Thanks to his training, we have a very fair choir of twenty voices, and also a small but diligent glee club. We have several concerts, and an evening in Christmas week is devoted to theatricals by the "Shooting Stars of the Southern Seas," which, as a matter of course, are most successful.

But amusements of this kind are common enough

on passenger ships. However, our most popular pastime has been but seldom indulged in at sea, and yet with us scarcely a day passes without it, be the weather what it may. We have a cricket club! Never were members of a club on shore half so energetic as we; and in order that future passengers may learn how to kill time pleasantly, I here jot down a short account of our doings.

The *Lord Warden* cricket ground is on the main deck, and, owing to the somewhat limited space at the disposal of the ten members, single-wicket matches are the invariable rule. The stumps, which are fixed in a frame so as to remain steady on the deck, are about two feet in height, and of course bails are provided but never used. Of bats the club boasts not a few of varied construction. Of these the majority are fashioned out of a thick deal plank, and soon go to pieces; but one of elm, which is christened off Cape de Verde, survives many weeks of hard usage, and is more precious to the club than the most expensive of Cobbett's productions. It was fully intended by a member of the Marylebone Club to obtain for this tough little piece of elm a final resting-place in the Pavilion at Lord's, but unfortunately the "leviathan hitter," in attempting a

huge drive, lets it slip out of his hands, and it is lost to us for ever.

The boatswain accumulates a small fortune by the sale of balls, which he makes of spun yarn, and supplies to us at sixpence each. These seldom have a long life, four or five being frequently hit overboard in the course of an afternoon's play, and we exhaust a stock of nearly three hundred between the Channel and Cape Otway.

The wicket is pitched just in front of the weather poop-ladder, the bowling-crease being thirteen yards further forward, by the side of the deck-house. Behind the bowler stands an out-field, whilst mid-on or mid-off, according to which tack the ship is on, has his back to the midshipmen's berth, and has also occasionally to climb over the boom-board above it, and search for a lost ball among a chaos of boats and spare spars. Point, or square leg, is stationed against the mainmast, and his contortions in trying to reach a ball hit under the winch and so save a run, are occasionally most extraordinary.

Run-getting on board ship is a matter of difficulty, the ball having the supremacy over the bat which is exactly reversed on shore. A cricketer who thinks but little of the side-hill at Lord's, would find him-

self thoroughly nonplussed by the incline of a ship's deck in a stiff breeze. A good eye and hard straight driving effected much, but a steady defence and the scientific "placing" of the ball under the winch often succeeded equally well, especially on a wet wicket. The highest score of the season was eighteen, which included two hits on to the fore-castle, feats of very rare occurrence.

Scarcely a day passed throughout a very fair-weather voyage without an hour between tiffin and dinner being devoted to cricket, and appreciative assemblages testified that the game was not devoid of interest to spectators.

But most people spent some part of the day in work of one kind or another, the ladies of course being particularly industrious, and working enough slippers for a whole army of curates. An aspirant to legal fame was wont to devote two hours every morning to getting up leading cases in the mizen-top, but even there he was not often left to himself for long. A midshipman would soon descry him, and suddenly remembering something that required attention in the neighbourhood of the cross-jack-yard, would give the "landshark" no peace till the obnoxious volume was stowed away.

A voyage round the Cape is not often eventful, and ours, thoroughly enjoyable as it is, forms no exception to the rule. It is yachting in blue water on a large scale, and we have but one gale of wind throughout the entire passage. *Du reste*, we see our fair share of glorious sunsets, catch our quota of albatross—half-a-dozen being rather a large allowance—and are well up in the vagaries of whales and grampuses, of flying fish and Mother Carey's chickens, long before we sight Cape Otway, early on the morning of January 18th, 1874.

Running up a bold and picturesque coast for sixty miles, we pass between Points Lonsdale and Nepean, the two low, sandy spits of land which form Port Phillip Heads, at four P.M., and are at last in Hobson's Bay. Leaving Queenscliffe, the Brighton of Victoria, on our port side, the *Lord Warden* with a fresh breeze and following tide makes short knots of it up the eastern shore, and at nine P.M. the chain cables rumbling through the hawse-holes bring the ship to an anchor off Williamstown, and our voyage to an end.

Hobson's Bay presents a very busy appearance next morning. Melbourne, the limits of which are at least two miles from the sea, rejoices in two ports,

Sandridge and Williamstown ; but so crowded are the piers and wharves, that a large number of ships have to remain at anchor in the bay, where are also two or three men-of-war, including the *Cerberus*, a small turret-ship built for harbour defence, and considered a second *Devastation* by the Victorians. On either side of the spires and chimneys of the distant city blue hills meet the horizon, whilst on the eastern shore the pretty white houses of St. Kilda peep out seawards from well-wooded gardens. Before mid-day the *Lord Warden* is safely berthed amongst the tiers of shipping alongside Sandridge Railway Pier.

One is so comfortable on board of one of Messrs. Green's Australian liners, and our voyage has throughout been so pleasant, that we are very loth to quit our floating home for shore quarters, to change the beautiful surroundings of our life at sea for the heat and dust and bustle of the Victorian capital. The charms of "blue water" broke more than one heart on the *Lord Warden*.

CHAPTER II.

MELBOURNE.

The Road from Sandridge—Appearance of the City—Its Streets and Gutters—Melbourne Dust *v.* Epsom Dust—Cabs and Cab-horses—The New Government House—The Botanical Gardens—The Public Buildings—The Fair Sex and the Fashions—Melbourne Faces—A Porter of Importance—A Leading Waiter—Manly Physique—Advantages to the Immigrant—High Wages and Cheap Food.

FROM Sandridge into Melbourne proper is a three-mile drive along a very dusty road, with absolutely nothing to interest one by the way. The country is a dead flat, intersected by deep ditches, and but a few years ago, after an unusually heavy rainfall, the whole of Sandridge was flooded, and boats were brought up from Hobson's Bay to rescue the inhabitants. However, from present appearances it would seem that this fact has already been lost sight of by builders, for in all directions houses are multiplying rapidly, the old-fashioned wooden huts giving place to two-storied dwellings of brick. Crossing the bridge over the Yarra, and

leaving the wharves where the colonial steamers load on the left hand, we are fairly in Melbourne, and in another five minutes dismiss our cab at Menzies' Hotel.

To a "new chum," as the colonists style a fresh arrival from the old country, the aspect of the capital of Victoria, though hardly attractive, is decidedly imposing. The main streets, set out rectangularly, are all as broad as Whitehall opposite the Horse Guards, the public buildings are each splendidly built and admirably adapted to the requirements of the city, the warehouses and stores are most substantial, and the shops bear ample evidence of a thriving trade. One sees at a glance the wonderful energy of the early settlers, which has enabled them in the short space of five-and-thirty years to plant a mighty city where before was a mere wilderness of scrub. Nothing has been left unattempted which might add to the glory of the capital of Victoria. From the very outset the city authorities seem to have considered it their bounden duty to spare no expense, and to leave no stone unturned to make of Melbourne something whereof the nineteenth century might well feel proud: their sole aim to make it an object of wonder and admi-

ration as the mightiest city of modern times. Perhaps the fact that Sydney boasts an earlier origin, and a site of great natural beauty, may have to some extent stimulated the efforts of those who laid out the city of Melbourne, and given the architects of the public edifices a keener zest for their work. But, be this as it may, the fact remains that in its earliest infancy a great future was foreseen for the settlement at Port Phillip, that there were energetic men at hand to grasp the opportunity as soon as a commencement was practicable and the necessary means forthcoming, and that the great object in view has all along been carried out without let or hindrance from any class of the community.

Imposing, however, as Melbourne undoubtedly is, there is a sameness about the strict regularity of its streets which is wearisome to the eye, and for which even the grandeur of the public buildings cannot compensate. There are no spacious squares with well-kept gardens and here and there a statue or a fountain, on which the eye may rest, oblivious for the moment of the dazzling glare and blinding dust of the streets. With the exception of the few shrubs in the Hospital grounds, there is no green to be seen nearer the centre of the city than

the Fitzroy Gardens, and it would vastly improve the appearance of the streets if they were planted after the fashion of the Boulevards in Paris. Droughts are frequent enough, it is true, but even in the height of summer there seems to be enough water in the large Melbourne gutters to keep the trees alive.

There is no underground drainage in the city, and it is down these street gutters that the greater quantity of the liquid sewage escapes. Perhaps the water from the Yan Yean reservoir, which supplies the city, aids in flushing these gutters more or less, but they must be detrimental to health, and the mere fact that they still exist should be sufficient to insure their being done away with at once. They are both unsightly and unsavoury, and though they are spanned by small bridges, it is in many places, and especially in Elizabeth Street, impossible to cross them dryshod after a heavy fall of rain. In addition to this, they are so deep that wherever two streets meet, the springs of a carriage are most severely tried, and the passengers jolted almost out of their seats. Looking at the great works which have already been accomplished in Melbourne, the mere covering-up of the gutters would appear to be a trifle indeed, and an improvement which has so

long been talked about should be taken in hand forthwith.

People who have gone to the Derby by road are generally of opinion that they know pretty well what dust is. Not a few of them imagine in the innocence of their hearts that a light overcoat and a blue veil are sufficient protection, and don such armour as this more for the look of the thing than for real use. I should like to set down some of these Epsom pilgrims in Collins Street when a fresh north wind is blowing, and, when they had walked from Bourke and Wills's monument to Scott's Hotel, a distance of three quarters of a mile, to ask their opinion on the discomforts of dust on the Surrey hills, as compared with that to be met with in the streets of the Victorian capital. I think that they would be unanimous in giving Melbourne a first-class certificate without any further trial. It seems singular that with the Yan Yean supplying its hundreds of thousands of gallons, and the Yarra flowing almost through the centre of the city, a moderate breeze from any quarter is sufficient to envelop Melbourne in a storm of dust. And yet such is the case whenever any wind is blowing throughout the summer months, and this, too, in spite of powerful hydrants at regular dis-

tances along the length of each main street. There seem to be plenty of hydrants and plenty of water, but a grievous neglect of watering.

No one who has not been blinded by it can have any conception of the powers of penetration of Melbourne dust. Not only does it fill the eyes, mouth, and ears of every one venturing on the *trottoirs*, ruining coats, bonnets, and tempers in every direction, but it finds its way into every room and every shop, leaving a deposit almost deep enough to grow small salad in even on one's dressing-table, and doing an infinite amount of damage to goods of delicate fabric. And so it comes about that a feather brush comes as naturally to a Melbourne shopman as a napkin to a waiter, for every article has to be regularly dusted before it can be submitted to a customer's inspection. It might not be altogether unprofitable to start a feather-brush store on a large scale in Melbourne—provided only there is not one already in working order.

In the matter of cabs the Victorian city has decidedly improved upon the London model. There are hansoms in plenty, but none of those abominations on four wheels, vulgarly called "growlers."

In their place are Albert cars, a strong kind of covered dog-cart, and waggonettes, also covered and provided with dust-curtains. All these vehicles are really well horsed, and a "screw" such as is so commonly seen in the shafts of a London four-wheel cab is not to be found in Melbourne. The cab-horses are all of a good stamp, stout and cobby; they invariably trot fast—for slow travelling does not go down with the colonists—and, in spite of the heat, seem to take as kindly to their work as to their food. They are set on short powerful legs, which look up to plenty of knocking about, but then it must be remembered that they have no work on the stones, for Melbourne streets are not paved but macadamized.

And whilst on the subject of streets, I may remark here that, as a rule, they are either very badly mended or not mended at all. Holes of all sizes abound everywhere, independently of the gutters, and after once enduring a jolting in the course of a drive across the city, one descends from one's car a sorer but a wiser man.

For any one requiring a few hours' shelter from the dust, and quiet after the noise and bustle of the crowded streets, the Botanical Gardens will be the

most pleasant resort. Crossing the river by Prince's Bridge, which connects Melbourne with what was originally Canvas Town, but now rejoices in the more aristocratic name of Emerald Hill, a shady walk through groves of wattle trees close to the water's edge leads to the gardens. On the summit of the hill which rises from the southern bank of the Yarra is being built the new Government House, a stately pile, well in accordance with the riches and prosperity of the colony. No more fitting site could have been chosen, and the white buildings of the Observatory alone dispute the right of possession, but the most economical of the future Governors of Victoria will find it a hard matter to keep up so princely an establishment on 10,000*l.* a year. The view commanded from the crown of the slope is as beautiful as it is comprehensive. Beneath one's feet is Melbourne mapped out, the extreme purity of the atmosphere enabling the eye to define clearly all the rigid regularity of its streets; to the right the pretty suburbs of Richmond and South Yarra are embowered in bright green shrubberies, and to the southward over the villas of Emerald Hill and the thick forests of masts at Sandridge and Williamstown, one's glance rests finally on the dancing waters of Hobson's Bay.

The Botanical Gardens have been spoken of as stiff and formal, and to some extent it may be that the allegation is true. But though they might have been laid out with more view to the picturesque, still a good deal has been made of the resources at hand, and a good deal more may yet be done if the authorities think fit to take beauty as well as science into consideration. What strikes a visitor most about the gardens is, that they are but little more than a vast shrubbery. Arboriculture, and not floriculture, seems to be the main point. There are but few flowers, and no attempt whatever has been made at display, such as one is accustomed to see in English gardens. The only flowers that appear really to thrive are verbenas and petunias, which in spite of the drought display their bright blossoms in rich profusion. The shrubs, however, are most varied and luxuriant, and the soil must be wonderfully favourable to their attaining a large size. From northern latitudes as well as from tropical regions, nearly every country seems to have contributed representative trees and plants, and the majority are already acclimatized and thriving. The gardens, however, are evidently far too extensive for the staff, and in a great measure are left to take care of themselves. When they are once got

thoroughly into good order, and the culture of flowers as well as of shrubs is taken in hand, the Melbourne Gardens will not fail to hold a high position.

The Melbourne people are very proud of their Town Hall, and well they may be, for, though not showing any beauty of architecture such as has rendered famous many an Hôtel de Ville on the Continent, it is a strikingly massive pile. The Great Hall impresses every one with its grand proportions, and the magnificent organ in it is one of the largest in the world. The minor council chambers, committee rooms, &c., are admirable in their appointments, and the most perfect order and neatness are everywhere discernible. Indeed, this regularity descends even to the spittoons, for in a row of a dozen placed between the fore-legs of the chairs in a council chamber, I fail to detect one that is an inch out of its proper position. This council at any rate seems to combine pleasure with business.

The Houses of Parliament are neat without being imposing, but the Public Library is a fine substantial building, and the large reading-room is strikingly handsome and well decorated. It contains more than eighty thousand volumes, and is the most valuable

collection of books in the southern hemisphere. The whole is admirably classified and indexed, and every one is at liberty to make use of it gratis. The Post Office is decidedly a handsome building, and is commandingly placed in the centre of the city. The Hospital has no beauty to boast of, but it is very roomy, and said to be excellently conducted. Indeed, Melbourne is rich in charitable institutions, for in addition to the usual asylums for the aged and orphans, the blind and the lunatic, there are homes for immigrants, servants, and sailors.

But in spite of their great width and strict regularity, their fine public buildings and substantial warehouses, Melbourne streets wear a certain aspect of incompleteness, which it will take some years to efface. This is owing to the fact that many of the small badly-built houses put up by the early settlers, still remain even in the chief thoroughfares, such as Collins Street and Bourke Street, so that the line of roofs varies in an absurd manner, the eye wandering from the highly-decorated pile of eight floors down to the mean little two-storied shop next door. This is gradually righting itself, but the proprietors of the insignificant tenements will

know the value of their site, and hold on for a high figure. When this is reached down comes the pigsty, and a very few weeks suffice for the erection of a palace in its place.

House rent at Melbourne is very high, and in the suburbs—for nobody lives in the city—a villa suitable for a gentleman with a small family cannot be had for much less than 200*l.* a year. Many of the fine houses at Richmond, South Yarra, and St. Kilda command double and treble that sum.

The Melbourne shops are somewhat disappointing, for as a rule the windows are by no means tastefully set out, perhaps on account of the all-searching dust—and prices rule high. But this does not seem to affect the *toilettes* of the Melbourne ladies, who are evidently far from holding the opinion that “beauty unadorned is adorned the most.” And on the subject of feminine attire I have to listen to a considerable amount of “blowing” by an old colonial, who tells me that all the *haut ton* get their costumes fresh from Paris by every mail; that a thousand pounds is frequently expended on a single dress, and that even Ascot and Goodwood can show no more brilliant an array of fashion than the Flemington course on a Cup day. These state-

ments are from the lips of a confirmed old bachelor, and must be taken for what they are worth. If the first two are correct, the husbands and fathers of • the Melbourne *belles* need the sincerest condolence.

Manufactured goods are gradually decreasing in price now that colonial manufactories of many articles are being established, the Government system of bonuses greatly favouring local industries. There are now some twelve hundred manufactories of various kinds in Victoria ; and amongst the articles manufactured are cloth, paper, glass, pianos, and numerous agricultural implements. But many years must elapse before the goods made in the colony equal in amount those imported from the mother-country, and till that time arrives the freight paid for the long sea voyage must keep the prices up. On an average Melbourne prices are quite twenty-five per cent. higher than those charged in London.

One's first day in Melbourne is sufficient to impress one with a strong sense of the wonderful vigour and energy of its inhabitants. This is not communicated so much by the size of the city and the grandeur of its buildings as by the aspect of the busy crowds in every street and on every wharf. Much may be learnt about a nation from a study of

faces ; and Melbourne faces speak well for the prosperity of the colony. Every one one meets seems to have plenty of work to do, and to be doing it to the best of his ability. There is scarcely a loafer to be seen in the course of a morning's walk, and beggars are unknown. Wages are too high and food too cheap for begging to be a paying occupation ; and so every one is hard at work and appears to like it. Indeed, the air of contentment on every face is as striking as the utter absence of anything approaching to idleness. The careworn faces one cannot help noticing at every turn in London are almost unknown in the Victorian capital. Business and cheerfulness seem to go hand in hand, and the combination is delightful to contemplate. It cannot fail to impress one with the firm belief that every one, from the merchant hurrying into his huge wool warehouse, to the city Arab selling newspapers in the streets, either is, or imagines himself to be, on the high road to independence. And one cannot help wishing that this absence of idleness and destitution, this general air of busy industry and contentment, were as characteristic of London as of Melbourne life.

If Melbourne manners are not quite Parisian in their polish, civility at least is generally met with.

But a friend with whom I paid a visit to the Hobson's Bay Railway Station the day of our landing, was early enlightened as to the independent spirit that is not unfrequently engendered by prosperity in the lower classes. Wishing to have some luggage carried to the cloak-room, he called across the line to a porter standing doing nothing on the opposite platform. The porter came to him slowly and unwillingly, and delivered himself of the following rebuke—

“When you require the services of a porter, it is the custom here to come and ask for them, and not to call out to him ‘Porter, Porter!’”

After this my friend for many days refused to believe in colonial civility.

This porter had too exalted an idea of his own importance; but though the demeanour of the working classes is decidedly more independent than in England, instances such as this are the exceptions. Our cabman occasionally appears to consider that he is conferring a great obligation on us by driving us, but that is all.

We are not a little amused at the hints of their past career that are occasionally let drop by middle-aged colonials holding a not very exalted position in

the social scale. A waiter at our hotel, whose age we guess at thirty, says to us complacently—

“ I came out here twelve years ago ; and, if I had then had the wits I’ve got now, I should be one of the first men in Melbourne.”

It would appear that life in Melbourne had done much for that man’s head but little for his pocket. This, however, is his own opinion ; to us he hardly seems qualified to play a leading part either in society or politics.

That the great heat of summer is not without its effect upon the people of Melbourne is evident from a general want of colour, the paleness of the fair sex especially being very noticeable. The physique of the men, however, is remarkably fine ; and it would seem that the young emigrants thicken and fill out wonderfully in the course of a few years, broad, muscular, well-developed frames being quite the rule. That the reverse is the case with children born in the colonies is well known.

A very short stay in Melbourne convinces one how many advantages it offers to young Englishmen who have served their apprenticeship and thoroughly learnt a trade before emigrating. Even a common labourer gets six or seven shillings for his day’s

work of eight hours ; whilst carpenters, bricklayers, and masons get ten shillings a day with constant employment. There is a great want of female servants ; and a good housemaid can readily command 30*l.* a year. Married couples, without families, are also in such demand for stations that as much as 90*l.* a year is frequently given. There are but one or two trades only which are fully supplied with hands ; and a good workman is seldom long in the colony without employment.

And not only are wages universally high, but food is both good and cheap, whilst the rent of houses suitable for artisans is very reasonable. With wages at ten shillings a day and meat at fourpence and fivepence a pound, a man who can keep aloof from the liquor shop may confidently look forward to earning an independence at no very distant date. And surely independence should be the one great object of every working man.

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS TASMANIA.

Across the Straits—Scenery on the Tamar—Launceston—Corra Linn—Domestic Economy—Farms and Farming—The Launceston and Western Railway—Westbury—Dog, Cat, Lamb, and Kangaroo—Deloraine—The Trackless West—An Early Game of Skittles—Perth—A Day with the Kangaroo—Coaches and Coaching in Tasmania—Campbell Town—Oatlands—Scenery on the Derwent—Arrival at Hobart Town.

TO steam away down the muddy Yarra, and leave behind all the heat and dust and bustle of Melbourne; to turn one's back upon a busy city and seek quiet and bracing air in a lovely island where the mercury never rises into the three-figure stage and "brickfielders" are unknown, is a treat such as most people who have stayed in the Victorian capital in the height of summer know well how to appreciate. A week of glare and dust following immediately upon the fresh cool breezes of a three months' voyage made us long to quit the city until the advent of autumn should enable us to see it under more favourable circumstances.

Tasmania is a favourite resort of Victorians in the holiday season, and our little steamer *Tamar* is most inconveniently crowded, and begins badly by running ashore halfway down the Yarra and remaining a good half-hour in the mud. This seems to please most of the passengers; but not so the Rip outside the Heads, which we reach as the sun is setting in a grand blaze of gold and crimson behind the western mountains. Between Points Lonsdale and Nepean the Hobson's Bay and ocean tides meet, and there is always a "lop" on the water. This is augmented to-night by a fresh headwind, and the slight southerly swell is sufficient to enable the majority of our fellow-passengers to settle their accounts with Neptune without trouble or delay. In fact, judging from the noises which make night hideous throughout and almost banish sleep, the bouyant motion of the *Tamar* finds favour with few.

The distance between Melbourne and Launceston is but 280 miles, and all the morning the high land in the north-west of Tasmania is rising cloud-like on our starboard-bow. At two p.m. we are off the Heads, and can take a long look at the line of coast. Far as the eye can reach, eastward and westward,

the land trends in swelling hills, rising from the very shore to the blue mountains in the inland distance. No precipitous cliffs frown over the Straits; but the undulating hills, green with bush and scrub almost to the water's edge, run down as it were to be kissed by the dancing waves. But there has been a drought in Tasmania for the last three weeks, and some hours before entering the mouth of the river Tamar the clouds of smoke overhanging the island told us of numerous bush-fires. There is scarcely a hill along the coast that does not bear the aspect of a volcano, here by a thin column of light blue vapour, there by sharp tongues of flame visible miles off even in the full blaze of the noonday sun. After passing Low Head Lighthouse, and getting fairly into the river, we steam through Lagoon Bay—an excellent anchorage for wind-bound vessels—and, rounding a low point of land, come suddenly upon George Town—a tiny watering place quite in the northern wilds. The scenery now is diversified at every bend of the river; here we glide quietly along beneath a cliff of rugged brown rock beetling over the water, and five minutes later we emerge from its shadow into a broad lake-like reach, whence the country can be viewed for miles. At one time

- all around us is dense forest, at another we pass a little hut amongst the trees, and further on come upon cleared land and an occasional farmhouse. In several places the scenery on the river is not unlike that on the Dart above Dittisham, and now and then one might fancy oneself in one of the beautiful upper reaches of Milford Haven. It is forty miles from the Heads up to Launceston, approaching which several prettily-situated country houses are visible close to the banks of the river, whilst the romantic gorge of the South Esk, spanned by a graceful single arch, is on the steamer's starboard bow as she swings round the last jutting point of marshy land and is warped up to the quay.

Launceston, which, as viewed from a distant reach on the Tamar, had a pretty and picturesque appearance, loses somewhat in point of attraction on a nearer approach. The greater part of the town is built on the low land where the North and South Esk rivers unite to form the Tamar, and has nothing whatever to commend it, the streets being on a dead flat and the houses scattered about in very straggling fashion. Vessels of 500 tons can come up to the quay; but the expenses of towage and pilotage are considerable, and there seems to be

but little trade to the port. The streets in the chief part of Launceston are broad and well paved, laid out at right angles, as is usual in the colonies, and contain the well-built public edifices and churches which speak of a populous country town. The hotels however, as far as our own experience goes, are decidedly not what one expects to find in a place of this size, for Launceston boasts of ten thousand inhabitants, and is second only to the capital in importance.

The shops in Launceston are good, but there seem very few people about the streets to keep them all going. But the charm of the town lies in the villas with which the hills at the back are terraced. Most of them are prettily built and stuccoed, with long, cool-looking verandahs, and in nearly every case they are surrounded with large and well-kept gardens, and shaded by the heavy foliage of weeping willows. The green lawns, shady shrubberies, and trim flower-beds have a most refreshing and home-like appearance after the glare and dust of Melbourne streets. The Botanical Gardens are neat and pretty, but do not boast of an elaborate display of flora. The Launceston people have also varied the monotony of their streets by laying out a well-planted

square, in the centre of which an elegant fountain of French manufacture is constantly playing.

From the west-end of the town a steep hill rises abruptly, its northern face forming one of the rugged cliffs of the South Esk gorge. To climb this hill is no easy work on a hot summer's day, but the summit gained, great is the climber's reward. The town lies beneath, sleeping quietly ; beyond it stretch miles of rich cornfields, through which wind the Tamar and North Esk like tiny silver threads ; and far away on the horizon Ben Lomond looms dim and blue against the sky. Facing westward, a very different prospect meets the eye. A succession of rugged hills, covered with scrub and gum-trees, enclose the South Esk in a tortuous rocky bed, down which it makes its way seaward in a series of small cataracts, diversified by deep, still pools, very enticing to a fisherman—a thorough bush scene, and a vivid contrast to the cultivated country visible from the same standpoint.

This view—commonly called the Cataracts—is really the only lion of Launceston proper, but another is within a six-mile drive. And certainly no visitor should leave the north of the island without having seen Corra Linn, of which the guide

book says that "few spots in all Tasmania have won such universal admiration." Leaving the outlying villas and gardens of Launceston, the road passes along the side of a slope overlooking a tract of country not unlike the Weald of Kent as viewed from Riverhead. Fertile cornfields are on every side, rich in stubble high enough to rejoice the heart of any partridge-shooter if he could only meet with it in an English county, and enclosed by thick hawthorn hedges, which are generally untrimmed, and abound with wild flowers and creepers innumerable. The homesteads, comfortable-looking white houses, surrounded by their barns and stackyards, lie snugly nestled amongst their orchards and poplars, and complete the thoroughly English appearance of the landscape. It is only here and there that some old gum-tree, solitary survivor of the bush, rears its naked white limbs to the sky, and reminds us that, though looking around, we might almost imagine ourselves in Kent, yet we are really in Tasmania.

After a drive of four miles we pass through a little village, now named St. Leonards, but amongst early colonists still known as Patterson's Plains, and two miles more along a rough and dusty road, and we are at Corra Linn. The view from the bridge

that spans the river is indeed picturesque and pretty, and the miniature gorge forms one of the most romantic little bits of scenery imaginable.

- Through a beautifully wooded ravine of basaltic rocks the North Esk comes tumbling and foaming over huge boulders in a succession of tiny waterfalls. Looking up stream from the bridge all is foam and tumbling water, but, immediately below it, is a deep still pool, over the unruffled surface of which the huge dragonflies are flitting busily, whilst on the broad smooth stones amongst the tea-tree scrub around its banks the lizards bask in the warm summer sunshine. Fern fronds droop gracefully into the still water, wild flowers grow in rich luxuriance at the foot of the cliffs, and up the sloping banks a wilderness of sweetbriar, flowering shrubs and creeper hedges in the ravine with a hundred varying tints of colour. Another fifty yards of brown boulders, rushing water and creamy foam, and then the river turns abruptly to the right, and flows deep and still beneath the gloomy shadow of a grey lichen-covered cliff, a hundred feet in sheer height, to lose itself in the quiet meadows below. The vivid contrasts at the various turns of the gorge, the changes from sloping terraces of shrubs

and ferns to stern precipitous cliffs, from brawling rapids to deep rippleless pools, the bright brown water and smooth boulders suggestive of a Cornish stream, and the exquisite colouring of the grey and green and dead-leaf tints, all combine to form a scene of fairylike loveliness at Corra Linn. One may well accept it as the gem of Northern Tasmanian scenery.

Living in Launceston is decidedly cheap. House rent does not shape after the Melbourne model; beef is only 5*d.*, and mutton 4*d.* a pound, fowls are at two shillings and ducks at half-a-crown a couple; whilst, when any are obtainable—a matter of no little difficulty after a long drought—vegetables cost next to nothing, though they seem hardly of as good a flavour as in England, green peas especially suffering by the comparison. Butter varies considerably, a month's drought bringing it up from sixpence to one shilling and ninepence a pound. Fish are fairly plentiful; mullet, salmon-trout, and flounders especially so. The bread appears very pure, and much whiter than the usual run of loaves in England. Hops grow well in various parts of the island, and there are several flourishing breweries, the Hobart Town beer being especially worthy of a favourable

notice. Judging from these short notes on the current prices at Launceston in the summer, it will be seen that one can live there on English food at half of the English cost, and there appears to be but little poverty or distress amongst the lower classes.

Such being the case, it was annoying to have an instance of juvenile cadging brought before my notice, on stepping out of my hotel the morning after our arrival in Tasmania. Before having walked five yards, I was surrounded by some half-a-dozen unwashed young specimens of the city Arab class, who, pulling vigorously at their dirty forelocks, shouted "Give us a copper, sir," with considerable pertinacity and impudence. Of course they saw in me a traveller or a new arrival in the colony: I should not give them credit for much acuteness if I were to fancy otherwise, but why should they beg? I had been told before I landed in Australia that I should find begging unknown in the colonies, and during a stay of ten days in Melbourne I never saw a beggar or heard a single application for money. Who then taught these young scapegraces the only too well-known English cry for "a copper?" And can it be wondered at that when I showed them a thick Tasmanian walkingstick and threatened

summary proceedings, they shouted "Yah, would yer?" like a genuine London street boy?

Launceston is the sleepest of sleepy places: I cannot remember ever to have visited another town of ten thousand inhabitants wherein there were so few signs of life. Shortly after our visit it was awakened to a certain extent by several days of rioting and window-breaking, on account of the enforced payment of the Government Railway rate, but although this ebullition thoroughly roused the mayor and burgesses, I must decline to look upon it as having enlivened the town in at all an attractive manner.

We enjoyed a fair morning's fishing from a boat moored in the Tamar, about a quarter of a mile from the beautiful South Esk gorge, catching forty-three mullet and salmon-trout, but none of them of more than half a pound weight. Duck may be got at Pig Island, about three miles down the river, and the morning before we left I saw a couple of fine pelican that had been shot there at sunrise, but from all we could learn, there was not sufficient prospect of sport to detain us.

Leaving Launceston Station by the midday train on the only railway in the colony, we pass through good agricultural country for many miles. It has

been a hot and dry summer, and the corn is all cut and ready to be carried here in the North, though we are only in the last week of January. Of root crops we see but a single field of turnips, and owing to the want of rain, these are small and patchy. Round Longford the soil is said to be very good for corn, but many farms have been quite ruined for want of manure, the farmer simply working out all the strength and goodness of the ground, apparently considering that it requires no fertilization. In some parts so great was the richness of the soil, that it bore good crops for more than twenty years without being manured. Until recently many farmers looked upon straw as useless, and actually took the trouble to collect it into huge stacks and burn it. They are grown wiser in their generation now. However, some of the land in the midlands is completely worked out, and whereas uncleared bush land in the immediate neighbourhood was selling readily at 16*l.* an acre, many of the farms could not find buyers at 10*l.* Coming up the Tamar, we passed several clearings that had been worked out and then deserted for fresh virgin soil, and indeed the policy of the early settlers in this district would appear to have been literally suicidal.

The whole country through which we are traveling is completely burnt up, and except along the banks of some little stream scarcely a green blade is visible. The grass fields are as white as the stubble, and the application of a match would cause them to flare up like wildfire. Both sheep and cattle are wofully poor in condition in consequence, for they can scarcely find any feed at all in the fields, and the state of the pasturage would fairly open the eyes of an English farmer, to whom the privations suffered by stock in the course of a protracted drought are almost unknown.

The first sod of the Launceston and Western Railway was turned by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh in January, 1868, and the line, which comes to an end at Deloraine, forty-five miles from Launceston, has now been open three years. We are told that it pays, but there seems but little traffic, only three trains each way running daily. The directors are certainly economical in the way of staff at the various stations, one man appearing to act in the several capacities of station-master, ticket-clerk, porter, and switchman. The fares are much the same as in England, but the trains travel very slowly, and are usually behind time. There seems

a good deal of unnecessary delay at the stations, and the engine not unfrequently goes on a cruise by itself to a distant siding, returning after a few minutes with a truck or two laden with gum-tree logs. Perhaps if after this fashion goods and passenger trains were made up together in England, there would not be so much shunting done just before an express is due, and there might be fewer accidents. Unfortunately "if" does not always introduce a possibility.

Our train in this instance having killed time to the extent of two hours and twenty minutes in running thirty-five miles, deposits us at last in Westbury. We had been led to believe, in reply to our inquiries at Launceston, and in consequence of the high-flown language of the guide-book, that Westbury was quite an important and lively little country town, and in the centre of "eminently a sporting district." But we live to be undeceived, and the real truth was plain for all eyes to see in the course of our drive to the hotel. The important little town is nothing more than the tiniest of country villages; indeed, were it not for the railway station, the church, and the post-office, it would hardly soar above the level of an ordinary English hamlet.

Westbury, however, has considerable advantages of position and climate. The little township is situated at the head of a valley, and commands an admirable view of the bold mountain ranges to the south and west; Dry's Bluff, Quamby Bluff, and Roland's Repulse, each exceeding 4000 feet in height, standing out prominently in the blue distance. We are more than 800 feet above sea level, and the air is fresh and bracing—a real treat after the sultry heat in hill-embosomed Launceston. Near the town—if so it must be called—all the gum-trees have been “ringed,” that is, have had their bark cut through just above the ground, in order that the sap may not flow upwards, and thus the tree may die, and be the more easily cleared off the ground. The result of this is, that acres of dead gum-trees are rearing gaunt white branches to the sky, and the prospect is weird rather than pretty. The English church, built by the convicts some thirty years ago, has a neat and airy interior; the service is very nicely conducted, and it is pleasing to hear “Hymns Ancient and Modern” in the midlands of Tasmania. The parsonage rejoices in a lovely view, and, thanks to the kind hospitality of the Rev. Montague Williams, here we spend a very pleasant

evening, and learn much about the flora of the district. The bush-fires are spreading terribly, and from the lawn, after sunset, we can plainly distinguish a line of flame extending for several miles along the southern tiers. These fires are in many cases most expensive to the owner of the run which they devastate, burning the fences and occasionally getting into a crop of standing corn. But as long as they confine their attentions to the bush, they do more good than harm, as they destroy all the dry worthless scrub and underwood, in the place of which a fresh green growth, which affords excellent feed for sheep and cattle, springs up after the first fall of rain.

There is little to be said of Westbury in its capacity of township. I talked the matter over with the proverbial "old inhabitant," and heard that Westbury is not what it used to be, that there is little doing, and the place is retrograding rather than advancing with the times.

"It's the railway 'as done the mischief, sir," said he, stroking a well-trimmed white moustache, and puffing savagely at a short black pipe; "Westbury used to be a centre for all the produce round to be brought into, but now all goes up to town by the line, and no one comes near us."

And certainly as regards the township, I may well quote the lines of Mr. Robert Buchanan :—

“ Nothing coming, nothing going,
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,
Few things moving up or down,
All things drowsy—Drowsietown !”

There is an amusing old ostler at our hotel, a man whom age or chronic rheumatism has bent into the form of the letter C. He seduces me from my matutinal stroll in the garden, and takes me to see him feed the kangaroo. He evidently knows how to spin a yarn, and I draw him out. Accepting my proffered tobacco, he eyes me curiously and begins.

“ Thirty years ago, sir, I come into Westbury every morning to my work, and along with me come a dog, a cat, a pet lamb, and a tame kangaroo. The dog, the lamb, and the kangaroo they come right into the township with me, and stayed by me all day, but the cat never come beyond the last bush-fence. There she rested till I passed by going home of an evening, and then she jumped out of the fence, and trotted away through the bush with the rest of us—a queer lot, surelie ! Wonderful fond them things was of me too—wonderful fond !

dog, cat, lamb, and kangaroo, and I never knew 'em quarrel."

Whilst at Westbury we go by rail to Deloraine, and find it the prettiest place we have yet seen. It is built on the slope of a gently-swelling hill, at the foot of which

•
"A broad brook brawls o'er a shingly bed."

Close to the end of the village a winding valley runs up among the densely-wooded hills, high above which Quamby Bluff towers ruddy in the sunlight. At present the terminus of the line is here, and, to judge from the look of the bush to the westward, at present the march of civilization ends here too. Chudleigh, however, lies beyond this apparently endless bush, with the celebrated caves which we have not the time to visit, and I learn of a new settlement, Elizabeth Town, on the road to the north-west coast. On inquiry we ascertain that this new township as yet consists of only two houses, a public-house and a police station. In reality, westward of Deloraine up to the seaboard there is scarcely a single human being. A day's journey suffices to reach the region of trackless forests, where the gum-trees grow to the height of over

300 feet, and beneath them is scarcely a sign of life. In these forests one might wander for days and weeks without coming across a single human being, and there are more instances than one of men being lost in the bush, of whom, in spite of the efforts of active searching parties, no trace has ever been discovered. It would be utter madness for any one but an experienced bushman to attempt even a day's exploration of the depths of these gloomy forests. An excursion with a guide to the district will enable one to form some idea of their extent and the enormous size attained by the trees, but no one whom duty did not lead there would dream of trying to penetrate into their recesses. Mr. Calder, a great explorer in Tasmania, made the ascent of Roland's Repulse, a mountain more than 4000 feet in height, some years ago, and reported that he "saw nothing but one apparently boundless ocean of forests, an interminable desert of trees, as stern and dusky-looking as if it had rained nothing but soot on them through all time."

In several parts of the north-west district grassy plains extend for miles, and as much as 160,000 acres of land were taken up by the Van Diemen's

Land Company, but the pasturage is said not to support stock nearly so well as the inferior-looking grass of the midland counties. Much of the land, too, is so swampy as to be almost worthless, and though the forest land here is very rich, the expense of clearing it is so great as to prevent its being taken up. To Circular Head, the farthest settlement along the north-west coast, steamers run weekly from Launceston, and the line from Deloraine will probably in a few years be extended in this direction, but at present all but the sea-coast is a mere wilderness. There are clearings on a small scale here and there, but the want of inland communication almost puts a stop to the extension of civilization westward. The construction of roads through trackless forests is a matter of time as well as money, and Tasmanians say that it has taken all the spare labour of the colony sixty years to open up a quarter of the island. It is believed that as yet there are not more than forty persons living along the entire length of the western seaboard.

As Westbury has been retrograding, so Deloraine has been advancing with the times. There are evident signs of increasing prosperity as we walk along the straggling main street, which lies

terrace-like on the sloping hill above the shallow Meander. Houses are springing up, new shops and stores are being opened, and there is an air of life and activity about the township which tells of progress. We regret that we cannot spend a few days here, for it is by far the most picturesque spot that we have yet visited. The Meander and Mërsey teem with freshwater herrings, and there should be plenty of brush kangaroo and small game in the bush. We cannot hear of any sport at Westbury, but see two splendid setters and a host of workman-like wear-and-tear-looking kangaroo dogs. These latter appear to have a good deal of the English greyhound breed in them, but are heavier, deeper in the flank, and rather coarse-looking by comparison. As a rule they have a very intelligent-looking head, and a great reputation for speed and gameness.

The only sport at Westbury seems to be skittles. I am awoken shortly after dawn by a heavy rolling noise, winding up with a loud bang, which is repeated at short intervals. I listen intently. Can it be distant thunder? No—and in these civilized times it can hardly be the breaking in of the back door by bushrangers. At last “skittles” flashes to my mind, and I sink back upon my pillows astonished

but convinced. I charge the landlord next time we meet, but he smiles incredulously, and denies the impeachment *in toto*. However, I mean to hold to my belief that two young townsmen of Westbury had a discussion over their Saturday evening beer as to their respective capabilities in the skittle line, and* determined to settle the matter before six o'clock on Monday morning should summon them again to work.

From Westbury we travel east by rail to Perth, a tiny village on the main road, and here we hap upon comfortable quarters at an hotel, the landlord whereof is celebrated in the colony as a crack shot and successful floriculturist. Before now he has killed thirty-five out of thirty-six pigeons in a public match, and a Tasmanian bird will fly as fast as the best blue rocks ever trapped at Hurlingham. His little garden boasts more flowers than all the gardens we have seen in the colony put together, and is brilliant with colour in spite of the long drought. His zinnias, petunias, verbenas, and gladioli are particularly fine, and he is a frequent prize-winner at Hobart Town and Launceston flower-shows.

He is anxious to show us some sport, and invites us to join him and a friend, and have a day's

kangaroo shooting. We accept gladly, and ten o'clock next morning, a fresh breezy day, finds us, with guns and luncheon and a boy to carry the game, bowling merrily over Perth Bridge. We drive for some six miles along the main road through parched-up pastures, from which the stock have long been driven, and then turn off on to the turf of an extensive sheep run. In parts this is thoroughly cleared of timber, and covered with thick tussocks of grass as dry as tinder, through which the native hens are running like landrails; in other places the fern is spreading a bright green carpet knee-high under the dark foliage of wattle and honeysuckle, in which the gaudy paroquets and magpies are chattering busily, heedless of our approach. We wend our way through small copses of wattle-trees, beneath many of which the bark, so valuable for tanning, is lying in large bundles, and after passing a long waterhole which with its reedy surroundings call up visions of duck and snipe, enjoy a drive of nearly a mile up a beautiful glade of thoroughly park-like scenery. At the end of this a rough log fence crosses the run, and here we are to camp.

The horses are soon taken out, and the boy

mounted on one of them to accompany our host and his friend, and carry any game that may be bagged whilst they beat the cover. Novelli and I are directed to make a *détour* of half a mile and station ourselves close to a bush fence, through the gaps in which the kangaroo are expected to attempt an escape. At midday we are at our posts, a hundred yards apart, awaiting the approach of the beaters. A quarter of an hour elapses, I hear a distant shot, and the next minute the regular beat of a kangaroo's hind legs through the dense undergrowth. But he seeks fresh fields in another direction than mine, and I see him cross a glade in the bush and disappear a hundred yards from my gun. For two long hours we remain at our posts, expectant to the last, but unrewarded. The sun beats hotly down in spite of the fresh breeze which is bending the tops of the taller gum-trees, and nothing happens to vary the monotony of leaning against a post-and-rail fence, and gazing intently into a thick scrub of wattle saplings, rushes, and fern. At last the beaters make their appearance and report the killing of three kangaroo and a big snake. The high wind they say spoils the sport, and we, who have seen none, are not disin-

clined to agree with them. We return to camp and make short work of an excellent lunch. This and the necessary amount of tobacco having been duly discussed, I start with Mr. R. and his friend for another part of the bush, about a mile distant. Here we separate, each taking a line of his own, but still no success attends our efforts. As for myself I wander hither and thither for a couple of hours, and see nothing but numerous snakes. The scenery varies occasionally, but never enough for a view to be obtained of more than a couple of hundred yards of bush. At one time I am crossing a dried-up marsh thick with rushes, at another forcing my way through a thicket of dead lichen-covered she-oak, swarming with thousands of orange butterflies, netted with huge spiders'-webs, and so dense that it is impossible to see more than ten yards in front. Of course I lose myself completely, and my companions too, but that was only to be expected, and after an hour of "cooe" and shrill whistling, I get an answer to my signals, and rejoin the party. No one has added to the morning's bag, only one or two kangaroo and wallaby having been seen, and these being very wild. We put in the horses, break up our camp, and are soon again

at Perth. And so ends our first day with the kangaroo, uneventful in the way of sport, but still an enjoyable ramble into the bush.

A couple of days later we leave Perth, and for the first time try coach travelling in Tasmania. The vehicle to which we entrust ourselves is drawn by five horses, carries nine inside, and resembles nothing in the world but a circus-waggon. It capsized a month ago on St. Peter's Pass, and killed a passenger. Its ungainly dimensions and indifferent team of horses do not commend it to our notice, and a reputation for manslaughter is hardly in its favour. But our luggage is on the roof, and the coachman is shouting, "All aboard," with an amount of energy which is apparently quite unnecessary. We board at once, the ship pitches heavily twice, gives a lurch to port and then to starboard, and we are under weigh. And so, with a large amount of rolling, varied with an occasional pitch, we journey southwards at the rate of eight miles an hour. All Page's coaches—Page is the Cobb of Tasmania—are fortunately not of this build, and the mail, which bears a fair resemblance to an English coach, covers the one hundred and twenty-six miles between Hobart Town and Launceston in thirteen

and a half hours, very good travelling considering the hilly character of the country. The horses are poor to look at, but do their work satisfactorily, and, if properly groomed, several of them would pass muster in the teams that during the summer months leave London daily for Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, and Dorking.

The northern-midland country is mostly pastoral, and at this time presents the appearance of a succession of stubble fields. But there is much to admire in the dim distance, the last rays of the setting sun shining softly on the eastern mountain ranges, and casting a ruddy glow over the precipitous crags of majestic Ben Lomond, twenty miles away. Epping Forest, through which the main road passes for several miles, is very different from our Epping Forest, dear to the hearts of smoke-dried Londoners. It is very thick scrubby bush, and as we drive rapidly through it we can see that the bush fires have in many places made a clean sweep of the fencing for several hundred yards. It is pitch dark as we change horses for our stage into Campbell Town, and this last hour's drive is not so pleasant, as the dust, thanks to a following wind, completely envelops the leaders, even the

coachman confessing himself unable to make them out through the whirling cloud. However, the coach keeps the road, and we pull up at the chief township in the midlands very stiff and an hour behind time.

The next day is Sunday, and we repair to the English church for morning service. Eleven o'clock passes, and still there are no signs of minister or congregation. At last a lady appears and informs us that the incumbent is away, that the Scotch church is not open, and that "it is not the morning for the Wesleyans!" Is not this rather an anomalous state of things for the principal town of Central Tasmania?

Campbell Town boasts nothing in the way of scenery or attractions to tempt us to stay, nor does the accommodation at our hotel prepossess us in its favour. So ten o'clock next morning finds us again journeying southwards on one of Page's coaches. The soil hereabouts is not suitable for agricultural purposes, and sheep-runs extend for miles. After passing through Ross, a neat little township with a pretty English church, we get a distant view of Mona Vale, the seat of Mr. Kermode, and reputed the handsomest country house in Tasmania. Here

we enter upon a long valley, after leaving Horton College, the chief school in the centre of the island, on the right, and for an hour have really nothing to look at but burnt-up pastures, the scenery, here decidedly uninteresting, being inferior to that of any other part of the main road. Long teams of bullocks, drawing waggons heavily laden with farm produce, meet us now and then, and call up memories of the Sussex downs, where oxen still do much of the work which in other counties is usually allotted to horses. Having passed the halfway inn, where we meet the down coach from Hobart Town, we have uphill work for some half-a-dozen miles through St. Peter's Pass, and then emerge from amongst the hills to find ourselves at Oatlands, and the coach stopping for dinner.

Oatlands is built upon the western shore of Lake Dulverton, and is at an elevation of more than 1300 feet above the sea. It boasts a gaol and a windmill, and as far as outward signs of prosperity go, has a very decided advantage over its northern rival, Campbell Town. Here, the hotel being scrupulously clean and comfortable, we stay a couple of days, though there is nothing to be seen in the neighbourhood, and nothing to be done but shoot rabbits.

The sun-heat is considerable, but the wind cold and cutting, and far from summer-like ; whilst, owing to the numerous bush fires, all the country round is obscured by a gloomy pall of smoke.

Two hours by coach brings us to Melton Mowbray, and an hotel well known for good accommodation and the capital shooting that is obtainable within easy distance. From the summit of Spring Hill, which we descend for five miles, half way between Oatlands and Melton, one has a grand view of the mountain ranges of Southern Tasmania—tier beyond tier extending into the dim distance, where Mount Wellington frowns over the blue waters of the Derwent. After a day at Melton, we drive the last thirty-three miles into Hobart Town without any further loitering on the main road. Scriptural names obtain in this district : we have already passed Jericho and Lake Tiberias, and now cross the Jordan and leave Jerusalem on our left. Three miles of gradual descent of Constitution Hill, and we are at Bagdad, and for an hour drive along a fertile valley, shut in by thickly wooded ranges, and containing many prosperous-looking stations. At Bridgewater, twelve miles from the capital, we get a lovely view of the valley of the Derwent, and cross the river by a

bridge and long causeway, the distance from bank to bank being here about half a mile.

The last twelve miles are far more attractive than all the rest of the road between Launceston and Hobart Town. On the left the Derwent opens into numberless bays and creeks, and winds in and out of its bold background of mountains and hills, amongst farms, orchards, and hop-gardens; whilst on the right the swelling pastures rise in easy slopes to the densely-timbered heights and gullies of the tier which culminates above Hobart Town in the noble Mount Wellington. Behind us Mount Dromedary stands boldly out against the sunset sky, across the Derwent Mount Direction rears itself in an abrupt peak from out the bush which clothes the river banks, and before us the monarch of the southern ranges, crowned with wreaths of cloud, towers sublime above all. The scenery here is indeed beautiful, but our horses are anxious to get their work done, and we have but little time to enjoy a series of lovely views. Below us Hobart Town lies nestling down by the sea, and our long-coach journey across Tasmania has come to an end at last.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EXCURSION TO THE TASMANIAN LAKES.

Hindrances to Visiting the Lake District—Stella—The Main Road—Melton Mowbray and Rabbit-shooting—Antill Ponds Forge—Our Blacksmith and Guide—His Appearance, Conversation, and Horsemanship—Ascent of the Western Tiers—"A Good Road"—Almost a Catastrophe—A Tableland Forest—A First Look at the Lakes—Steve, the Bridge-keeper—Scenery of Lake Sorell and Lake Crescent at Sunset—Interlaken—Stock-driving in the Lake District—Lake St. Clair—The Great Lake—A Day's Drive through the Forest—Bothwell—The Falls of the Clyde.

THE lake district is a terra incognita, not only to ninety-nine of every hundred visitors to Tasmania, but even to ninety-nine of every hundred Tasmanians. And there are valid reasons for this being the case—difficulty of access and want of accommodation, which in combination are said to be sufficient to deter most people from penetrating into the recesses of the mountains. But those who think little of the roughness of bush roads, and are ready to camp out, or share the shelter of a log hut with a solitary shepherd, will be well rewarded for their

trouble. They must go fully prepared to lose their way and have to pass a night in the bush, but wherever they may chance upon a station or hut, they may safely reckon upon a hospitable reception.

Before I have been a week in Hobart Town one of our fellow-passengers in the *Lord Warden* calls on us, to propose a trip to the Lakes. He is on the look-out for a sheep-run, and wishes to visit some Government land round Lake Crescent. Novelli is not strong enough for the excursion, but I am glad of the opportunity of seeing some scenery, of which a good deal of capital is made by Tasmanians. Our preparations are completed in a few hours. S. has just bought a very likely-looking mare, with a good "barrel" and plenty of bone below the knee, both of which points so often go a long way towards telling the working capabilities of a horse. Stella is a five-year-old, and before our trip is half over, we are both ready to swear by her as a star of the first magnitude. We hire a light chaise-cart, and having stowed our light luggage, guns, axe, raw-hide and rope for mending broken harness, and the inevitable "billy" or tin pot for tea-making, set off late in the afternoon for our first stage of seventeen miles. The weather is not

auspicious. It has been showery for the last three days, and Mount Wellington is still capped with rain-clouds. All is gloom over head, and a driving Scotch mist necessitates an early recourse to macintoshes. Keeping to the main road, along which we have to travel sixty miles before turning off into the bush, Stella covers the seventeen miles in an hour and fifty minutes without feeling the whip, and we pull up for the night at Brighton, a small village on the banks of the Jordan. Small game is plentiful at our inn, and we are glad enough to turn out soon after sunrise to go over a sheep-run before breakfast. Similar work takes up the morning, and in the afternoon we drive another seventeen-mile stage to Melton Mowbray.

Rabbits swarm in this neighbourhood, and a couple of guns killed forty-two in half an hour, shortly before our arrival. We do a little execution amongst them before our breakfast is ready, and that morning drive twenty miles to Oatlands, which we find in a great state of bustle owing to a large sale of stock. We attend this for a few minutes, and see several hundred sheep change owners at eight shillings a-head—an extraordinary price to English ears. We then dive into the bush to the north of Lake Dulverton, and in the course of a

walk through pretty park-like glades, come upon two lonely little lakes, over which a flight of herons are slowly winging their way, whilst far out of gunshot two or three wild duck seem to sleep on the still water.

Having laid in a stock of provisions, we make an early start next morning, and drive ten miles over St. Peter's Pass to Antill Ponds. We are now half way across the island, and have done with the main road for the present. Stella, however, has cast a shoe, and we seek a farrier to replace it. The loss of this shoe turns out a real blessing to us, for had we not lighted so opportunely upon a forge and its worthy owner, it is doubtful whether we should have ever got to the Lakes at all.

The blacksmith waxes communicative over his work, and expresses unbounded astonishment on hearing that we purpose driving, or attempting to drive, a chaise-cart over the western Tiers. Now we did not set out on this trip without having first made inquiries as to the state of the roads over which we were about to travel, and the replies were invariably the same—that the roads were good but steep. This we tell the blacksmith, but he only shakes his head incredulously.

"Trust me, sir, and I'll not deceive you. I've been here fifteen years, and never seen a chaise-cart go up the Tiers yet, though I've been up them a-foot or on my old mare many a score times. You might get up in time with your mare, but 'twould take all the heart out of her for good—and that's truth."

He speaks earnestly, and with the air of one experienced in bush travelling, concluding with an offer to accompany us on his own mare, so as to be able to drive tandem up the mountain range. With this we gladly close, and, as it is now noon, and hard work is in store for all, we give Stella a feed, and sit down ourselves to an impromptu lunch in the cottage. The blacksmith's wife is no mean cook, and we do ample justice to some rashers of excellent bacon and potatoes, which succulent dish is faced by a substantial apple-pudding and flanked by a huge pot of tea.

An hour after midday we are again en route ; the blacksmith throws his saddle over his old bay mare, without waiting to fasten the girth, vaults on her back, and leads the way out of the yard. A few hundred yards along the main road, and we turn sharp to the left into a field. Little did we dream when consulting the map previously to starting, that

the "good road" to the Lakes was at the very outset no better than a mere neglected cart-track, across a sheep-run and barred by a rough bush-gate. For five miles we trot steadily over level plains, sparsely timbered and parched to a bright yellow, travelling parallel with the mountain tiers, which a couple of miles to the westward rise steeply, clad to the summit with thick gum forest. Here and there we pass through a plot of grain, ripe and ready for the sickle ; but far as the eye can range over the plains there is but little variation from the monotony of scanty dried-up herbage. The drive, however, is really enjoyable. It is a true Tasmanian summer's day, the sun shines hotly down, but its rays are tempered by a pleasant cooling breeze, and our guide turns out a most cheery companion.

. Dressed in moleskin trousers and flannel shirt, his appearance is that of a thorough bushman as he canters along by the side of our cart, his rough brigand's hat set jauntily over one ear, and a raw-hide whip carried sabre-like over his right shoulder. He is a practised horseman, too, and on two occasions sits back well over his mare's tail and takes the saddle off her back, readjusting it with perfect ease and success, in spite of continued efforts on the part

of Kate, whom he is keeping at a fast canter all the while, to unseat him. He is as communicative as he is amusing, never allowing the conversation to flag, and asking as many questions about England as we about Tasmania. He is as merry as a schoolboy out for a day's holiday, or a sailor enjoying a shilling ride on Southsea Common, and every now and then puts his mare at a fence and dashes off into the bush to scatter magpies and parrots right and left with his shrill whistle, returning after a few minutes' wild gallop to make some fresh inquiries into English life and English field-sports.

Five miles from the main road we meet another track, and at once head straight for the mountains. Here the road runs between two fences enclosing different runs, and we work our way slowly amongst numerous boulders and fallen trees, passing within a couple of hundred yards of a large bush fire, the flames of which are plainly visible through a vista of gum-trees and wattle scrub. After proceeding a couple of miles downhill, into a valley running parallel with the Tiers, we come to a halt at their foot for a few minutes' rest under the scant shade of a huge white gum. We look up some 3000 feet of

forest-clad mountain, up which the rock-strewn track winds steeply, and are fain to confess to our guide, that the prospect for the springs of a chaise cart is but a poor one. To the right Mount Franklin rises abruptly, its summit towering to the height of nearly 3600 feet above the sea level, and our road seems to pass almost directly across it. But nothing daunted we set to work to strengthen the harness in various places with wire, raw hide, and rope, the blacksmith puts his mare on tandem-fashion in front of Stella, we doff coats, waistcoats, collars and scarves, and are ready for the ascent. The blacksmith, whip in hand, leads Kate, S. is at Stella's head, and I, behind the cart, bring up the rear, carrying a huge stone to stop the wheels in case of accident.

To the right of the road at starting the ground falls away into a rugged creek, at the bottom of which a tiny mountain stream trickles over a rocky bed beneath arches of fern and wild flowers. On its sloping banks numbers of rabbits are basking in the sunshine, and Tom, a black and tan *protégé* of the blacksmith, wearies himself in many fruitless courses through the dense bush. All around is thick forest, the various species of *eucalyptus* growing in their usual profusion and raggedness. Cab-

bage gum saplings seem numerous enough to supply all Tasmania with hop-poles, and the bright red of their fading leaves, mingling with the graceful light green foliage of the wild cherry, forms an agreeable contrast to the brownish hues which always characterize an Australian forest.

If we mean to surmount the Tiers before night closes in, we must not waste time; and, as fast travelling will be easier work for the horses, we start at a good round pace, taking spells of rest about every ten minutes. Stella and Kate work well together, but the latter is getting lazy in her old age, and needs frequent reminders with the whip. For an hour we progress steadily and monotonously on our uphill trudge without incident or casualty, till, coming to an abrupt turn in the road where the incline is about one in four, and "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" is absolutely necessary for the safety of the cart, Kate, disregarding her owner's voice and whip, lays her ears back, plunges violently to the side of the track, and makes for the bush. The off-wheel trembles for an instant on the verge of a steep descent of a dozen feet or more into a wilderness of boulders and tree-trunks, another such plunge, and cart, leader, wheeler,

and all will be irrevocably smashed up in the chaos beneath. But our guide, bringing all his strength and weight to bear upon his refractory beast, forces her back into the middle of the road, the wheels jam against a huge boulder, and the cart is safe. A moment of inaction, and both horses pull together with a will, the difficulty is overcome, and we rest in a patch of shade. "A severe pinch, sir," remarks the blacksmith, "and I never knew my old mare jack a job up before." He is a trifle pale as he sits on a fallen gum-tree mopping his face, but the next minute is himself again and whistling a popular air with sundry variations of his own.

Halfway up the mountain we refresh ourselves with a draught of ice-cold water from a spring to which the name of "Mary Magdalene's Well" has been given; and the blacksmith relates how a bullock dray recently came to grief at the corner where Kate did her best to bring about a like result, and one of the team was killed. At length, after three long hours of trudging, we get over the last "severe pinch," and find ourselves fairly on the tableland of the Western Tiers. The view would be grand if only one could see it; but in every direction the gum-trees grow so thickly that one has

to be content with a peep here and there of yellow plains and the hazy blue of the Ben Lomond range on the north-east horizon.

Kate is unharnessed and mounted by her owner, S. and I get into the cart, and we drive merrily forward into the heart of the forest along an almost invisible trail. The scanty burnt-up herbage of the plains has disappeared, and in its place we have rich deep green grass, on which the eye rests gratefully after its long probation of yellow. Tall white gum-tree shafts are everywhere, here grouped in picturesque clumps, there forming a stately avenue, and again opening out to disclose a spacious sunlit glade, only lacking a herd of deer to make a charming picture of forest scenery. But the absence of life strikes one very forcibly at this altitude. There are no rabbits running across the track, no kangaroo skipping away into the bush, the magpies and parrots chatter not here, and even the common bush butterflies are not to be seen. At rare intervals our horses' hoofs rouse a solitary jackdaw, whose loud caw is the only sound that breaks the weird silence of the forest.

After piloting us a couple of miles across the Tiers, our guide, who is about to make a straight

course home, pulls up to take his leave. He throws his mare's collar and traces over her neck, loads his gun on the off-chance of a kangaroo, and then comes alongside our cart to give us a few final instructions and receive his *douceur*. The next moment he digs his heels into Kate's sides, whistles his dog to him, charges a stiff bush fence with his gun held like a lance in rest, and disappears at a gallop down a colonnade of gum-trees.

Another mile, and on each side of us we see the sheen of water through a vista of tree-trunks. Five minutes more, and we are standing before a wooden hut on a narrow neck of land dividing two wide-spreading lakes. The white-haired old bridge-keeper gives Stella a drink of water, and tells us that he has lived a hermit's life here for thirty-years, during which time he has on two occasions nearly lost his life, once in a flood which threatened to merge the two lakes in one, and a second time in a snowstorm which almost buried his hut. Poor old Steve! the life seems to agree with him in spite of the severity of the Tasmanian winter at this altitude, and he smiles grimly as he points out to us his provision of fuel—a stack of gum-tree logs quite double the size of his dwelling. And with

pure mountain air to breathe, and such a view as his hut windows command, we do not wonder that he bears his years lightly.

It is indeed a grand panorama of mountain and lake scenery that we linger long to enjoy amidst the golden glories of sunset. To our feet ripple the waters of Lake Sorell, stretching in a broad sheet of the deepest blue to where, five miles away, the forest-clad mountains of the Western Tiers cast a sombre mantle of purple over creek and bay. Along its eastern shore rough rocky headlands and wooded promontories thickly fringed with rushes enclose many a placid cove, and stand out boldly against the dark blue of the lake: the western side under the shadow of the dense forest is all in deep purple gloom; one tiny island, a mass of trees and underwood, alone breaks the unruffled expanse. We turn and gaze southward over the solemn stillness of Lake Crescent, beyond which heavily timbered hills swell upwards to the precipitous crags of Table Mountain, the grand outline of which, sharply defined against the rich evening glow, is mirrored in three miles of glistening water. It is a scene of almost unbroken repose. No sound falls upon the ear, save the clamour of a string of wild

duck rising from the sedgy banks of the lower lake.

But darkness is coming on fast, and we have more than three miles yet to drive before we reach our quarters. Part of this is through thick forest, and the rest across tracts of marsh land which afford us fresh glimpses of both lakes. Everywhere, however, boulders abound, and we stumble along on foot, leading Stella, game to the last in spite of evident leg-weariness. At last we are saluted by the loud barking of kangaroo dogs, and another quarter of an hour finds us hospitably housed at Interlaken.

Interlaken is a small station on the property of Mr. Kermode in the Lake district, and here live his manager, a stock-driver and hut-keeper, to all appearances in good health and no small degree of comfort. The house is well built and large enough to accommodate three or four visitors, who are always made heartily welcome. Indeed, without the hospitality of Mr. Kermode and his staff, visitors to the Lakes would have to camp out for the night. Now, camping out is pleasant enough in summer weather, but, before we have finished our tea, in comes our host with the news that it is freezing

sharply, and we are glad enough to draw our chairs round a huge log fire for our evening tobacco and yarns.

Our host enlightens us not a little as to cattle driving in the Lake district. He tells us—and we hardly venture to express any doubt on the subject—that, as his stock roam over 75,000 acres of forest, he does not always know exactly where they are, that sometimes it takes him a couple of months' riding to find them, and that once a herd of thirty eluded his search for two years but were brought home safely at last. He corroborates old Steve's testimony with regard to the severity of the winter, and says that he has often gone to bed on a bright frosty night, and awoke to find the snow high above the hut windows. Locomotion is naturally at an end under such circumstances, and for the sake of the inmates we are glad to see that Interlaken boasts a small well-selected library.

Lake Sorell is the lion of the district, but fifty miles to the westward Lake St. Clair is stated by explorers to be the Killarney of Tasmania. At present, however, it is almost unapproachable. Twenty miles of trackless forest separate it from the last shepherd's hut, and its fathomless waters are on

every side hemmed in by precipitous ranges of lofty mountains. A hundred years hence Lake St. Clair may prove a favourite resort for tourists, but as yet month follows month without human eye gazing on its tranquil waters.

Five-and-thirty miles north-west of Lake Sorell along a very rough bush road is the Great Lake, sixteen miles long and in several places from four to five miles in breadth ; but though its shores are much indented, its scenery is tame. Nor, we are told, would a visit to Arthur's Lakes and Wood Lake, some ten miles beyond Lake Sorell, repay a lover of the picturesque. Black swans and duck, however, are fairly plentiful, though from our experience they are as wild here as in more inhabited regions. But any one fond of a little quiet sport in the wilds, and not over-particular about quarters, may spend a fortnight very pleasantly going the round of the lakes. Only let him take plenty of tobacco—for shepherds seem to do little else but smoke—and let it be Barrett's Twist.

Lake Sorell boasts one pebbly beach, where cornelian, agate, and jasper abound, and we obtain several very pretty specimens, good enough to be cut and form brooches for absent friends. Of ferns

we see nothing, and of flowers, only one—the tiny blue harebell—here and there peeps up from the carpet of thick coarse grass.

But S. has soon seen enough of the Government land, and is anxious to be off, so the following morning sees us once more under weigh, homeward bound by a new route *via* Bothwell, distant twenty-four miles from Interlaken. We are still favoured with perfect summer weather, and lake and mountain and forest look their loveliest beneath the exquisitely deep blue of a cloudless sky. Crossing the Clyde, a pretty mountain stream, which we shall admire still more at Bothwell Falls, we explore the western shores of Lake Crescent, and then dive again into the recesses of the forest. We were told at Interlaken that we should have no difficulty in finding the road, as two carts had come up from Bothwell a fortnight before, but we have frequently to make a cast to the right and left before we hit off the indistinct trail, and now and then our axe is brought into requisition to hew off an obstructing limb from some prostrate giant of the forest. As a rule, our range of vision is very circumscribed, so thick is the timber, but here and there as we gradually make our way down the western side of the Tiers, we

get a magnificent view over a succession of mountain ranges to Wyld's Craig and the Frenchman's Cap, looming faintly on the horizon seventy miles away. And so for six hours we plod steadily on beneath the overarching gum-trees, cooking our "billy" at midday, and enjoying a frugal lunch of tea and a stale loaf, till, just as the splendours of sunset are spreading over the western sky, we pass Denistoun, the only station on the road, and, the state of the track now admitting of our driving, Stella soon covers the remaining four miles, and lands us safely in Bothwell before dark.

The Falls of the Clyde are the great attraction here, but the village is neat and pretty, and there are several charming stations in the neighbourhood. Irrigation is easy, and the green lawns and water-meadows of Ratho sloping down to the river side, with its background of thirty-feet hawthorn hedges, look thoroughly English. Weeping willows overhang the banks, and beneath their cool shade our kind host throws a fly, just to show us that he has some good fishing, and lands three fine trout, each over 2 lb., during the quarter of an hour that we are waiting for lunch. About a mile further down is a rugged wooded gorge, a little like Corra Linn, but

not nearly as pretty, through which the river rushes over rapids for half a mile, and then plunges over a cliff, forty-five feet in height, into a deep gloomy basin of basaltic rock. The fall is a pretty one, and has the advantage of being easily reached. The falls on Mount Wellington and of the Snug River far surpass it in grandeur, but in each case several hours of walking and climbing through the bush must be undertaken before they can be seen.

Twelve miles from Bothwell we strike the main road, and the following evening finds us back in Hobart Town, after a very pleasant drive of a hundred and sixty miles.

CHAPTER V.

HOBART TOWN.

Aspect of the City and Harbour—Streets and Public Buildings—
The Botanic Gardens—Fern Tree Bower—Ascent of Mount
Wellington—A Trip to Port Espérance—A Tasmanian Re-
gatta—New Norfolk—Hops and Hop Gardens—The First
Tasmanian Salmon—Fruit and Flowers—The Huon Forest—
A Big Tree—The Wellington Falls—Through the Forest by
Torchlight—The Climate of Tasmania.

HOBART TOWN, as viewed from the sea, has been likened by two authors to Genoa and Geneva, but inasmuch as I have not yet visited the two places in question, I am unable to confirm either opinion. The beauty of its position, however, just at that point where the Derwent may be said to meet the sea, admits of no dispute, and its inhabitants claim for it the title of the prettiest town in the colonies, Sydney not excepted. Although at a distance of forty miles from the two capes that shut in Storm Bay, which forms the mouthpiece of the estuary of the Derwent, the river is two and a half miles in width opposite to the wharves, at

which vessels of 800 tons can lie at all times of the tide. Twelve miles down the sound the estuary narrows again, and the promontory of South Arm completes a perfectly landlocked harbour, which naval authorities have pronounced unsurpassed in any part of the world. Certain it is, that here all the navies of the world might ride at anchor at one time. I must not forget, however, that an equal capacity has been claimed and allowed for Kirkwall Roads and Inganness Bay in "the storm-swept Orcades," and as naval matters are now, Orkney sees more war-ships than Hobart Town. Tasmania has seen more prosperous days, and it is to be hoped that more are in store for her; but it is dispiriting to look across this grand expanse of harbour day after day and see only the white sails of two or three small coasters flecking the blue waters, to notice that the shipping wharf is almost deserted, and that a long line of fine warehouses is untenanted and falling into decay.

The town is built on several gently-swelling hills bordering on the Derwent and its estuary, and rising gradually at the back, where Mount Wellington rears itself in blue-black gloom to the height of over 4000 feet. Up the valley of the Derwent the

double-humped mass of Mount Dromedary closes the view, whilst across the harbour the eye wanders over a succession of wooded hills to where the mountains and tall cliffs of Tasman's Peninsula rise dimly out of the grey sea haze.

The streets intersect at right angles, and Macquarie Street, in which are most of the public buildings, is as handsome as the chief thoroughfare of a town of 20,000 inhabitants should be. The Houses of Parliament, the Town Hall, the Post Office, the Public Library, and the Museum are all substantial and well built, but the same cannot be said of the Cathedral, which, consecrated in a very unfinished state just previous to our arrival, is neither handsome in its proportions nor architecturally beautiful. The interior gives sad evidence of hasty or inferior workmanship, and the coloured glass is of the most indifferent manufacture. St. John's Church, however, though small, is neat, and reminds one much of an English parish-church. The recently-built Roman Catholic Cathedral, too, boasts of some architectural beauty, and quite eclipses its Protestant rival. The shops are poor, and vastly inferior to those of many a third-rate English town, but perhaps as the Melbourne belles get the fashions

straight from Paris, the Hobart Town ladies get theirs straight from Melbourne.

• Government House, though shortly to be thrown into the shade by the stately edifice rising on the banks of the Yarra at Melbourne, has the reputation of being the finest building of its kind in the colonies. • Its site, standing as it does on the side of a hill above the Derwent, and commanding a magnificent view over the estuary and its shores for forty miles away to the Southern Ocean, could hardly be surpassed ; and though 67,000*l.* is a long price for a small and not over-rich colony to pay for the mansion of its chief, there is a good deal to show for the money.

The Botanical Gardens, which overlook a lovely reach of the river at the back of Government House, are very prettily laid out, and along their terraced walks students of scientific botany as well as simple lovers of flowers can gain plenty of enjoyment. Franklin Square has also a pretty garden overlooking the harbour, and contains a good bronze statue of the late Sir John Franklin, who was governor of Tasmania from 1837 to 1843.

The town is as quiet and sleepy as it well can be, and beyond fishing in the estuary there seems abso-

lately nothing to be done. From it, however, there are several interesting excursions to be made, and to these, having seen all within the city boundaries in a couple of days, we turn our attention.

Mount Wellington is the first lion to be slain, and with my friend Brooke, a *compagnon de voyage* in the *Lord Warden*, I start early one lovely morning in mid March. Four miles up hill on the Huon road, in the course of which we pass several gum-trees exceeding 200 feet in height, bring us to a small hostelry in the forest, called the Fern Tree Inn. Here we leave the road, and attack the southern slopes of the mountain by a forest path. A few hundred yards further on, we come to the Fern Tree Bower, a scene of beauty well worthy of its name. Some thirty fern trees throw their shade over two or three rudely-fashioned benches in front of a small stone pillar, which serves as a record of the completion of the Hobart Town waterworks. Here the several rills come tumbling down from steep banks crowned with tree-ferns and thick with the greenest moss and a hundred varieties of ferns and wild flowers, to meet in a small clear ice-cold pool. We now strike into the forest, and follow up the bed of the largest of these brooklets. Here

there is nothing more than a tiny track, and for more than an hour we have pretty stiff climbing up about a thousand feet of ascent, and through a perfect wilderness of forest. In every direction lie prostrate the enormous trunks of fallen gum-trees, covered, in many instances, with a thick carpet of velvet moss and grey lichen, and fringed with fronds of fern. These bridge the ravine every five or ten yards, and beneath and round them winds the stream, hurrying down in an endless succession of miniature cataracts, now gliding smoothly over a gravelly bed, a clear rich peaty-brown in the sunshine, the next moment tinkling away in darkness over a rocky fall, beneath a huge over-arching tree-trunk. Around us are tree-ferns in all their luxuriance, ten, twenty, and thirty feet high, their magnificent fronds measuring ten and twelve feet in length, and spreading a perfect canopy of delicate green over the bed of the brook. Above them again tower lofty gum-trees and the tapering shafts of sassafras, the most graceful of Australian forest trees; and looking back down the gully, through the breaks in the foliage, we get a grand view over Storm Bay, and the blue line of the Southern Ocean in the far distance. Such a scene of fairylike loveliness I never beheld before.

After an hour's rest at a small hut, kept by a worthy old couple, half-way up the mountain, we continue the ascent up a very rock-strewn path through a part of the forest where thousands of trees have been killed by fires. The majority of them have fallen, and their blackened trunks cover the ground so thickly that it is difficult to see the earth at all. A tiring climb of 1500 feet brings us to the limits of the forest, and we enter upon the desolate expanse of rock which trends northward to the summit.

The "Ploughed Field" lies before us, a tract some twenty acres in extent, of enormous boulders of greenstone, piled one above another in wild confusion, lying loose as they fell one by one from the mighty mass above. On the opposite side rise abrupt fluted columns of rock, 800 feet in perpendicular height, and commonly called the "organ-pipes." Springing from rock to rock, we cross the Ploughed Field, and are upon the tableland of the mountain.

This is a dreary expanse of black swampy land, on which a few stunted shrubs and yellow everlasting flowers drag out a wretched existence. Tall pillars of greenstone crop up here and there, but,

though several of the mountain plants are bright with flowers and berries, there is little to vary the monotonous desolation of the scene. A walk of two miles on a slight ascent, and we are at the Pinnacle, a cairn about twenty feet high, at an elevation of 4166 feet above the sea.

Climbing this, we command one of the most extensive views in the colonies. Beneath us lies Hobart Town, a mere cluster of white specks along the silvery reaches of the Derwent; north and west extend mountain, valley, and plain in endless variety of form and colour; eastward the eye ranges over isthmus, creek, and bay, far away to the hazy Southern Pacific; and southward, shrouded in blue gloom and the mists wafted inland by the sea breeze, stretch tier upon tier of lofty desolate mountains, rising from vast tracts of dusky forest land, uninhabited, and as yet uninhabitable. The view is indeed impressive in the extreme, and the gathering gloom of evening adds not a little to its grandeur.

But the sea haze is already beginning to cap the summit of the mountain, and, after adding a few more boulders to the cairn, we lose no time in retracing our steps to the hut at the Springs. In the

course of our ascent we walked eleven miles, but returning we avoid the Fern Tree Gully, and thus saving two miles, reach Hobart Town at dusk.


I can remember one view only bearing any resemblance to that from the summit of Mount Wellington, and that is the view of the Orkney Archipelago, as seen from the Ward Hill of Hoy. There of course there are no forests nor mountain ranges, but yet the moorland wears much of the same dusky aspect as the forest, and the eye takes in the same wonderful diversity of water and land, the same innumerable bays and creeks, the same bright patches of cultivated land standing out boldly from the great mass of brown, and in the distance the same greyish-purple tints where the ocean meets the sky.

In company with Brooke I take advantage of an excursion to Port Espérance by steamer, to pay a visit to the southern part of the island. The coast scenery in D'Entrecasteaux Channel is very beautiful, the bays being wooded down to the very water's edge; in fact, the shore for a great part of the distance is littered with fallen gum-trees. The water is exquisitely clear, and full of colour, thanks to a cloudless sky: in some places it is of the

deepest blue, in others of an equally brilliant green. The Channel is shut off from the Southern Ocean by the long and almost uninhabited island of Bruni; it was on this island that Captain Cook first landed, and he refitted his ship in Adventure Bay.

Forty miles from Hobart town we steer straight across the Channel, and enter Port Espérance, as pretty and picturesque a bay as any in Tasmania, and a grand landlocked harbour three miles in length. Thick forest surrounds it up to the very Heads, and Adamson's Peak, a fine cone shaped mountain over 4000 feet in height, rears itself boldly at the head of the bay. Three small green islands, Faith, Hope, and Charity, rising in the centre of this placid sheet of water, add not a little to the beauty of the scene.

Dover is the name of the tiny settlement, at present consisting only of two or three saw-mills and about a dozen weather-board houses. These have been erected in admired irregularity, without any idea of streets in prospect: indeed only a few acres of the forest have been cleared, and lanes have been cut through the dense scrub between the houses and the shore. The timber trade, however, is flourishing, the trees in this district attaining an



immense size. Snakes abound, and one of the inhabitants tells us that a couple of miles inland the bush is so thick and so tangled with creepers that it is almost impossible for a man to force his way through it, even with an axe. Woe to the amateur explorer who loses himself here!

But that there is no lack of spirit in the place, in spite of the total number of inhabitants not exceeding a hundred, is evidenced by a regatta, to assist at which our steamer has made the trip down. All the neighbouring settlements have sent boatloads of spectators and crews to compete; there are flags and cannon afloat and ashore, and Dover is quite *en fête*. Two or three of the sailing boats go in extensively for fouling, and in the rowing matches the crews set the official starter at defiance, and get off as and when they think fit, but everybody seems satisfied, and the day is a great success. We had intended spending a day or two in this neighbourhood, and walking back to Hobart Town through the Huon district, but the Dover Hotel, a neat little weather-board erection, is full, and we are compelled to abandon our excursion, and return by the steamer. Some future day Port Espérance may be a fashionable Tasmanian watering-place.

Leaving Novelli, who is still weak and ill, in solitude for a couple of days, we take the steamer for New Norfolk, a pretty little township on the banks of the Derwent, twenty-two miles from Hobart Town. The river scenery is pretty all the way, and the sunset shades of rose and purple over the distant mountains, seen through a vista of gloom between the precipitous cliffs of Hell's Gates, just below New Norfolk, quite charm us. Here we are in the centre of the hop district, and, were it not for "the everlasting gum-tree" on the hills, I might fancy myself at home in Kent. Walking out of the village, hop-gardens are on every side, shut in in many instances by luxuriant hawthorn hedges twenty feet high, above which here and there peeps up the cone-shaped top of a hop-kiln. There is but little difference in appearance between Tasmanian and Kentish gardens, and in each country one may see a poor crop in close proximity to a very good one. One hears occasional complaints of a scarcity of poles, but there are enough gum saplings in the bush round New Norfolk to supply all the hop-gardens in the world. By several growers wires are used to connect the poles, and where this Coley system is adopted the hops do not

suffer so much from high winds. Fly and spider can be as destructive here as in England, but there are very few cases of these pests this season, and the crop is said to be considerably above the average. Drought occasionally plays havoc with the gardens, most of which, however, are provided with means of irrigation from the Derwent. I cannot ascertain with any accuracy what is the average yield through the district, but this season it is estimated at 24 cwt. per acre. The expenses per acre have been set down at 50*l.* by a Tasmanian grower, but the *Australasian* has been ventilating the subject, and considers that good management should bring this amount down to 40*l.*

Seven miles beyond New Norfolk are the Salmon Ponds, of which Tasmanians are very proud ; but, unless he be an angler, the visitor will find the scenery along the road more interesting than an inspection of the establishment where the young fish are reared. The experiment, however, has proved a success ; for, in December last, a real *salmo salar*, weighing 2lb. 14oz., was caught in the Derwent, and the lucky angler received the promised bounty of 30*l.* All credit is due to Sir Robert Officer, Mr. Morton Allport, and others who

interested themselves in the venture, for this feat of acclimatization.

I had heard much of Tasmanian fruit before I set foot in the colony ; but the amount I have seen in the course of my wanderings has fairly astonished me. Every house seems to have its orchard, and every vessel seems to take away tons upon tons of fruit and jam. There appears to be no limit to the productiveness of the apple orchards, every tree bending down with its weight of fruit. A maggot-pierced apple is but seldom seen, and the fruit is not only plentiful but very large. Thirteen apples picked from a tree within a mile of Hobart Town weighed 12lb., and the largest measured fourteen inches in circumference! Pears are not much grown, as they spoil so easily when packed, and there is no demand for fruit except to export. Growers have told us that it often hardly pays to pick their apples, and it certainly does not seem to pay to pick them up, for bushels may be seen rotting on the ground in most orchards. And yet, curiously enough, we have not heard the word *cider* during a stay of two and a half months in Tasmania.

It is singular that with a good climate and fertile

soil to help them, Tasmanians care so little for the culture of flowers. Except in the Royal Society's Gardens and at Perth, we have not seen one well-arranged flower bed in the island. Great shrubs of geranium and fuchsia, ten and twelve feet high, are common enough; but bedding-out is an art which is either not known or utterly neglected. The Hobart Town florist tells me that no one in the capital cares the very least how his garden looks, and certainly the aspect of most of them quite bears out his statement. He adds, "And yet you've only got to stick a thing in, sir, and it'll grow." Why do not the Hobartonianians "stick a thing in?"

Wild flowers and flowering shrubs are as numerous as they are beautiful; and, now that autumn is upon us, berries of white, blue, and red make the bush as brilliant as the flowers that gave them birth. The hedges, however, are still in many places pink with masses of geranium, and the banks abound with heaths of every shade from crimson to white.

Having heard of an enormous gum-tree in the Huon Forest named after Lady Franklin, I set out by myself—my friend Brooke having returned to Melbourne—one hot morning early in April to

inspect it. After passing Fern Tree Bower, five miles from Hobart Town, trees of 200 feet in height are to be seen at short intervals, most of them with perfectly straight white trunks, without a branch for upwards of a hundred feet from the ground. The markings on some of the trunks are curiously spiral, and run up the tree as regularly as the turns in a corkscrew. Huge fallen trees encumber the numerous ferny gullies in every direction, and I measure the butt of one of the largest of these to be eighteen feet in diameter. Another five miles brings me to a little clearing, in a gully running down from the Wellington range, called Leslie; and here I learn that Lady Franklin's tree no longer reigns supreme, that the track to it is overgrown, and that another giant rules in its stead. My guide commences by telling me that he "left the old country for the country's good," that he was "terrible wild when a young 'un," and that he came out here "to do seven years." We proceed then to fight our way through the densest scrub for a quarter of a mile in search of the monarch of the district. Here the fern trees are in the height of their luxuriance, and grow so thickly that in many places their spreading fronds completely shut out the

rays of the sun. Beneath one's feet is not earth, but a chaos of tree-trunks green and slippery with decaying vegetation, mosses and lichens of all kinds.

The tree is indeed worthy of the title of monarch of the district. It is seventy feet in girth six feet from the ground, and is set down as 240 feet in height. A fire has burnt out the butt, which now forms a blackened gloomy chamber twenty feet across, and is provided with a natural door and several windows, owing to great rifts in the outer shell. Externally the butt is very rugged and deeply seamed, and in many places overgrown with moss and tiny ferns; but forty feet from the ground the trunk rises smooth and white, in girth not much exceeding half that of the butt. In spite of its being burnt out, this huge gum-tree is still green and flourishing. How many centuries it has lived no one can tell.

A letter to the Hobart Town *Mercury* elicits several answers to my inquiry as to the size of the largest measured trees. Within four miles of the town there till lately stood a huge *eucalyptus*, eighty-six feet in girth, and more than 300 feet in height, and a bushman tells me that the highest

tree he has met with in his wanderings measured 200 feet from the ground to the first branch, and fully 350 feet in all.

My last excursion before leaving Tasmania is to the Wellington Falls, distant seven "kangaroo" miles from the hut at the Springs halfway up the mountain. The first mile is along a terraced path commanding glorious views over the Derwent estuary, but the remaining six are on a very rough track through the forest and across another edition of the Ploughed Field, called the Potato Garden, and consisting of many acres of masses of greenstone in which iron pyrites is abundantly visible. My guide, called by Hobartonians "The Old Man of the Mountain," is very loquacious, and has scarcely completed the story of his life and adventures by the time we reach our destination. We come at last to a deep rocky gully, and climbing down a couple of hundred feet step out on a jutting crag facing the fall. The scene is indeed wild and picturesque. The stream comes tumbling down into the head of the gorge in a series of cascades from rock to rock over the face of a steep cliff 250 feet high, opposite to which, behind the promontory on which we stand, one of the mountains of the

Wellington range rises to a height of 3000 feet in a steep unbroken slope. The gorge for a distance of seven miles is blocked up with enormous masses of rock which have fallen from the crags fringing its sides, and mingle with the trunks of fallen trees in a chaos delightful to the contemplation of an artist, but decidedly perplexing to a traveller.

We lose no time on our return for fear of being benighted, but my guide is nearly an octogenarian, and makes "very bad weather" of the rock-strewn track. Fortunately, his young nephew comes out to meet us, but in spite of his help we are overtaken by complete darkness more than two miles from the hut, and frequently lose the track. To add to our discomfort the clouds settle down upon the mountain, and every tree seems to salute us with a volley of raindrops. However, we have two boxes of matches, and by dint of these and torches made of all my letters, we managed to grope our way to the terrace with just two matches left in stock. Were I not addicted to the use of tobacco, we should have had to spend the night on the mountain: as it is, I am in Hobart Town at ten o'clock. The spirit and pluck of the young pilot, a boy of thirteen, who saved his old uncle's bones

many a severe bruise against the rocks, by the dexterous interposition of his own active little limbs, was most highly to be commended.

The English Eleven visit Hobart Town during our stay, and inflict a severe defeat upon the Tasmanian Twenty-two. This enlivens proceedings a little; but Hobart Town is a very dead-alive place, and its climate, about the salubrity of which the inhabitants "blow" considerably, is not as pleasant as we were led to expect. Novelli derives no benefit from it: indeed, after a stay of two months from the middle of February to the middle of April, he leaves it weaker than when he came. We seldom have found it warm enough for a seat in the shade to be pleasant, and the changes of temperature must be very trying to an invalid. The sun is often very powerful up to midday, and then the sea breeze comes in and makes one long for a winter suit and a great-coat. From first to last, although our stay has been during the pleasantest part of the year, we have been not a little disappointed with the climate of Hobart Town, though in midland Tasmania the weather was delightful.

The Hobart Town hotels afford very indifferent accommodation, but there is one good boarding-

house with separate suites of rooms, where we spent six weeks very comfortably. Novelli is too unwell to undertake our projected second visit to Melbourne, and so on April 14th just as the hues of a glorious sunset are beginning to deepen behind the blue gloom of Mount Wellington, we bid good-bye to Tasmania, and steam away down the Derwent on our passage to Sydney.

CHAPTER VI.

TASMANIA.

State of the Colony—Want of Labour—Produce—Wool—Mines and Minerals—Whaling—Cessation of Transportation and its Results—Railways—Emigration—Convicts—Capital and Labour.

ONE cannot be many days in Tasmania without hearing sad stories of the condition and welfare of the colony from the lips of inhabitants, both young and old. These stories must of course be taken only for what they are worth ; but no one ventures to deny the fact that Tasmania has seen better days. There are some who say that times are improving, and that the colony is now in a more prosperous condition than it has been for the last fifteen years. But still the fact remains that Tasmania for many years was retrograding instead of advancing, and it is plain for all eyes to see that she has not yet succeeded in regaining the trade and prosperity she enjoyed twenty years ago.

I need not dwell at any length upon the reasons

that have combined to bring about this change. The colony's decline dates from the discovery of gold in Victoria and the abolition of convict labour. The gold rush to Port Phillip attracted many thousands of Tasmanians, and where thousands went, hundreds only returned. The island languished whilst half its breadwinners were seeking a fortune in another colony. Farms were neglected and fisheries abandoned for lack of hands. Sailors, labourers, and artisans were hardly to be engaged at any wages; and Tasmania, with much to do and few to do it, did next to nothing.

At this crisis, when all the available labour was trebly valuable, the decision of the colonists to refuse to receive any more convicts came into force. And thus, just when the large exodus to Victoria caused an enormous demand on the labour market, the supply was cut off. The result was soon apparent: things stagnated; the colony seemed suddenly to have lost all its working hands and to have only the drones remaining; the people generally seemed to settle down to a state of inaction, appearing bent on resting on their oars till some *deus ex machinâ* should rescue them from their difficulties. The god has not yet thought fit to make his appearance.

The want of labour, too, has been much increased by the cessation of emigration, and farmers complain bitterly of the difficulty they have in husbanding their crops. I was told on the best authority that if the steamer which brought us to Tasmania had brought 2000 farm labourers, they would all have found immediate and permanent employment. From ten to twelve shillings a week with board and lodging is good pay too, and the men get plenty of excellent meat, better than they would get for themselves in England, however high their wages.

Tasmania produces annually nearly a million bushels of wheat alone, but farmers complain that they have considerable difficulty in finding a market for their grain, and that, after sending it to port and shipping it out of the colony, their profit is but small. In the grain line South Australia certainly rather puts Tasmania's candle out, but with fruit and hops the little island shows the lead to all the colonies. I have already spoken of the New Norfolk gardens, their average produce and cost, and need only add to my remarks that hop-growing is so successful in Tasmania that a few years should suffice to show double or treble the acreage under

cultivation. The bine is quite as luxuriant as in Kent, but the growers have not yet succeeded in obtaining the rich flavour of the English hops.

Wool growing is rapidly increasing in favour with Tasmanians, and the colony boasts about a million and a half of sheep. Tasmanian sheep farmers, too, are not slow to tell us that their wool is considered by buyers equally good with the best produced by the other colonies. The superior quality of the grass on Tasmanian pastures, which are seldom scorched by long droughts, is the reason of this, and plenty of water and green herbage are blessings to a sheep farmer such as few Englishmen can understand.

There is excellent timber in nearly every part of the island, and from the Huon district there is a steady export trade to New Zealand. From many small northern ports, too, coasters are constantly engaged in a busy trade in planks and "shingles" with Victoria.

In minerals Tasmania is decidedly rich, but then the rule seems to be to leave them in the earth. There is one very productive quartz reef in the north-east, and a crushing shortly after our arrival resulted in 528 oz. of gold, the stone yielding, if

I remember right, some sixteen ounces to the ton. But it is only here and there that gold is found in sufficient quantity to pay for its working, and the Tasmanian *deus ex machinâ* is not likely to jump out of a reef of quartz. There are signs in several districts of abundance of iron, but unless English money and English hands are brought to bear upon it, it will not be worked. From all accounts Mount Bischoff in the north-west is one huge mass of tin, and surveyors from Victoria say that the mine there will make itself a name throughout the world. The shares of this company are in the hands of a few, who know well the value of their investment. There is coal in plenty in several districts ; in fact, it would seem to have been scattered over the island for the special convenience of the colonists. Tasmania, however, still obtains some portion of her supply from New South Wales.

Whaling, years ago, was a great industry, but it is sadly on the decline now. Some eighteen vessels are still employed in the fishery, making Hobart Town their head-quarters, but very little success has attended their efforts of late. Two whalers returned from an eighteen months' cruise whilst I was at the capital ; one had eighteen tuns of oil only,

whilst the other was almost empty. Whaling can scarcely be a remunerative investment now.

There can be no question that the colonists were short-sighted and foolish in their determination to have no more of John Bull's rubbish shot on their little island. Their decision to work for themselves was a good one, but they failed to carry it out. They estimated their own powers too highly, and held the great advantages of convict labour far too cheaply. The convicts did nearly everything for Tasmania. They opened up the centre of the island from north to south with one of the finest metalled roads in the world, built bridges, churches, and public buildings by the score, laid out wharves, cleared thousands of acres of heavy timber and dense scrub, and settled down in hundreds of cases as respectable hardworking farm labourers, fed, lodged, and often confidently trusted by the colonists. No colony has been helped in this way to an equal extent, and when Tasmania declined a further supply of labour, and so had to give up the subsidy paid by the home Government, she lost her mainstay. Sir William Denison, the then Governor, urged upon the colonists to consider what they were about to do, and its probable result, and strongly

advised that convicts should be received for ten or fifteen years more, when the island might fairly be expected to be able to furnish its own labour. But his advice fell upon unwilling ears, and availed nothing. The result he prophesied has now come about. The colony is at a loss for working hands—labourers, that once were obtainable at the cost of their board and lodging, are now few, and demand a high rate of wages. There are no gangs of men to open up fresh districts by road-making, no fresh industries are set on foot, and the colony generally stands still, even if it does not retrograde. Hence came its name of "Sleepy Hollow."

But, singular to relate, Tasmania, unwilling or unable to construct roads, must needs dabble in railways, scorning the wholesome advice of Julius Cæsar. The Launceston and Western line failed to prosper in the hands of a company, and when the Government took it off their hands the people refused to pay their rates, and preferred the confiscation of their property, which resulted in rioting and the destruction of much glass in Launceston windows. A main line from Hobart Town to Launceston is now more than half completed, but as it runs by the side of the coach road nearly all

the way, and it is calculated that a speed of not more than twelve miles an hour faster than the coaches, will be possible, it is not likely to be of much material advantage to the colony for some years to come. Tasmania, twitted by neighbouring colonies for standing still, must needs run before she can walk.

A stay of three months in the colony is quite sufficient to show one that there is a general want of vigour and enterprise amongst the inhabitants. Even the young Tasmanians themselves are aware of this, and large numbers of them seek a better field for their labour in New Zealand. Tasmania is not prosperous, and employers cannot afford to pay the high prices for work that are current in Victoria, New South Wales, and New Zealand. The fact of her own children deserting her to seek their fortunes elsewhere argues ill for the advancement of the interests of the colony.

I was unable to visit the great convict establishment at Port Arthur, which is shortly to be broken up. There are still some five hundred prisoners there, but about a fourth of the number are lunatics. Round Hobart Town one comes occasionally upon a gang of twenty or thirty men dressed in dark grey

suits who are engaged in mending roads under the supervision of a stalwart keeper ; but, without going to look for them, one sees but little of prisoners in Tasmania now. Perhaps when Port Arthur is deserted, and the convicts have finally disappeared, the colony will feel itself bound to put its best foot foremost, and wake up from its present state of inaction. I have been frequently told that there is plenty of capital in the island to develop fresh industries, and to secure the necessary labour, but that capitalists prefer embarking in the ventures of other colonies to furthering the interests of their own. If they themselves distrust the resources of Tasmania, it is useless for the colonists to expect capital and labour from the mother-country. And they who desire help must first evince a readiness to help themselves.

CHAPTER VII.

SYDNEY.

From Hobart Town to Sydney Heads—Sydney Harbour—Hotels—Streets and Public Buildings—Parks and Gardens—Horses and Horse-breeding—Attractions of Sydney—Up the Parramatta River—Twelve Miles of Jelly Fish—A Parramatta Orangery—A Picnic at Botany Bay—A Heavy Rainfall—Climate of Sydney—Prosperity of New South Wales—Sydney Hospitality.

FAVOURED by fair winds and smooth water, our three days' passage from Hobart Town to Sydney is pleasant enough, and materially benefits my invalid companion. There is some fine coast scenery in the north-east of Tasmania, but grand cliffs seem to be the exception, and sandy beaches, with wooded hills swelling away to the distant mountain ranges, the rule. Twenty-four hours' steaming brings us well into Bass's Straits, and we get a good distant view of Flinders Island, to which the last of the Tasmanian aborigines were consigned to end their days. The rapid dying out of the black population, which dates from the colonization of their country by the

whites, has been as remarkable in Tasmania as in other parts of the world. In Hobart Town we saw the last living specimen of the original inhabitants of the island. In Australia Queensland is now the only colony in which the blacks are still living in any numbers and hostile to the whites ; and in New Zealand we are told that the Maori population has been reduced from 200,000 to 20,000 in less than thirty years.

To Flinders Island in the breeding season resort myriads of mutton birds, whole flights of which are destroyed every year for the sake of the oil contained in their small bodies. Passing Cape Barren Island, the second morning we sight Cape Howe, and plainly see the boundary line between Victoria and New South Wales in a broad lane cut through the gum forest on the foothills that rise from the sea to the lofty Australian Alps inland. Running along a picturesque coast-line all that day, we enter Port Jackson Heads at ten next morning, and all the many beauties of Sydney Harbour beneath a cloudless sky lie before us. And Sydney and Rio are pre-eminent amongst harbours.

Of these same beauties I do not mean to write at length. Abler pens have failed to convey more

than a faint shadow of the loveliness of the scene, and the picture has been painted too often already. The snowy mountains and tropical vegetation of Rio Janeiro enable that glorious harbour fairly to claim the pride of place. From what I hear of Rio from several travellers who have seen both, Rio should be called the most beautiful, and Sydney the prettiest harbour in the world. For six or seven miles from the precipitous cliffs of the Heads the harbour stretches in a succession of charming bays and creeks, wooded down to the water's edge, to the busy wharves of the mother city of the Australias. Once inside the Heads, north, east, and west are glistening sheets of water; on our right is Manly Beach, a beautiful sandy bay much frequented by holiday-makers; before us Middle Harbour runs up inland for fifteen miles or more, indented by a hundred tiny coves, and on our left lies the glorious reach of which Australians are so justly proud. As we steam past the jutting points of land, most of which are strongly fortified, the guns peeping out amongst the trees from terraces tunnelled in the solid rock, bay after bay opens out, disclosing many a snug villa nestling amid Norfolk Island pines on the sloping hillsides, with here and there a tiny

yacht at anchor in the quiet of the cove, whilst in mid-channel two or three small islands rise abruptly from the tranquil expanse of blue. Indeed, one can hardly wish for a prettier view of wood, water, and hill than that to be obtained from one of the many villas that dot the green slopes above Sydney Harbour.

But our steamer slackens speed for no views, and already the crowded suburbs of Woollahra and Woolloomooloo rise terraced on our left, and passing the *Challenger* and *Dido* at anchor off the Botanical Gardens, and the fleet of shipping moored in Sydney Cove, we round our last point and join the numerous squadron of steamers discharging at the wharves in Darling Harbour.

It is the Exhibition week in Sydney, and the streets seem quite as crowded and bustling as the busiest of the broad thoroughfares of Melbourne. But we are at once impressed with the thoroughly English look of the city and its inhabitants, and our first day's ideas result in a decided preference for Sydney over its Victorian rival, which preference is materially increased by the experiences of a three weeks' stay.

Sydney, indeed, boasts a hundred attractions of which Melbourne knows not, and here every

traveller is glad to arrest his steps. The hotels, it is true, are neither as pretentious nor as good as those in the Victorian capital, but Petty's is comfortable, well situated, and moderate in charges. We are reminded of Rugby schooldays the first morning by the vigorous ringing of a bell down the passages, to rouse every one from sleep. Half an hour elapses, and we are rung downstairs to breakfast; we are rung in to lunch, and again to dinner, by which time we fully expect that we shall be sooner or later rung upstairs to bed.

Waiters in the colonies are somewhat amusing. At Melbourne one answered a gentleman's call with "I fancy I heard your sweet voice;" at Sydney we are accosted with a hasty "After you with the beans!" proceeding from the back of our chair. But if a trifle familiar, they are civil and obliging, and not always on the look-out for half-a-crown, like their English brethren.

Sydney streets and houses are very English in their appearance. George Street, though not imposing, is in the main handsome, the buildings in it having an air of wealth and solidity, without being either ornate or pretentious. Pitt Street is said to be the characteristic thoroughfare of Sydney, and the

offices and shops give it a sober, well-to-do appearance. There is one street, however, which in its dingy narrowness resembles many minor streets on the Surrey side of London Bridge, and this is Oxford Street. It is more London-like than anything we have seen in the colonies.

The public buildings are equal to those of Melbourne, and as a rule better situated, though in this latter respect the new Post Office is by no means favoured. The Town Hall stands boldly out by itself, and is well worthy of the city in point of external appearance. As yet, however, it is in an unfinished state, and I hear that the interior arrangements will not be so complete as those of the Melbourne building. Perhaps it will not be provided with spittoons in the council chambers.

The University is at some distance from the city proper, and forms a conspicuous feature in a panorama. It is in the Elizabethan style of architecture, and boasts a grandly-proportioned and highly-decorated hall, which is 135 feet in length and more than 70 feet high, and wherein the Commemoration is held. The University was inaugurated in 1852 for "the association of students, without respect of religious creeds, in the cultivation of secular knowledge."

The architecture of Melbourne churches is not striking, but Sydney is proud in its possession of a Cathedral, which, though not of large dimensions, nor remarkable for elaborate workmanship, is handsome and well placed. It is a perpendicular Gothic building, and is rich in stained glass windows, but unfortunately, with but two or three exceptions, the stained glass is not rich in colour. This seems to be the common failing ; indeed, we have noticed it in nearly all the painted glass windows we have seen in the colonies. Colonists tell us that they order the best English windows, but they certainly do not get them. For not only are the colours poor, but the designs are by no means artistic, and are chiefly confined to a number of single figures set in surroundings of white glass.

Sydney also rejoices in a permanent exhibition building, erected in 1870, the centenary of Captain Cook's landing in Australia. Here is held annually an Exhibition of Australian industries, whilst in Prince Alfred Park, which surrounds the building, there is a great show of stock. Sydney is very crowded during the week, and, as far as we are able to judge, the stock possess far superior attractions for the visitors than the industries.

Sydney, as a city, independently of its harbour, has much to please the eye. The extent of land within the precincts of the city that is laid out in parks, domain, and gardens, is very large—perhaps larger than in any other city of the same size. In Hyde Park, the Domain, Prince Alfred Park, the Botanical and the Belmore Gardens, there are some 250 acres admirably laid out in drives and walks, whilst, bounding the city proper, Moore Park, Victoria Park, and the Fort Philip Reserve, contain some 600 acres more of excellent turf, planted with fine trees and shrubs. In the very centre of the city, too, small private gardens crop up, the Norfolk Island pines and Moreton Bay figs agreeably diversifying the long lines of buildings. The frequent sight of green leaves relieves the eye, which is not oppressed with the glare as in Melbourne. The Botanical Gardens fringe Farm Cove, and can hardly be surpassed for beauty of site or luxuriance of foliage. A very large number of tropical shrubs and plants thrive wonderfully here, and the views over the flower-beds, and across the waters of the little bay to the turrets of Government House can never fail to charm. Government House suffers by comparison with that

on the banks of the Derwent, and the palatial edifice now in course of erection at Melbourne will quite throw it into the shade, but its site could not be improved upon, and it commands a whole series of lovely views.

The Sydney racecourse is at Randwick, distant only two miles from the city, and we here witness the last day's racing of the principal meeting of the year. The horses seem inferior to the best stamp of our English thoroughbreds, and the jockeys are decidedly considerably behind Fordham and his compeers, but the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, is a great patron of the sport, and the Turf is said to flourish in New South Wales. In the colony horses generally have deteriorated very much of late years, owing in a great measure to in-and-in breeding, and those we see in the streets and country are certainly not up to the Melbourne stamp. The climate is most favourable for breeding, and New South Wales early earned for herself a reputation for first class animals. An importation of new blood is much wanted just now, or this reputation will vanish into air.

Sydney people are great sight-seers, and the slightest excuse for a holiday is eagerly snapped up.

To many of the hundred bays in the harbour small steamers run at frequent intervals, and by means of them we visit Manly Beach, Watson's Bay, and St. Leonards, and enjoy many different views of the beauties of Sydney. Perhaps St. Leonards, on the north shore of the harbour, affords the finest prospect: the panorama from its heights is charming beyond all description. From here a drive of a couple of miles brings us to the Willoughby Falls, a pretty cataract falling ninety feet into a rocky ravine opening into one of the harbour coves.

Above Darling Harbour open several estuaries, one of which is the Parramatta River, and this we ascend for sixteen miles in a small steam launch on a visit to the now celebrated orange-groves. Leaving the city behind us, and passing Cockatoo Island with the *Challenger* in dry dock, we enter at once upon some very pretty scenery. Low cliffs fringe the water, and above them rise gently swelling hills covered with bush, from which peep out many handsome country houses. Creeks innumerable diverge from the main channel, and, as we advance, the rocks disappear from the margin of the stream, and leave the overhanging trees to dip their boughs into the tide. The mountains that skirt the

Derwent are here wanting, and for beauty the Tasmanian river certainly bears the palm. If I were asked for what the Parramatta River is most celebrated, I should certainly say, for jelly fishes. For twelve miles our steamer made her way through one long uninterrupted shoal of them. Looking over the side at any moment, one could see a hundred at least floating along with the tide. If on each side of the steamer we could see a hundred in a space thirty feet in length, how many must we have seen in the course of a twelve mile run?

From Parramatta wharf we drive into the town on an omnibus, the Jehu of which uses his whip incessantly on three wretched specimens of the *genus* horse. Drivers in Australia seem to have this fault common to their calling, and we have often been quite disgusted with their cruelty.

Parramatta dates back as far as to 1798, and it was here that the first farms were established for the growth of grain for the young colony. The town is straggling, and pervaded with an air of dulness. There is a pretty park round the old Government House, and in it are some of the finest oaks we have seen since leaving England. A walk of two

miles brings us to the chief orangery in the district, Rocky Hall, the lane bounding which is hedged with prickly pear and carpeted with bright blue lobelia.

Mr. and Mrs. Pye have a very pretty house overlooking the slopes of the hills on which the orange groves are planted, and we are most kindly welcomed. Mrs. Pye herself shows us several kinds of orange trees, lemons, limes, and guavas in full bearing, several of them with the flower, the green and the ripe fruit almost on the same bough ; tells us that some of the trees bear as much as 7*l*. worth of fruit in the year ; shows us some trees fifty feet in height, which are said to be the largest in the world, and then dismisses us to inspect the groves at our leisure. The soil appears to be a light sandy loam, and the trees, which are on an average from ten to fifteen feet in height, are planted in long rows about twelve yards apart. Most of the fruit is green now, and the majority of the trees are so heavily laden that their boughs are almost breaking with the weight, the mandarins appearing especially prolific. A disease has made its appearance in some parts of the groves, turning the leaves yellow, and quite spoiling the fruit, but as yet its

ravages have been small. Let us hope it will never seriously affect the prosperity of Mr. Pye.

The lady of the house meets us on our return, shows us over her flower-garden, adorns our button holes with camellias, presents us with some fine specimens of her fruit, and parts with us with the heartiest of good wishes. I did not hear the amount of acreage that Mr. Pye has under oranges, but it must be very large, and to all appearance the profits of cultivation are not only sure and devoid of any appreciable risk, but considerable.

Botany Bay has long been a very favourite resort on a holiday, and here we spend a pleasant day at a picnic organized by some Sydney friends, fellow-passengers with us in the *Lord Warden*. The bridges on the usual road having been washed away by the bursting of the reservoir dams, which resulted in a small inundation after the Sheffield fashion, our drive out is through Randwick and along the coast-line for ten miles. The land is covered with low scrub, above which the tall "black-fellows' heads"—a rush-like seed-spike—tower to a height of, from ten to fifteen feet. There are some pretty gardens skirting the north shore of the bay, and we lunch under the shade of

a clump of fine specimens of the Norfolk Island pine. The bay itself contains twenty square miles of water, but, except in the middle, it is shallow, and, owing to the flatness of the surrounding country, it is not picturesque. The monuments commemorating the visits paid by Captain Cook and La Pérouse stand up conspicuously on opposite shores, and it is for its associations and not for its beauties that one visits Botany Bay.

It certainly knows how to rain in Sydney. For two nights and a day of our stay it falls in sheets, and the rain gauge announces ten inches as the amount of the fall in thirty-six hours—a large total for a country outside the Tropics. After this we are not surprised at the bursting of the water-dams.

The Sydney climate is said to be hardly as healthy as that of Melbourne. This is probably to be accounted for by the amount of moisture in the air, which makes the sea breezes in the height of summer most oppressive. Residents tell us that, when these are blowing, they rise as languid in the morning as if they had had no rest all night. The mercury has touched 106° , but it only occasionally rises above 100° in the shade. As in Melbourne, so in Sydney, rosy cheeks are quite the exception,

and for them Tasmania bears off the palm from all the colonies, New Zealand perhaps excepted.

The prosperity of Sydney has suffered two distinct shocks within the last four years. The first was owing to the low price of wool in the London market, which seriously affected very many of the squatters in the interior, and through them many of the leading merchants in the colony. The banks, however, came to the rescue, and thus the difficulty was tided over. Later, some eighteen months since, a mining fever set in, which proved infectious to all classes, and numerous were the disasters, the soil swallowing far more money than it yielded. This too passed away, and now Sydney tells us that the colony is going ahead. The people certainly seem contented and well-to-do, but they are not such money-grubbers as the Victorians, and they are far more English in appearance and manners. A few more enterprising men with capital would do much for New South Wales. By a gentleman more noted for his enterprise than any man in the colony we are told that if two or three ironmasters were to come out from England with the necessary capital, iron would in a few years be one of the chief exports. The affairs of Victoria have been running

on at high pressure for some few years past, but New South Wales's time is coming.

After having spent two months in Hobart Town almost unnoticed, except by several families, fellow-passengers with us round the Cape, it was doubly delightful to be most kindly and hospitably entertained in Sydney. At one of the lovely villas above Double Bay, as well as in the city itself, we met with a hearty welcome, and our friends could hardly have believed how pleasant after our seclusion was their thoroughly English society. Of Sydney are our last and our pleasantest impressions of the colonies.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WEEK IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Scenery of the Blue Mountains—The Great Western Railway—Views from the Line—Mount Victoria—Govett's Leap—Its Cliffs and Waterfalls—Sunlight and Storm—Characteristics of the Gorge—The Weatherboard Falls—Prince Regent's Glen—The Vale of Clywdd—The Lithgow Zigzag—Bowenfels—Hassan's Walls—The Alum Mount and the Caves—Leicester's Fall—Monaghan's Falls—Weather in the Blue Mountains.

ONE who leaves Sydney without having paid a visit to the Blue Mountains, misses the enjoyment of some of the finest scenery in Australia. The line of railway, now completed to within four miles of Bathurst, renders the trip as easy as it is pleasant, and he who returns disappointed has no soul above buttons.

The Blue Mountains form one of the seven links of the Great Dividing Chain, the main watershed of Australia, which runs parallel with the coast-line almost throughout the entire length of the east and south-east sides of the continent. Few of the peaks exceed 4000 feet in height, but the range is

celebrated for its stupendous cliffs and rugged gorges, and contains many grand waterfalls, and some caverns so extensive that they have never as yet been thoroughly explored. The entire range is clothed, with the exception of some few of the highest peaks, with dense forest. Here and there are tiny villages, founded in the old days when the coaches used to run from Sydney to Bathurst, and in some of the richer valleys there are clearings, but except along the line of railway there are very few people to be met with in the Blue Mountains.

The country between Sydney and Penrith is flat and uninteresting. Beyond the latter station, thirty-three miles from the capital, we pass some fields of maize, but there is no good agricultural land within fifty miles of Sydney in any direction. We commence the ascent of the mountains by means of a short but steep zigzag, the gradient being one in thirty-three. Before getting fairly amongst the gorges, we get a very extensive view over the plains for forty miles north and south of Sydney, bounded to the east by the dim blue line of the Pacific. But the cream of the scenery is not to be seen from the railway. Very beautiful, however, is the everchanging panorama as viewed from the windows of a saloon

carriage. In some places a few feet only separate the line from an abrupt descent of 1000 feet into a thickly-timbered ravine enclosed on both sides by precipitous cliffs ; in others dense forest is alone visible, with the old Bathurst road, deep in sand, winding through the trees : now we are buried in some dark cutting, on emerging from which we find the train running along an embankment above a deep valley, the head of which has to be rounded by a curve, for the continuation of the line is plainly to be discerned on the opposite slope. The distant scenery is as lovely as much that is within a stone's throw of one's carriage is grand. Well was the range named the Blue Mountains, for every far-off gorge and jutting headland of rock, every bluff and peak, has its own distinctive tone of colour. Varying with the position of the sun, the purity of the atmosphere, and with every passing cloud, these tones are now brilliant, now misty, at one moment deep-hued, at another as light and clear as a sapphire. No artist could desire a better field for the study of distance and the effects of light on a landscape.

We pass through such scenes as these for forty miles after leaving the plains, and five hours' travel-

ling at the rate of sixteen miles an hour has brought us to Mount Victoria. We have been steadily ascending, averaging almost 100 feet a mile, and are now more than 3400 feet above sea-level. Here we find a few scattered weatherboard cottages, and a roomy comfortable hotel kept by one Perry, who spins endless yarns about bushranging, and would be a good man to speak against time in the Legislative Assembly. He draws the long bow now and then, perhaps, telling us that he once rode a hundred miles over the mountains in thirteen hours, but he is an amusing companion when Scotch mist and driving rain-storms keep us within doors.

Govett's Leap is the great lion of the Blue Mountains, and thither we drive the first morning of our stay. It is on the Sydney side and some six miles distant from Mount Victoria, partly along the main-road, and partly along a bush track abounding in swamps and bright with the flowers and bottle-brush-like fruit of the honeysuckle.

Leaving the buggy, we walk a couple of hundred yards down a steep descent, and the lion is at our feet. Climbing cautiously down a rugged path, we reach the coign of 'vantage, a level jutting rock some twelve feet square hanging from the abrupt slope of

wild heath and fern. This is Govett's Leap, the Inspiration Point of the Blue Mountains.

Step out upon the rock, and look over its edge.* Beneath you the cliff falls sheer away 1200 feet, a wall of rock without twig or leaf to break its outline, as perpendicular and clean as if cut with a chisel. On your right, swollen with a night's rainfall, a stream falls into the chasm, the sunlight giving to its waters the appearance of a waving veil of silver lace 700 feet in depth. On your left, partly hidden from view by an angle of rock, is another tiny waterfall, resembling an incessant shower of silver coins melting into rain long before they touch the ground. Far as you can trace the gorge in its windings extends this perpendicular wall of rock without crack, ledge, or crevice to aid the efforts of the most adventurous cliff-climber. It seems impossible to imagine a chasm more completely shut out from ingress without the help of a lowering rope.

Within these stupendous cliffs, which vary from half a mile to a mile and a half in distance apart, no earth, no stream, no rocks are visible; all is one dense mass of foliage. But all is not gum-tree, though gum-trees innumerable are there. Indeed

the varieties of tint are charming to an eye weary of the monotonous brownish green of the Australian bush. Huge tree-ferns uplift their spreading crowns in every direction, the feathery foliage of the mountain ash, and the darker hues of many a stately pine are plainly visible, and the inaccessible forest has many claims to beauty.

At a distance of five miles, Mount Hay towers to the height of 3000 feet from the bottom of the gorge, on the opposite side of which Mount King George rears its peak into a rain-cloud some 600 feet above its rival. It is a weird scene indeed ! There is a fresh wind blowing in our faces, but not a leaf is stirring of the foliage beneath us. There is no sign of life in this mighty chasm. Ten seconds elapse before a stone thrown from our standpoint is lost to view, but it disturbs no birds as it crashes through the tree-tops. All is silent, mysterious, awe-inspiring.

We have seen the effect of sunlight, and now we have the effect of storm on the landscape. A thick Scotch mist drives up the valley, shrouding the distant cliffs from view, and in a few moments the buried forest lies hidden in impenetrable gloom.

Govett's Leap is so called upon the *lucus a non*

lucendo principle. Govett was a surveyor, and discovered the chasm whilst exploring the mountains before the work on the railway was commenced. It is a popular idea that the bottom of the gorge has never been trodden by man. It is to the interest of host Perry to hold this view, and Mr. Trollope has fallen into his trap. But it is not the correct one, for the gorge has been thoroughly explored from end to end, and more than once. Twelve miles from its head there is a narrow precipitous gully, by which my informant with six others climbed down into the gorge to "prospect" for minerals. He tells me that they spent three days between the cliffs, but made but slow progress owing to the enormous size of the boulders scattered everywhere. He describes the tree-ferns as growing to a height of from thirty to forty feet, the foliage of all kinds being most rich and luxuriant. His party saw no animals, but a large number of lyre birds and a few parrots. The surveyors entered the gorge from the low country, some twenty miles from Govett's Leap, at a point where the Grose River emerges from the mountains. I hear a whisper, too, that an illicit still prospered for some months in the depths of the chasm, and certainly, when half-hidden in mist

and rain, it looks very much like the abode of bad spirits.

Our next trip is to the Campbell Cataract, commonly called the Weatherboard Falls, after a weatherboard inn on the neighbouring Bathurst road. Retracing our steps by means of the early goods train—for there is only one passenger train a day on the G. W. R.—we alight after a run of sixteen miles at the Weatherboard Station, which consists of a small platform and one cottage. A walk of two miles along a very swampy track, and a descent of 200 or 300 feet brings us on to a similar rock to that at Govett's Leap. Here, too, we are at the head of a valley; we stand on a cliff 1000 feet in height; opposite to us, and distant some 200 yards is another sheer wall of rock; on our right another range trends away into the distance, and on our left are the Falls. The stream is of considerable size, and commences its descent into the glen by a series of rapids. It then plunges over a cliff from 400 to 500 feet in height, the main body of water in the centre, with a tiny jet on either side. Then foaming over huge boulders covering a steep incline of 100 feet, it falls over an underhung wall of rock, and is lost to view. Leaning over the cliff

and gazing down into the abyss, one can see some 200 feet of the second fall ; the lower half is hidden by a jutting crag. The height of the whole cataract is said to be 1100 feet, and it is more beautiful and infinitely more grand than the waterfall at Govett's Leap.

The deepest part of Prince Regent's Glen spread out at our feet is 1500 feet beneath us, and is filled with thick gum-tree forest. Confined into a corner by the cliffs round the cataract, it opens out to a width of three or four miles, and the effects of sunlight and shadow over fifty miles of forest and mountain are surpassingly lovely. Near at hand the precipices of white and red sandstone are flecked with the light green tints of a hundred ferns ; in the glen below all is deep dark-green foliage, chequered by the shadows of many a passing cloud, whilst away towards the horizon commence the now familiar hues of blue, which culminate on the sky-line in a depth of colour which can hardly be described,—not the misty tints of distance, but the deep clear blue of the open sea.

Although it is autumn, the wild flowers are very beautiful, and we return to Mount Victoria with a bouquet of white heath and tea-tree blossom fit for a bride.

There are many grand views to be obtained from Mount Victoria, many cliffs whence you can gaze over miles of mountain scenery. The Vale of Clywdd which lies at its feet is well worth a visit, and here we see a kerosene mine, the shale from which is hoisted in trucks up a cliff more than 200 feet in height to a railway siding. But fine weather is absolutely necessary for the enjoyment of scenery, and the weather is but seldom fine for many days together in the Blue Mountains. During two days of our stay Scotch mist prevailed, and our view was limited to the school-house across the road.

In proceeding to Bowenfels, twenty miles by rail, we pass some more stupendous gorges and get a grand view of Mount Tomah, but the Lithgow Zigzag is the great attraction to travellers, and certainly it is a marvel of engineering. Before reaching it we run through some cuttings eighty feet deep, hewn out of the solid rock, and pass beneath the Mount Clarence Tunnel, 3700 feet above sea-level, the highest point of the line. From this tunnel the train descends nearly 700 feet in five miles, zigzagging down a steep hill-side. So precipitous was the descent, and so great the difficulties to be overcome, that the surveyors and

workmen had to be suspended by ropes from the summit. The work has been admirably done, there are several fine viaducts in the Zigzag, and the cost of this part of the line was nearly 25,000*l.* a mile.

Bowenfels is a village that has seen better days, but there is plenty of coal in the neighbourhood, and in all probability its former glories will be far eclipsed when it supplies the Bathurst district. Here we are lodged by a Mrs. Binning, whose house we most cordially recommend to travelling friends. However, there is but little to be seen in the neighbourhood with the exception of Hassan's Walls, some deep gullies, and two or three pretty waterfalls.

Hassan's Walls is the name of a bold range of battlemented cliffs, overlooking the Vale of Clywdd. The strata here is not that of Govett's Leap and Prince Regent's Glen, but exactly similar in character to that of the cliffs at Sydney Heads, the prominent crags being rounded like turrets of a castle, whilst the grain of the stone being horizontal results in jags and shelves cut in the most fantastic fashion. Ascending a lower spur of the range at Bowenfels, we reach the summit of the Walls after a walk of four miles. The cliffs fall sheer for from

400 to 500 feet, and then are met by an abrupt slope of forest, which runs downwards to the Bathurst road, winding along round the foot of the range. The view is allowed to be one of the finest in the Blue Mountains. We are fortunate in having a clear sunny day, and can enjoy it to the utmost. Mount Macquarie, seventy-five miles away, stands out in bold outline, and range beyond range crops up to the eastward till it seems as if there is no limit to the prospect. Before us a mountain, streaked with lines of shining white, rears itself at a distance of five-and-twenty miles. We are told that it is an alum mountain, and that the celebrated caves are there. The windings of these caves are so numerous and intricate, that people have spent many days in exploring them in different directions without exhausting the labyrinth. The stalactites and stalagmites are said to be magnificent, and we are shown some very fine specimens, some clear as crystal, others clouded like amber. That part of the mountains, however, is almost uninhabited, and those who start from Bowenfels to see the caves must be prepared to spend a week in the bush. We regret that our time is too limited to allow of such a campaign.

Hassan's Walls are rich in heaths—the wild heath of Australia is the Cape heath of our English hothouses—and the forest slope is literally carpeted with maiden-hair fern. We saw enough in half-an-hour to supply Covent Garden for a year.

In two of the gullies near Bowenfels are pretty cataracts, though insignificant compared with the Weatherboard. Leicester's Fall is about 120 feet in height, and here one Leicester really fell, his horse missing his footing and being dashed to pieces at the bottom of the gully, the rider barely escaping with his life. Monaghan's Falls are 100 feet in height, and the stream flows over a broad granite bed through such beds of watercress as would delight the heart of a kitchenmaid.

Mountain bears, opossums, kangaroo, and wallaby are plentiful in the Blue Mountains, and there are many varieties of beautifully-plumaged birds, Blue Mountain and Rosella parrots, lories and lyre birds being the most brilliant.

We do not know whom or what to believe as to the weather in the mountains. One man tells us that previously to our arrival it had been fine for five weeks, another ~~that~~ during that same period it had rained five days out of seven. Our own

experience tends to confirm the latter statement ; perhaps we are to consider five days' rain in every week to be fine mountain weather. The winter is said to be very pleasant, sharp frosts and bright blue skies being common at that season.

From Bowenfels we return to Sydney, hearing much but being unable to see anything of the magnificent scenery of the Hawkesbury River. The mouth of the river is within two hours' steaming from Sydney, and yet no steamer, except under charter for a private party, has visited it this summer. Oh, Sydney ! where is your enterprise in search of the picturesque ? Are you not blinded by the beauties of your harbour, and have not your appetites for scenery wandered wool-gathering at picnics at Clontarf and Manly Beach ? Is it not a disgrace to your glorious city that no facilities should be given to the public for seeing that which has been termed the grandest river scenery in the world ?

CHAPTER IX.

A FEW WORDS ON THE COLONIES.

English Ideas of the Colonies—A Worthless Immigrant—Field for Capital and Labour—Openings for Artisans—English Institutions—Freedom and Loyalty of the Colonies—Separation—Victorian Energy—Sydney and New South Wales Prospects—Victorian Policy—Scarcity of Labour—Society—Telegraphs and Mails.

COLONISTS complain bitterly that the great majority of Englishmen are so grossly ignorant of the colonies and their resources, as to think that those who make for themselves a home in Australia are altogether shut out from the world and know nothing of the ordinary usages of society. We are informed that many people in the mother-country believe that all children born in the colonies are born black, that no one ventures out of doors without a revolver for fear of bush-rangers, that Sydney and Melbourne are as closely allied as Liverpool and Manchester, and that when writing to a friend in the Victorian capital, it is correct to address the letter, Melbourne, South Australia. And without doubt they do not complain without some

reason. Englishmen at home are hardly as ignorant of colonial life as colonists would have us believe, but their knowledge of Australia is decidedly superficial, and there are few who are not better up in the geography and government of Holland and Belgium than in that of New South Wales and Victoria. It is to be hoped that Mr. Trollope's work will bring about the result desired by the colonists, and not only convince the English public of the wonderful resources and vigour of Australia and New Zealand, but enable them to form a fair opinion of colonial life and society.

Colonists complain, too, that Australia is unfairly judged in another way, and in this they are certainly correct. They say that young men too idle and worthless to earn a living in England are shipped off to the colonies, as if there a fortune were to be had for the asking; as if, in fact, we are sometimes told, their idleness and worthlessness were a recommendation sufficient to insure success. There can be no more fatal mistake than to send a young good-for-nothing to Australia without having prepared the way before him. If he has a place ready for him on some sheep station, where he is to learn the life of a squatter, or if he goes out to a situation

in a bank or merchant's office, well and good. But ship him off from England with nothing in prospect, but what his hands may find to do, and the result is as sure as it is speedy; what money he has is quickly spent, and then what becomes of him? He may take to driving a cab, he may try his luck at the diggings, perhaps he will turn billiard-marker, or a hanger-on at race-meetings; but almost to a certainty he will lose his position in the social scale with but little chance of regaining it. We hear of instances of this in England; four months in the colonies enables us to see them.

Nor is it advisable to send young men, however steady they may be, to search for clerkships at Sydney or Melbourne, or even in Tasmania. The supply is infinitely greater than the demand, and colonists themselves have often much difficulty in obtaining for their own children the employment in the Civil Service or in a mercantile house that they desire. Situations of this kind never go begging.

But the colonies are so vigorous in their growth and increase, and offer so many and varying inducements for the outlay of capital and labour, that for several classes of emigrants there is a grand and ever-enlarging field. It is difficult to see how a

well-educated young Englishman, endowed with an average share of brains and common sense, and possessed of a little capital, can fail to succeed if he is willing to work, and work hard. Let him be ready to take advice from those who, from experience of colonial life and knowledge of colonial resources, are qualified to give an opinion ; and once started in a line of business, let him devote all his energies to that line, and not be persuaded to dabble in other speculations. Having a number of irons in the fire has often compassed the ruin of adventurous colonists.

For young artisans, single or married, there are numerous openings. Ten shillings a day is the usual rate of wages for skilled labour, and it must be always borne in mind that a scale of payment averaging almost double that current in England is not by any means the only advantage offered by the colonies. They also offer cheap food, moderate house rent, and a healthy climate, with a higher social position, and the prospect of earning an independence. The artisan's wife will find plenty of employment, and in Victoria, New South Wales, and Tasmania, children are very well educated at a trifling expense.

Especially in New South Wales, the emigrant will find himself amongst English people, and enjoying institutions and privileges almost similar to those of the old country. Social and political freedom is one of the boasts of the colonies. Loyalty to England and English institutions is another. Every one, even though colonial born, speaks of England as "home" or "the old country," and during our four months in Australasia we have never once heard a whisper as to separation. Every one is far too fond of England to bear the thought of being severed from her. Not one of the branches as yet desires to be lopped from the parent tree. Out here we are told that it is the old country that contemplates separation, that not a single British soldier is to be seen in an immense continent that acknowledges British rule, and that the governors of the various colonies form the only real connexion with the United Kingdom, whilst even their salaries come out of colonial exchequers. There is no question as to the intense loyalty of the colonies to England, but the colonies express grave doubts as to the loyalty of England to them. Tell any one that the mother-country is very proud of her colonies, and one is instantly met with, "Then why did she take away

the troops?" Not being able satisfactorily to account for this piece of policy, I attempt to throw out a grain of comfort, and say, "Depend upon it England will never throw you over in your present helpless state; she will at least wait till you are able to look after yourselves and fight your own battles." But this allusion to their want of fighting men and fighting ships is hardly taken in the spirit in which it is made. The Sydney man declares roundly that, so strongly fortified is his beautiful harbour as to preclude the possibility of even an iron-clad passing the lightship inside the Heads. The Melbourne man bristles up as he thinks of the as-yet-unknown powers of the *Cerberus*, and vows that she is a small model of the *Devastation*. Even the Hobartonian feels warlike as he remembers that there is an unfinished battery commanding part of the Derwent estuary.

But, truth to tell, the colonists, "blow" as they may, are well aware of their defenceless position, and trust that their isolated situation will protect them from attack. But it will hardly do to trust to this when the question of separation is fairly mooted.

All the colonies allow that of late years Victoria

has shown a decided lead. The energy of the people of Melbourne is evident enough to the most casual observer: every one seems to have work to do, and to be doing it to the best of his ability. More than this, every one has the appearance of doing well: the entire city seems to be thoroughly prosperous and well-to-do, and all its inhabitants seem to be bent upon making money and improving their position. There is apparently a great race for wealth, and so determined are the runners that I was quite afraid of getting in any one's way in the streets, lest I should by any chance impede his progress towards a fortune. Melbourne is in every way a livelier place than Sydney; there are more theatricals, more concerts, more balls, more excitement.

Sydney is far more quiet, far more English, and to a visitor far more enjoyable. There can be no question that she is well-to-do, but she seems to be content with her position, and in no great hurry to heap up riches. She has had bad times of late, and has scarcely recovered from the effects. Melbourne men always twit her with her slowness and want of enterprise, and even her own inhabitants would gladly welcome a few energetic capitalists.

But they are already looking forward to regaining the lead wrested from them by the Victorians. Perhaps this will come with the development of the undoubtedly great mining resources of the colony, and the extension of the railway to the Riverina, for then Victoria will not profit by the exportation of wool grown in New South Wales.

The policy of the Victorian Government in discouraging immigration is very generally questioned in the colonies. Labour is very scarce, and servants can hardly be obtained at any figure. A good housemaid can readily command 30*l.* a year in a private house, and a skilled cook as much as 50*l.* These wages are worthy of notice, and it must not be forgotten that servants, as a rule, fare better in the colonies, where food is invariably cheap and good, than in England. New Zealand and Queensland are now receiving most of the emigrants, but Victoria will probably soon find it necessary to throw out a bait again.

Society in the colonies is hardly the same as in England : manners are more rough-and-ready, and in many cases there is not quite the same polish and refinement. But it is doubtful whether a stranger can anywhere meet with a more hearty welcome, or

be treated with greater kindness or hospitality. It is pleasant to get rid of much of the absurd formality of English society, and a guest will feel himself more at home in a day in the colonies than in a week of ordinary English life.

The extension of the telegraphic system has done much for Australia, and the reduction of the rates is anxiously looked forward to. As it is, the colonial papers, united by the Press Association, publish daily telegrams from England, so that Australia is kept *au fait* with respect to all movements of importance in Europe. In addition to the P. and O., too, two new mail routes, *viâ* San Francisco and Torres Straits, have this year been started, so that the facilities of communication with Europe are now largely increased.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Best Friends must Part—The New Mail Route—Lord Howe's Island—Kandavu—A Native Congregation—Boarded by Fijians—"The Giant Wind," his Wife and Daughters—An Olive-skinned Venus in Full-dress Undress—Morning Calls—A Luncheon Party—A Fijian Cricketer—The Barrier Reef—Government House—"The Giant Wind's" Turtle Pond—A Love-stricken Princess's Farewell—The Natives—Fijian Politics—Products of the Group—Climate and Position—A Future Naval Station—Levuka—Revenue—Population—Coast and Mountain Tribes—Fijian Prospects under British Rule.

IT is with many regrets that I bid adieu to the Colonies, and on the second Saturday in May steam away down Sydney Harbour bound for Fiji. Novelli is much better, but still too weak to travel, and he goes to spend the winter with some friends on the Darling Downs, whilst I, having already lengthened my stay by a month, am compelled to leave him and complete the circuit of the globe a solitary man. We can only hope that the colonists have not been unduly "blowing" about these Queensland Downs, and that the balmy breezes, of which

we hear so much, will effectually reinvigorate a sadly enfeebled frame.

The Australasian and American Mail Company commenced operations with the new year, the through steamers to San Francisco starting alternately from Sydney and New Zealand, each colony paying a subsidy of 40,000*l.* for the conveyance of the mails. Affairs have gone badly from the first. The few schemers who selected the Company chartered steamers of insufficient speed and accommodation, the mails have been invariably behind time, and the passengers have fared indifferently at the best. When the Company is fairly floated and the fine steamers now being built in England are on the line, the route home across America will undoubtedly become most popular. At present the entire working of the Pacific line seems to be in the hands of one man, and his arrangements have by no means given satisfaction.

Sydney Harbour is looking its loveliest as we leave it, and the R.M.S.S. *City of Adelaide* passes through the Heads and meets the long swell of the Pacific. We have a decidedly mixed set of passengers in the saloon, which is inconveniently crowded by reason of its accommodation being shared by

those holding second-class tickets. We have Fijian storekeepers, one of whom, apparently of Jewish extraction, seems to live upon lemonade; diggers who lose no time in telling every one that they have "made a pile" of ten or twenty thousand pounds—I invariably halve their amounts—and are bound to Europe for a spree; squatters and merchants going home for a year's holiday; a lord, who is also a clergyman and conducts our Sunday services; and an American spiritualist, who has reaped a rich harvest in gullible Melbourne; besides the usual sprinkling of Englishmen travelling for health or pleasure.

"Colonial manners" is a term of reproach in England, and the manners of many of our fellow-passengers are nil, but they are hardly fair specimens of colonists. He on my left hand, directly the "tops"—as he terms the covers—are removed, "goes for" the nearest dish, apparently afraid that otherwise he will get no dinner. Owing to the rolling of the ship a leg of mutton in front of him manifests signs of unsteadiness, and on these occasions he leaves off eating for a moment in order to dig his fork into the joint to preserve its equilibrium. With his own knife and fork he helps himself to meat and vegetables, and finishes a meal sufficient for three men

by ordering a pint of stout with his almonds and raisins. It is not uncommon, either, to see the leg or wing of an unruly chicken pulled from the body and placed on a plate with the fingers. One soon gets used to these little irregularities.

Early in the afternoon of our second day out we pass Lord Howe's Island, a rugged mass of rock and mountain, rising to a height of 4000 feet, its western face being a perpendicular cliff of 2000 feet. There are a few people on the southern side of the island, but it is not easy to see how they get their living. A number of dangerous reefs and rocks extend seaward on the northern side, and at a distance of two or three miles is St. Paul's Pyramid, a conical peak rising many hundred feet above the sea.

On the sixth day out we enter the Tropics, and are reminded of it by two flying fish, which invade the saloon through one of the stern ports. Two days later we sight Kandavu, the southernmost of the Fiji Islands, shortly after dawn, and admire the noble mass of Mount Washington on its western side, rearing its head 3000 feet up into a huge white rain-cloud.

From the eastern points of land run out miles of

coral reef, on which the ocean rollers are breaking grandly, and outside this barrier we take our pilot on board. The entrance to Kandavu Harbour is narrow and intricate, and here two months ago the *Macgregor*, one of the mail steamers, struck on a submerged reef and remained for several days hard and fast aground. The passage will shortly be properly buoyed and lighted, and the new Company are said to be about to build offices and stores, and to establish a coaling station here.

The view of Port Ngaloa from the entrance is very beautiful. On our left the coral reef encloses a still lagoon of the softest lightest green; before us hills and mountains, covered from base to summit with the richest vegetation, are tipped with fleecy cloud; and on our right, dividing the waters of the bay, is Ngaloa Island, its slopes feathery with the foliage of the cocoa palm and banana, half-hidden in which appear here and there the low brown huts of the natives. H.M.S. *Rosario* and a small coasting schooner are alone in the harbour; the New Zealand steamer is even later than ourselves.

The brothers L. accompany me ashore on Ngaloa, landing close to a small collection of huts scattered about just above the coral-strewn beach. It is

Sunday afternoon, and a native missionary is preaching to some fifty men, women, and children squatting on their hams on the mat-covered floor of a neat whitewashed mission-house. Amongst the congregation is a tall native, with a thick cane, keeping silence by tapping the heads of the inattentive. The preacher is eloquent and energetic in gesture, but Fiji is hardly a pretty language to listen to, being decidedly characterized by queer guttural sounds, and spoken very fast. The sermon over, a hymn is read out and sung to a rather monotonous dirge-like chant, and the congregation disperse. We are at once surrounded by an olive-skinned crowd; the ladies' dresses are minutely examined, for a white lady has scarcely been seen in Kandavu before the present year; the gentlemen have to display their watches and chains, and by means of shouting and signs every one is soon carrying on a vigorous conversation. Why is it that one always elevates the voice when trying to make one's native tongue intelligible to a foreigner?

We wander away into the bush, and are soon lost in a wilderness of ferns, creepers, bananas, cocoa palms, and chestnut trees. We meet with a young native, and make signs to him that we are thirsty

and wish to refresh ourselves with the juice of a green cocoa nut. Clutching the trunk with both hands, he almost runs up a palm, and our wants are soon plentifully supplied. He receives his *douceur* with apparent nonchalance, and proceeds to tie it up in a corner of his sulu with a fibre of banana bark.

Monday morning breaks fine and clear, and our slumbers are early disturbed by the chattering of a hundred natives, a whole squadron of whose fruit-laden canoes are alongside the steamer. Queer crank-looking craft are these, roughly dug out of the trunk of a tree, and kept steady on the water by an outrigger consisting of a log half the length of the canoe, attached to it amidships by a few light poles projecting some four or five feet from its side. They are usually propelled by means of a long oar worked between the poles, after the fashion of sculling a boat from the stern, but sometimes we see the ordinary short paddle being plied at bow and stern. Some of the larger craft hoist a large lug-sail, but they do not seem very weatherly under canvas, which they use but little compared with the Society Islanders.

The scene on deck is amusing enough. Forward

fifty natives, their olive skins blackened and begrimed with dust, are hard at work replenishing the coal bunkers from the hold, and thoroughly earning their shilling a day ; on the poop as many more, laden with lemons, huge bunches of bananas, coconuts, shells, coral, matting, tappa—a soft white fabric, called by the natives “marse”—and a few clubs and other weapons, are driving a brisk trade with the passengers. Everything is to be had for a shilling. “Shillin” is the only English word that all the natives understand ; in fact, this useful coin seems to be the “almighty dollar” of Kandavu. You take a lemon and ask “How much ?” “Shillin” is the reply, but you can take the man’s whole stock of sixty—basket and all, for the same sum. The natives regard a florin with suspicion, but delight in a half-crown. Think of this, ye managers of the mint : Kandavu will rejoice at the new issue.

The Governor of the island, whose name signifies the “Giant Wind,” a grizzled old man, comes on board to breakfast, and comports himself in a staid and somewhat lugubrious manner. His wife is by no means attractive in appearance ; perhaps he is hen-pecked. His daughters, however, are comely girls, and boast more clothing than the other women, as

in addition to a sulu of tappa, they wear a loose print jacket adorned with knots of bright-coloured ribbon. We give them paper and pencil, and they both write their names—Vivita and Taravini—in well-formed English characters. Two attendant maidens, of about seventeen and fifteen years of age, exhibit signs of shyness; but, after a little hesitation, the names Kaisya and Ana are traced in sprawling round text, and the signatories hand back the document with a smile of triumph. The younger of these is a very pretty girl, with an oval face, well-cut mouth and nose, and brilliant dark eyes. Her hair is dark brown, and falls in loose tresses over her shoulders—a charming contrast to the lime-powdered close-cropped wigs of the generality of Fijians, females as well as males; a necklace of scarlet and white beads is her only ornament, a sulu of fringed tappa round her waist her only article of dress.

With difficulty forcing our way through the fleet of canoes we row ashore, landing at a “koro” or village on Kandavu, nearly opposite to that visited yesterday on Ngaloa. We are received by a horde of tiny islanders of both sexes, most of them guiltless of sulus. A few venture to shake hands,

which mode of recognition is a novelty in Kandavu. The village consists of some thirty large huts and a mission house, and is built under the shade of a large grove of cocoa palms. The huts are of dried reeds lashed to a strong framework of poles, and have a lofty arched roof, but are without windows or chimney. They invariably have two doors, but so low and narrow that crawling has to be resorted to for ingress. Mats of plaited rushes cover the floor, and in the best huts a partition of canes separates bedroom from sitting-room, but of furniture we can see one article only—a short piece of wood supported on two tiny legs, which is used as a pillow. A rough hearth occupies one corner, and there are one or two large clay pots for cooking fish and yams in. We see but little more than this in any of the huts: here and there a club, a canoe paddle, a necklace.

We find it easy to make friends. Crawling in we shake hands with the women, inspect the household arrangements, admire the baby—there is always at least one baby in every hut—exhibit a watch, locket, or photograph, present a necktie or picture, and, after another bout of handshaking, crawl out. Close to the village a brook comes tumbling down a rocky

little ravine, forming in one place a large deep pool. Here we proceed to enjoy a bathe, to the great amusement of our attendant body-guard of *gamins*.

Strolling through the bush to the beach, where several canoes are being laboriously dug out of felled trees, we meet with a couple of natives, father and son, the one apparently about forty years old, the latter eighteen. They are highly delighted when I present them with a pipe and some tobacco, and ask us whether we "want eat." Such an invitation is of course not to be declined, and we enter a hut on the margin of the shore, not without disturbing a member of the family, who, in the form of a sow, is reclining at her ease in the doorway. The other occupants are a woman of about five-and-thirty, with the stock baby in her arms, her daughter of fourteen, and a couple of young sons. We greet them one and all, and squat down on the mats with the whole party in a large family circle, I being seated in the place of honour, between husband and wife. The fire is at once lighted by means of rubbing a thin pointed stick in a groove hollowed in a larger stick of dry wood, and cooking operations are commenced.

Meanwhile we are being inspected as well as

inspecting. We present our cards, and father and son write their names for us—Cornilio Drano and Michael Ohake; Fijians seem to despise surnames. Michael is intelligent and inquiring; he can also speak a few words of English, and very proud of it he is, for father and mother can only say “shillin.” He produces some texts in Fiji and reads them to us, and gives signs of being a discerning native. At any rate, he is not slow to appreciate the superiority of the Virginian leaf over the ordinary wild tobacco of his own island.

Our lunch is ready at last, the pretty daughter has picked a couple of banana leaves, and on these are dished up some boiled fish and half a dozen yams, with a block of rock salt to be scraped as required with a shell. Ripe cocoa nut and bananas conclude the repast, which is washed down with the juice of the green cocoa nut, and our trio decide that they have lunched well. The family declined to eat with us, Michael explaining that one meal a day, and that at five in the evening, is the rule in Kandavu; but as soon as we have finished, they all set to work with avidity, and soon nothing is left on the mat-table but the bare banana-leaf dishes and the lump of rock salt. Dried leaves of wild tobacco are then

produced, and wife and daughter proceed to make cigars for all hands. These they roll up with great rapidity and heatness, tie with a fibre round the middle, light at the fire, and pass from their lips to ours. This tobacco is better than nothing, but that is all that can be said for it; and I admire Michael's taste when, laying aside the cigar and taking up the pipe I had given him, he hands it to me and asks for "more good smoke."

Half-an-hour's conversation and we take our leave, much pleased with the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Drano. Waiting for our boat, we get up a small game of cricket on the beach, greatly to the delight of a large concourse of natives. At last we persuade one of their number to try his hand with the bat—a roughly shaped piece of wood. He is much distressed at being bowled out first ball, but succeeds better at his second attempt, having a capital eye, and hitting every ball on the full pitch, his companions heartily enjoying the fun.

Both the San Francisco and the New Zealand steamers enter the bay the following morning, and transhipment of cargo, passengers, and coal results in the usual scene of confusion. We escape after a while, and are rowed up to the reef by a crew of six

stalwart natives. The coral is of various hues, some white, some light pink, some blue. The colouring here is indeed exquisite. Outside the reef the sea is deep dark blue; within it the lagoon is of varying shades of the most delicate light blue, and near shore of the brightest green; on the reef all is white flashing foam. We then go ashore and visit the Governor's house, which is much like a mission house, but fairly filled with furniture of a very civilized pattern. We are also shown his turtle pond, the occupants of which would appear to thrive although confined in a very small space. The sight would have made an alderman's mouth water. Just as we are leaving the village the Governor and his wife return from the steamer, and we are able to exchange compliments.

The scene on board the *Cyphrenes* next day, before we get our anchor up, is almost affecting, and one middle-aged gentleman, not unknown on the London Stock Exchange, is visibly moved, so loth is he to say farewell to one of the young princesses. This affection is reciprocal, for the fair charmer—fair for a native—follows him wherever he goes. I attempt to appease her sorrow by presenting her with the only silver coin I have in my pocket. She is

evidently grateful, for she offers me a large mother-of-pearl shell as a keepsake, and then, shaking hands hastily, trots off after her favourite. By noon on the third day after our arrival we are again under weigh, and Kandavu is soon nothing more than a blue-peaked line on the horizon.

On a visitor the natives cannot fail to make a favourable impression, for they are well-made, and by no means ill-looking, and in manner they are gentle, and apparently seldom quarrel. They seem to work well when they are at work, and to be easily managed with kindness; but they are said to be not over-industrious, and occasionally obstinate and treacherous. They are certainly most attentive to religious duties, and their conduct is a remarkable instance of how vast an amount of good may result from the efforts of missionaries. Forty years ago, when the first missionaries landed in Fiji, the natives revelled in cannibalism, polygamy, and idolatry; now they are as attractive specimens of the rough material, just sufficiently polished to preserve its nature without offending the eye or senses, as can be desired. One slight reservation must be made. Small game in the hair is rather a prevalent complaint. The natives find it difficult to

avoid this ; but they try to cure it by means of lime and close cropping. As a rule, their hair is woolly and much matted ; and the heads of a crowd of natives, covered with red, yellow, or white, according to the fancy of the artist, present a very queer appearance. The women, as a rule, cut their hair like their lords ; occasionally it is allowed to grow long, but even then it is not pleasing to the eye. Ornaments are not much worn ; bead bracelets and necklaces, however, are common enough, and to the latter a chief will attach a large ivory ring. The women sometimes wear a waistbelt of beadwork round their sulus, and I saw one or two wedding rings and even a keeper. In very few instances painting or smearing the face with colours in grotesque patches is to be noticed.

Fijian politics had been in a state of ferment for several months before our arrival in Kandavu. The whites and natives fell out during the discussion as to the cession of the kingdom to the British Government, and the conduct of the former, who on one occasion had recourse to firearms, and then turned tail ignominiously and bolted, did not redound to their credit. There were many meetings held, and much violent abuse indulged in, before the

cession was finally agreed upon ; but now all is quiet, pending the arrival of the British reply. No one doubts that it will be favourable, and under English rule the condition of the islanders, as well as the prosperity of the white settlers, will probably be materially improved. King Cakombau and his Government have fared ill, and the islands have been saddled with a debt of nearly 90,000*l.* within the last few years. I have had occasion to meet the late Premier, and from what I have seen of him, and his evident want of tact and judgment, I should say that it would be difficult to find a man more thoroughly unfitted for any post of responsibility. And I speak of an Englishman, not of a native.

The products of the Fijis are at present neither numerous nor important. Cotton has been extensively grown for some years on Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, the two largest islands of the group, but it is now looked upon as a failure, as it is of so fine a quality that the price it fetches in the English market is by no means remunerative. Unless a coarser quality can be grown, cotton will probably cease to form an export at all. Coffee is being introduced, and already there are two or three small plantations in full bearing. It takes three years

for the plants to attain this growth, and then they bear two crops a year. Sugar is also being introduced, and, it is said, with every prospect of success: indeed, some tons of excellent quality have already been exported.

Nature bountifully provides for the bodily wants of the natives. Yams, bananas, breadfruit, taro, and cocoa-nuts are growing luxuriantly in every direction: oranges, lemons, plantains, and guavas also thrive, and there is an abundant supply of tobacco in the bush. In some places this tobacco is cultivated with success, and it fetches a paying price in Levuka, the capital. There are wild pigs in the bush, but the indigenous animals are few, and the snakes are reported harmless.

The weather during our stay is hot, and, owing to frequent heavy showers, very oppressive, by reason of the great humidity of the air. The mean temperature is about 80 degrees, and the climate is said to be healthy, though dysentery is more or less prevalent amongst the natives.

Hitherto the Fiji Islands have been little known. In Australia they are spoken of as a refuge for the destitute, and Levuka enjoys no enviable reputation. But now they seem to have a chance of going

a-head. They are already connected by the new mail route with the Sandwich Islands, America, New Zealand, and New South Wales, and there will shortly be steam communication eastwards with Tahiti and the Society Islands, and westwards with New Caledonia. If the new industries thrive as is anticipated, Fiji under British Government is not unlikely to become the West Indies of our Australian colonies.

But independently of the fertility of the group, the great advantages offered by Fiji for the establishment of a naval depôt and coaling station may well be brought under consideration. From the little settlement of Victoria in Vancouver's Island to the Australias, Great Britain has no harbour, and as her ships may fairly be said to command the western Pacific, some naval station would become an absolute necessity in time of war. Port Ngaloa, when properly buoyed and lighted, would form a grand harbour, and there are many others amongst the northern islands which only require an accurate survey. The approach to Levuka is somewhat intricate, the coral reefs extending seawards in various ramifications for many miles ; but there are admirable charts of the entrance

obtainable, and the men-of-war cruising on the station frequently put in.

There are several Levuka merchants among our passengers, and from their accounts of the aspect of the capital, I gather the following facts. The town consists mainly of a single street three-quarters of a mile in length, running parallel with the beach, and backed by lofty mountains. The public buildings embrace three Churches, a Parliament House, Theatre, and Hospital. A gaol has been much wanted for some time past. There are four or five hotels, though perhaps boarding-houses would be the more correct term, and a paper called the *Fiji Times* is published weekly. Levuka is on the east coast of Ovalau, a small and unproductive island 100 miles north of Kandavu.

To the west of Ovalau is Viti Levu, and to the north Vanua Levu; these are the principal islands of the group, the former comprising an area of 4112 square miles, the latter 2432. On these two islands most of the cotton planting has been carried on by the white settlers, but as but little money has been made by this product of late years, sugar and coffee are taking its place. Two years ago it was reckoned that 300,000 acres of land had been taken up by British

subjects, and that as much as 10,000 acres had been cleared and were under cultivation. Roads, however, are much wanted, as those now existing are mere tracks through the bush, and beasts of burden being scarcely known in Fiji, most of the produce is transported by water round the coastline inside the barrier reefs.

That the islands may easily be made to pay their way and leave a good margin of profit may be judged from the fact that the exports two years ago amounted to the annual value of 90,000*l.* The principal products contributing to this total were: Sea Island cotton, 76,000*l.*; other cotton, 3800*l.*; cocoa-nut oil, 3500*l.*; copra, 1080*l.*; and cotton seed, 1000*l.* The estimated revenue was then 23,500*l.*, and the expenditure 20,000*l.*, so that there was a fair surplus, even during a period of the grossest mismanagement. I have heard of "cooked accounts" in England, but nothing to compare to those served up by Cakombau's ministry.

The transfer of land will be the chief difficulty to be dealt with by the future rulers of the islands. Hitherto this has been transacted by affidavit and deed registered at the Consulate, but to some holdings many claimants have occasionally ap-

peared, and land tenure has been rather precarious of late. According to the state of the soil and position, it has been sold at prices varying from 4s. to 1*l.* per acre.

The latest estimate puts the native population at 150,000, which number is scattered over about 140 islands. The whites are reckoned at 2500, more than four-fifths of this number being British subjects, and the remainder principally Americans. The natives are divided into coast and mountain tribes, which hold no intercourse together. The coast natives are decidedly well-disposed, thanks to the efforts of the missionaries, who have established more than 600 chapels throughout the group, and claim to have made 100,000 converts to Christianity. Certainly the Kandavese with whom I came into contact were a very "proper" and Sunday-go-to-meeting race.

Of the mountain tribes but very little is known, as they remain buried in almost inaccessible fastnesses amongst the gorges, and have been but seldom visited by white men. That they are never likely to interfere with settlers, however, is very plainly shown by the experience of old residents, and people who fancy that the annexation of Fiji

means another war similar to that with the Maories in New Zealand are much mistaken. The mountain tribes are reckoned at not more than 7000, and this number is distributed over many islands. It is even doubtful whether cannibalism still exists amongst them at all, though they are decidedly given to internecine warfare.

There can be but little doubt that within a very few years Fiji, under British rule, will be in a prosperous condition. The islands have naturally all the elements to be desired by settlers: a fixed system of land tenure, and the construction of roads between the most fertile districts and the ports will result in the full development of these resources, and with a fertile soil, a healthy climate, cheap labour, and great advantages of position, Fiji should not fail to rise speedily into general notice.

CHAPTER XI.

HONOLULU.

From Kandavu to Honolulu—The Capital of the Hawaiian Islands—Bijou Villas—Honolulu Beauties—The Pali—The Parliament House and Parliament—A Hawaiian Church—The King's Palace—Charge Bayonets!—A Political *Emeute*—King Kalakaua—A Hawaiian Ballet—Mortality amongst the Natives—Products of the Islands—American Views of the Situation—Climate—Volcanoes in Hawaii.

FOURTEEN days' steaming from Kandavu brings us to Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands. We have two May the twentieths, and so accommodate our Antipodes Day—the extra twenty-four hours which enabled Mr. Phileas Fogg to win his bet when he circumnavigated the globe in eighty days, as chronicled by Jules Verne. But nothing occurs during the fortnight to vary the monotony of a fair-weather run through the Tropics. Not even are we treated to the glories of a grand sunset to hold entranced the promenaders on the poop, and we are quite ready to believe that in this respect the Pacific

yields the palm to the South Atlantic. The thermometer marks 90° in the saloon on several days, but though the trade winds do not favour our progress, they make life under the poop awning quite tolerable. Unfortunately the *Cyphrenes* has accommodation for thirty-six first-class passengers only, and yet the Company's agent did not scruple to ship sixty-four, and thus make every one uncomfortable. He is a man of no manners, but with an exceedingly bad temper in place of them, and he succeeded in nothing but making all the passengers thoroughly disgusted with his inefficiency and conceit.

Leaving the Kandavu barrier reef flashing in the sunlight far astern, we head up north-east through the Nanuku Passage, instead of going east about and keeping clear of the outlying islands of the group. The time of our sailing enables us to clear all the dangers by daylight, and this short cut saves us sixty miles. The second day out we sight several small islands, and have a larger one, Uea or Wallis Island, abeam in the afternoon. After this we see neither land nor a sail till the bold mountain ranges of Oahu rise dimly out of the grey sea at dawn on June 2nd. At five A.M. the pilot

boards us, and we steam in through a very narrow gut between two dangerous ridges of the barrier reef, passing a small fleet of canoes paddling out to fish, and make fast to the wharf an hour later.

Honolulu, the Hawaiian capital, has a very picturesque appearance as we approach it from the sea. The whole aspect of the island tells of volcanic action; the mountains and foot-hills are brown and bare of vegetation, the plain extending from their base to the sea is sterile and dreary, and only in the gullies, which look like light green feathers laid on the mountain slopes, in the town itself, which is admirably planted, and in the King's cocoa-grove, fringing the eastern shore of the bay, can one detect the luxuriance of tropical foliage. But the mountains, intersected with deep gloomy ravines, through which the morning mists are driving, rear their serrated ridges throughout the length of the island, and even the brightest sunshine fails to rob them of their sombre grandeur.

The town, which is built on the low land bordering the shore—partly indeed on land recently reclaimed from the sea, thanks to the industry of the architects of the coral reef—looks small and insignificant from the harbour, but on going ashore to

breakfast we get glimpses of fine public buildings and numerous shops and stores, of neat houses nestling among bowers of shrubs and flowers, and evidences of a busy trade and considerable population. The streets are narrow, and the houses built of wood, without any attempt at decoration or even uniformity. In the by-streets or lanes pretty verandah-girt villas peep out from shrubberies of tropical foliage, honeysuckle, poinsettia, roses, lilies, and a hundred flowers strange to English eyes. Tiny fountains are sending sparkling jets of water up into the hot still air, and other music is not wanting, for here and there we hear the tinkle of a distant piano, telling us that early rising is the rule in Honolulu, and suggesting as a consequence a siesta at midday.

But here we are at the Grand Hawaiian Hotel, a fine verandahed building, standing back from the road in a pretty garden, the green lawn, cool deep shade and trickling fountain of which are doubly grateful after the glare of the scorching sunlight, scorching even though it is not yet seven A.M. The Theatre, half-hidden by its wealth of honeysuckle and fan palm, is not fifty yards distant, but it is quite thrown into insignificance by the Hotel. This was built

by Government at a cost of 25,000*l.*, and is admirably planned and appointed, but it certainly does not strike one as being worth the money. However, with its large, airy rooms and cool verandahs, shaded with masses of passion-flower, with its excellent food and iced American drinks, we of the *Cyphrenes*, long confined in stuffy cabins and hurried over uncomfortable meals, are delighted with the Hawaiian Hotel, and hardly think it necessary to question the policy of the Government. We learn that no rent is charged to the landlord, but that he has to pay an annual tax of 200*l.*, the Hawaiian duty on hotel-keeping.

Having engaged the only four-in-hand team in Honolulu, a party of us devote the morning to a visit to the lion of the island, the Pali, a mountain pass six miles north of the town. People who only know of the Sandwich Islands as the scene of the murder of Captain Cook, would be rather astonished by the aspects of the streets of the capital. The reed huts of the natives are nowhere to be seen, on all sides the houses are strongly built of wood, the larger buildings and the more pretentious villas boasting stucco or concrete. A very civilized town is Honolulu, with its regular streets and bowery

lanes, its handsome Parliament House, its large churches, its gaol and hospital, and its kerosene lamps. We meet neat buggies, and here and there quite an elegant stanhope or phaeton drawn by a pair of horses that would not look amiss in Hyde Park on a Saturday afternoon. And turning a corner, we come suddenly upon a small inn with its benches and horse-trough in front, and its sign-board, lettered "The Bay Horse," swinging overhead, which, but for its sheltering palm and a mass of brilliant creeper, looks as if it had been imported bodily from England.

Leaving the business part of the town behind, we bowl along a good but very dusty road, bordered for a couple of miles by the villas of the *élite*—bijou residences all of them, peeping out of a wilderness of creepers, flowers, and foliage, to gain a lovely view over the town and bay, with the high mountain range swelling up into cloudland at the head of the valley. Here it is that Queen Emma lives, and her villa, though small, is beautifully situated, and pretty enough for a royal residence. The foot-hills now close in, and passing many fields of taro well irrigated by the streams from the mountains, we come upon good mountain grass, and see cattle and

sheep grazing quietly on the lower slopes. On our right the hills are rugged, but in the gullies there is dense vegetation. The town should be well supplied with water, for we see a hundred brawling little brooks winding their silver threads across the light green velvet of the turf, and in one place we catch a distant view of a waterfall over a steep crag some 200 feet in height. We meet but few people in the course of our drive, a few Chinese taking their garden produce into market, a string or two of pack-mules, and a herd of eighteen oxen driven by no less than nine stock-men, who are riding wiry little cobs, and rejoice in huge Mexican-like saddles with large wooden stirrups, and wear broad sombreros and scarves of the brightest colours. Labour would seem to be cheap in Oahu.

As far as dress is concerned, the Hawaiians are far more civilized than the Fijians, but, as regards morals, they suffer very much by comparison, and to this cause the fearful mortality amongst the native population is in a great measure traceable. The men, as a rule, wear coats and trousers of nankeen, which sit by no means well upon them. The women, however, are very picturesquely clad in a long robe, generally of a bright pink colour,

which is fastened round the neck and descends loosely to the ankles.

• We meet several bevvies of girls on horseback who are still more gaily attired, their robes being gathered in at the waist with bright scarves, which fling their folds out far over the horses' tails. Their jaunty straw hats are wreathed with flowers, and now and then we see a necklace of brilliant blossoms adorning some dark-eyed beauty. Many of the girls are decidedly pretty, but the Fijians are the handsomer race, in figure as well as in face. The girls ride astride, and rejoice in galloping up and down the main streets of Honolulu, making them ring again with their merry laughter. They are as light-hearted and gay as the Fijians are staid and solemn.

Approaching the Pali, we pass through thickets of how-tree (I doubt my orthography), the thousand stems of which, crooked into the most fanciful forms, make an undergrowth through which neither man nor beast could hope to free a passage. Here one realizes—

"Lucus nulli penetrabilis astro."

The Pali is a narrow pass across the central mountain range, and the view from it comprises a

magnificent panorama of fertile lowlands, breezy foot-hills green and well-wooded, miles of yellow sands and flashing coral reef, shut in on either side by bold headlands, washed by the deep blue island-studded Pacific. The cliff on which we stand overlooks a sheer precipice 800 feet in depth, beneath which all is luxuriant foliage, whilst beyond it the sunny plain is dotted with sugar and coffee plantations, the stations connected with which lie snugly ensconced in clumps of waving feathery vegetation. The extent of the view of mountain, plain, and sea is indeed charming, but the variety of tints in the landscape is more charming still. Every shade of green is here, from the light delicate tints in the distant lagoon to the deep green black of the wooded gully in shadow ; every shade of blue, from the blue-purple of the open sea beneath a passing cloud to the misty grey-blue of the far ranges ; every shade of yellow, from the whitish yellow of the sea-shore to the tawny reddish hues of the road winding through the pass. On either side of us rise dark rugged peaks, their summits capped with cloud, a smart shower is falling, and the wind blows keenly off the sea, but beneath us all is gay and smiling in sunlight. We gaze from the gloom and

sterility and savage grandeur of the mountains on a little Paradise at our feet.

• The Hawaiian Government have not only built an excellent hotel, and so done good service to tourists, but they have just completed a really imposing Parliament House, erected and arranged in a style such as not even those well acquainted with Honolulu would have ventured to anticipate. It is built of concrete, stands in its own grounds, shortly to be planted, and has cost 30,000*l.*—only 5000*l.* more than the hotel. The building is not only for debates, but contains in addition to the large Council Chamber—in which spittoons abound, but smoking is forbidden—a host of offices devoted to the transaction of legal and Civil Service business, and is surmounted by a fine clock-tower, whence we obtain a grand bird's-eye view of the town, and indeed all the southern side of Oahu.

The Hawaiian Parliament consists of two Houses in one, the seventeen nobles and the twenty-eight representatives of the *plebs* sitting together in the same Hall, and their votes having equal weight. Mr. Bishop, the Honolulu banker, an American by birth, is the President, and occupies a *daïs* at the head of the chamber ; on his right are the Treasury

benches, where sit the Attorney-General, and the Ministers of Finance, Foreign Affairs and the Interior; on his left are the seventeen nobles; facing him sit the twenty-eight members of the Commons. It is two in the afternoon before we arrive, and the House has just risen, so we are unable to hear a debate, but we learn that business commences every day at ten, and is generally carried on for four hours. Prayers in Hawaiian are first offered up, the minutes are then read in English and Hawaiian, and the debates come on. Several of the Upper House are whites, but, with one exception only, all the Commons are natives. The King does not sit in the House, but he has a certain right of veto on the resolutions.

Entering a large church a little beyond the House of Parliament, in which the principal pew—presumably that of the late King—is heavily draped with black, we find it difficult to believe ourselves in the Sandwich Islands. The building has galleries and high pews, and much resembles an English Methodist church, and there is a good organ, on which a young lady is playing “Oh, rest in the Lord.” But we open a hymn-book and find “Hark! the herald angels sing,” in Hawaiian, and this

quickly disillusionizes us. "Hamau! poche winka mau"—if I remember right—is the translation.

- There is nothing very palatial about the aspect of the King's Palace from the road, and were it not for the native sentry at the gates and the guard-room in the front court, we should probably have passed it unnoticed. We can get no information out of the sentry, who can only mutter "King's house," and handle his rifle ominously. An officer makes his appearance, and we ask him "Can we go in to see the Palace?" to which he replies, "Oh yes," quite cordially. But our first step through the gates is the signal for the black private to bring his sword bayonet to the charge. This said bayonet prods the waistcoat of a worthy friend, before alluded to in these pages as beloved by a Fijian princess, and as the rifle is at full cock, he for the moment is in danger of being shot as well as disembowelled. The guard lounging round their quarters give signs of turning out, and it appears that we are suspected of an attempt on the King's life! We try to expostulate, but the officer now distrusts us completely and signs us away in wrath not unmixed with disdain. The affair amuses us not a little, the black sentry looked such a perfect

diable in nankeen trousers as he charged bayonets, and we have realized that, in military circles at any rate, "Yes" means "No" at Honolulu.

There was a serious and fatal *émeute* in the capital four months ago, on the occasion of the election of a King to succeed Lunalilo. He had not nominated his successor, and it was agreed by the present King, Kalakaua, Queen Emma, the widow of a former sovereign, and Mrs. Bishop, one of the highest chiefesses, that the first-named alone should be a candidate. But Queen Emma's adherents afterwards nominated her in opposition, declaring that Lunalilo had given her a dying injunction to do her utmost to come to the throne. But if it was his wish that she should succeed him, why did he not nominate her? However, the feeling of the House asserted itself very strongly, and Queen Emma polled but six votes against Kalakaua's thirty-nine. Thereupon the Court House was the scene of a free fight between the rival parties, with chairs and table-legs for weapons, which resulted in one man being killed outright and many others severely injured. However, Honolulu relapsed into quiet again, and David Kalakaua reigns at the Palace, whilst Queen Emma leads a quiet retired life in her pretty villa up the valley.

As we are lounging in front of the hotel waiting for dinner to be announced, quite a procession drives up, and "The King," passes in a hurried whisper round our group. A smart well-horsed stanhope draws up in front of us, and King Kalakaua alights, responding to our doffed hats with a bow and a cordial "Good afternoon." His face is not un-English in character, and had he not such high cheek-bones, he would be a good-looking man. Good eyes, a pleasing smile, and luxuriant whiskers and moustaches may make an otherwise plain face good-looking, and the present King of the Cannibal—I beg his pardon, the Hawaiian—Islands has these three redeeming characteristics in his face. He speaks excellent English, and has all the bearing of a perfect gentleman. His dress and manners are quite English, and one of our party who was presented to him tells us that he is not only well educated and well read, but decidedly clever. He seems determined to devote all his energies to the welfare and advancement of his kingdom, and that he is bent on economy is evident from the fact that, although the required amount has been already voted for the erection of a new King's Palace, he has declined to allow the works to be commenced for two years. He

says that his predecessor was extravagant in his expenditure of the public revenue, and that he means to retrench.

He is now returning from a shooting party; in fact he has been to the Hawaiian Hurlingham. His two aides-de-camp, following him in a buggy, carry a couple of guns, and in the third carriage are his two sisters, one of whom is married to a merchant in Honolulu.

In the evening we—a party of six—attend a native dancing performance, given in a large hut dimly lighted by two or three kerosene lamps. There are but three girls, and they are not remarkable either for their beauty or costume. Their dancing, though hardly to be called graceful, is decidedly energetic, and their efforts have a visible effect upon them after an hour's hard work in the still heat of a tropic night. The orchestra comprises one performer only, and he has no more melodious instrument than a jew's harp. Of this, however, he is a perfect master, and his gestures are irresistibly comic. There is a full and appreciative house, consisting of some fifty natives squatting on the matted floor and smoking as stolidly as Dutchmen. They are all on the free list, and see the

same girls dance the same dances nightly. To us the performance is rather monotonous, but it seems to throw the natives into a dreamy state, and perhaps conduces towards the enjoyment of a good night's rest.

For my part, the mosquitoes have got underneath my curtains, and keep me awake for hours, whilst the murmur as of a far distant Æolian harp tells of a thousand more holding a moonlight corroboree in the room. But a "mountaineer" after one's morning bath is a great restorer, and the melons, guavas, mangoes, and bananas, which are always found on a Honolulu breakfast-table, complete the cure. By half-past nine we are again on board, and an hour later the *Cyphrenes* is steaming round the barrier reef to clear the Diamond Head, a noble promontory which was once an active volcano, and we are watching the frail canoes of the natives dashing through the surf into the lagoon.

The Hawaiian Islands can hardly be said to be prosperous, and it is sad to hear how rapidly the natives are diminishing in numbers. There are about 60,000 inhabitants of the group, of which some 10,000 are whites, and it is computed that the native population has decreased by 3000 in the last two years. The rate of mortality is certainly fearfully on

the increase, and it would seem that the natives are dying out. It is not easy to account for this, but the fact remains here as elsewhere.

Sugar was first grown in the islands about the year 1820, and now there are more than 20,000,000 lbs. exported annually, though not more than a quarter of the land suitable for planting is under cultivation, owing to want of capital and labour. There are now some thirty-five plantations, varying from two hundred to several thousand acres in extent. Some of the sugar mills are equal to any in the world, so Hawaiians say, and they are not addicted to "blowing." These are driven by steam, and manufacture from six to ten tons of sugar a day. The labourers are Hawaiians and Chinese, the former being the most sought after. The cost of manufacture is about five cents per pound, and San Francisco and Australia are the principal markets.

Rice is the next principal export, and Hawaiian rice is said to be little inferior to that grown in Carolina. About a million and a quarter pounds of paddy and rice are exported annually, and, were labour obtainable, ten times as much might be grown in the islands. Hides are also much exported. Cattle seem to be worth but little, fine fat oxen only

fetching some 3*l*. a head. Most of them are slaughtered for tallow and hides, and it seems singular that the meat is not preserved in tins or in ice—there is an ice manufactory at Honolulu—and exported, as it is from Australia. Nearly half a million pounds of wool are also exported annually.

The advantages of the group are very great in many ways, and monthly communication with the colonies and America should increase these. The Hawaiians, however, complain that the usual line of steamers between Honolulu and San Francisco has ceased running since the starting of the new mail route from Sydney, for as the mail steamers are always full of passengers, their means of communication with America are diminished instead of being increased. This, however, will probably be shortly rectified.

America, truth to tell, is not over-pleased with the result of its negotiations with the Hawaiians. There is a harbour in Honolulu Bay called the Pearl River, and here the United States wished to form a settlement and navy station—in fact, to get a footing—in exchange for the repeal of the sugar duties. But the Kanakas were sharp enough to realize that the repeal of the sugar duties would only benefit the

planters, themselves mostly Americans, and that the kingdom would hardly be safe if the Stars and Stripes were to float over batteries on Oahu, and they wisely declined the offer. America desires the control of the Pacific, and San Francisco papers complain that in the Sandwich Islands, as well as in Fiji, "the British sentiment is as dominant as the American is quiescent." They complain that "Americans here, as well as in Europe, are the greatest toadies to royalty," that the King was lately a poor clerk, who could not get credit for a new coat, sent to him a fortnight before his election, with instructions to the bearer to bring it back if not paid for, and that now the American man-of-war in the bay salutes him with twenty-one guns and manned yards. They complain that "the poor Kanakas really think that America actually knuckles down and toadies to the Hawaiian King."

But at the same time they say that "the bottom has dropped out of the country as an independent political organization called a kingdom, that the revenues show a great falling off, and that the proposed loan to meet the deficiency of about 100,000*l.* had better be favoured or guaranteed by the American Government, who are to take for security a

mortgage on the islands." One article winds up with "A free access to the markets of America is evidently the only thing to build up the islands, and America ought to grant it, after obtaining some guarantee that, when this poor farce of monarchy is played out, the sovereignty of the Great Republic will embrace this fertile and genial archipelago." America is very anxious to annex the Hawaiian Islands, but the Kanakas are not desirous of annexation.

The climate of the Hawaiian Islands is said to be extremely healthy, the heat being tempered by the trade winds, which blow regularly with the exception of some ninety days in the year, whilst the rainfall averages thirty-eight inches only in Honolulu.

The largest and most wonderful volcanoes in the world are within a few hours' sail of Honolulu. Hawaii, the island on which Captain Cook was killed, contains two mountains—Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea—each more than 13,000 feet in height, and the eruptions from the great crater of Kilauea, which is no less than *ten miles in circumference*, have been indescribably fearful. The ninth recorded occurred in March and April, 1868. One explosion ejected a stream of red mud a distance of three

miles, killing thirty-one people and more than 500 head of cattle. It was accompanied by a series of earthquakes so violent as to oblige people to sit down on the ground, and to destroy houses innumerable. Following upon it came the earthquake wave, which swept away three whole villages and some seventy people. This again was followed after an interval of five days by an awful eruption from a new crater on Mauna Loa, throwing up red-hot lava from four fountains to the height of 600 feet. The lava stream was from eight to ten miles in length, and in some places half a mile wide; it destroyed many houses, the inhabitants of which had barely time to escape with their lives. This stream travelled at the rate of from ten to twenty-five miles an hour, and finally lost itself in the sea. In one place it tumbled over a precipice into a valley, forming a cascade of liquid fire several hundred feet in height! Mr. Jarves, the Hawaiian historian and chronicler of the recent eruptions, says that there can be no doubt that, "to a great extent, the interior of Hawaii is a vast globe of fire, against the sides of which the liquefied rocks dash their fiery spray and roll with unceasing noise; and were it not for

the number and magnitude of its vents, it would be shaken to pieces by successive earthquakes." This being taken into consideration, Hawaii can hardly be a desirable place of residence, interesting as a month's visit would be at a quiet time.

CHAPTER XII.

SAN FRANCISCO.

From Honolulu to San Francisco—A Pacific Gale—The Golden Gate—San Francisco Carriages—Melbourne and San Francisco Compared—The Chief City of the West—Hotels—An Expensive Laundress—The Chinese Quarter—A Chinese Theatre—Chy Lung—Chinese Ladies—Californian *v.* Chinese Labour—The Exchange : a “Deal ;” how it is done in San Francisco—Sunday and yet not Sunday—The Fruit Market—Earthquakes, Suicides, and Shooting Affrays—A Brace of Fire-eating Editors.

WE take ten days to steam over the two thousand one hundred miles of water that lie between Honolulu and San Francisco. Strong N.E. and N.W. gales prevail the last two days, and a very heavy beam sea fully brings out the rolling powers of the *Cyphreus*, which stout ship has but little cargo in her, and appears to some people as if she were going to turn turtle. A seat on the floor of the saloon at meals is at a premium these two days. Food is obtained with difficulty ; and the gentleman whom I have previously alluded to as beloved by a

Fijian princess, and afterwards nearly spitted by a Hawaiian sentry, after considerably handing on fish, flesh, and fowl to passengers beyond him, has to satisfy his hunger with four different kinds of fruit tart.

We sight the light on the Farallones Islands at eleven P.M. on Friday, June 12th, and at four next morning are steaming slowly up to the Golden Gate through a thick haze, which causes us to miss the pilot boat, if, indeed, there was one outside the harbour to miss. The entrance to San Francisco Bay, as the heat of the rising sun causes the mists to lift from the bold cliff ranges that flank the Golden Gate, is very picturesque. Between the northern lighthouse-surmounted promontory and the high jutting headland on the opposite shore lies a mile of tumbling yellowish water, and at the foot of the southern point of land several rocks rise to a considerable height out of the sea. The summits of these are alive with pelican, and the shelves washed by the waves are covered with seals, their loud barking being plainly audible. Looking down on these, the celebrated Seal Rocks, stands an hotel, and the drive out from San Francisco to the Cliff House is, we are told, "quite the fashionable route." Passing through

the Golden Gate, the strongly-fortified Alcatraz Island is ahead of us, and, steering round a battery-guarded point, we are fairly in San Francisco Bay, which stretches away north and south for fifty miles. Half a dozen miles from the Golden Gate in the southern bay the city, wrapped in smoke and haze, rises on its terraced hills. On one of the inconveniently-crowded wharves without any shelter from the burning sun—it is 88° in the shade—we undergo the Custom-house ordeal amidst a scene of dirt, noise, and confusion which I have never seen surpassed.

There are no cabs in San Francisco, no vehicles plying for hire except tram-cars and two-horsed carriages. In one of these latter we are driven to our hotel, and a very grand carriage it is, almost as showy as that of a London city dignitary, and fitted with a small mirror and dressing-case, so that a lady can “fix up” before paying a call. These carriages, we are told, cost more than 350*l.* each, and to take one for an hour’s drive one has to pay five dollars—a guinea.

San Francisco has been compared with Melbourne, a city of much the same age and growth, and owing its rapid rise, too, in a great measure to the dis-

covery of gold. Melbourne may boast of its larger population, but San Francisco is the more imposing city. And yet it has not public buildings to equal the Town Hall, Post-office, and Public Library of the Victorian capital, its streets are comparatively narrow and superlatively ill-paved, and in several places connect as inconveniently as the various thoroughfares at the top of Cheapside. But the blocks of buildings in Montgomery and Kearney Streets are more regular and imposing than those in Bourke or Collins Street in Melbourne, the banks and insurance offices are more numerous and built in better style, and the hotels and shops are decidedly superior in every way. San Francisco has an air of busy trade, but hardly to the same extent as Melbourne, and it savours of unhealthy excitement. Melbourne has the making of a finer city than San Francisco; she has a better site, and has provided for future greatness by broad thoroughfares laid out in such a fashion as will preclude the possibility of the traffic ever being seriously impeded. But in appearance San Francisco has the lead of Melbourne at present, and this too in spite of her steep hills, up which the tram-cars have to be pulled by a steam-engine connected with a continuous

wire rope beneath the roadway, in spite of her mismanaged streets and numerous wooden houses. When Melbourne has got rid of her above-ground sewerage, and San Francisco has paved her streets and footpaths, or at least has removed the boulders and rubbish that encumber them and endanger the limbs of horses and men, both cities will be vastly improved. It is surprising that the inhabitants should have permitted the existence of such nuisances so long.

The disastrous fires that again and again almost destroyed the city in its infancy, convinced the San Franciscans that wooden buildings were a very bad investment, and now most of the business part is of stone or brick. The warehouses and shops are very lofty and spacious, and not only substantially but handsomely built. In every direction, too, the city is spreading fast, new manufactories and storehouses are being erected, and there is evidence of rapidly increasing trade and prosperity. More than half the wealth of California pours into San Francisco, which is not only by far the most important city of the West, but also the connecting link with Australasia, Japan, China, and the islands of the Pacific.

San Francisco is shortly to have a new City Hall, with law courts and municipal offices, of which the

design is very magnificent, and if it be carried out as intended, the Melbourne Town Hall will be • “very small potatoes” in comparison. At present the hotels are the handsomest buildings. Of these the Occidental is perhaps the most comfortable, the Lick House has the most beautiful dining-room—about 100 feet by 70 feet, panelled with paintings and lit by large chandeliers—and the Grand is the newest and most imposing in appearance. I take up my quarters at the first-named, and find no fault with either food or accommodation. The billiard-room, which holds thirteen tables, is perhaps the finest room in the house, and would be perfect for a ball. It measures about 80 feet by 50 feet, and 30 feet in height, and is decorated and furnished in admirable taste.

The charge per diem at the Occidental is three and a half dollars, as low a sum as one can expect, considering the dearness of everything in San Francisco, and the fact that no extras or attendance have to be paid for. But hotel-keepers, knowing that a cold bath in the morning is as necessary to most people as sleep at night, should not any longer levy half a dollar for it. In this respect at any rate, the American boast of being in advance of the age does

not apply, but then Americans are not, as a rule, extra fond of bathing.

But if washing oneself is expensive, what shall be said about the washing of one's linen? What would English housekeepers say if their laundress were to charge them 16s. 8d. per dozen articles, large and small? And yet this is the price charged by and paid to the proprietors of the Occidental laundry by some friends of mine. The washing is certainly beautifully done, but, gentle housewife, think of 1s. 4½d. per article!

Rumour, however, says that all the present hotels are shortly to be thrown into the shade by the Grand Central, now being built on a block adjoining the Grand. It is to cost 600,000 dollars, and amongst other novelties, the clocks in all the 500 rooms are to be connected by electricity, so as to strike the hour simultaneously. This will draw much American custom.

I have spoken of the fine rectangular blocks of stone and brick buildings that adorn the main streets, but wooden houses are by no means unknown. Even in some of the large thoroughfares a wooden house, perhaps, stuccoed over, crops up here and there, and in the less frequented parts of the

city there are very large stores and manufactories also built of wood. In the outskirts are many pretty little villas similarly constructed, but clustering masses of creepers and trellised vines hide the material.

The Chinese quarter above Kearney Street is amusing to the eye, though occasionally unsavoury to the nostrils. Here the Celestials swarm in pig-tailed thousands, their numbers far exceeding the muster of their countrymen in Melbourne or Sydney. They have two theatres, one of which is opened on the night of our arrival in port with a play which extends over eight hours, the curtain falling at 3.30 A.M., on Sunday! The exterior of the building, which is of three verandahed stories, is very elaborately decorated. The fluted columns supporting each story are coloured with vermilion, green and gold, and emblazoned with Chinese characters, which also adorn the yellow walls at the back. Suspended in festoons from the roof of each balcony are the gaudiest of paper lanterns, the lowest of each festoon being quite three feet in diameter. The basement of the building is occupied by a restaurant, where two or three of our party obtain some excellent tea, but refrain from venturing to

partake of the solids that are placed before them. The shops are not specially attractive, but in a cross street leading into Montgomery Street is a large store, over which is painted Chy Lung, and here are a myriad curiosities from Japan and China, cabinets, tables, workboxes, fans, wood and ivory carvings and bric-à-brac, at prices from twenty-five cents to a hundred dollars. It is easy to purchase some very pretty presents at a low figure, but one is sorely tempted to stretch one's purse-strings too far.

Curious objects are the Chinese women, but there are not many of them to be seen in the streets. The majority dress like the men, in a loose tunic and trousers of a blue material much resembling serge; but I notice a woman apparently of forty and her daughter of sixteen years of age, who are very much "got up:" their tunics are longer, and of black silk trimmed with coloured ribbons, and on their heads are coquettish little black lace caps adorned with bright bunches of flowers. Surely these are of the "upper ten."

The number of Chinese in California is increasing very fast, greatly to the disgust of Californians. They are a saving people, and willing to work at

low wages, and the natives and emigrants from the East, who demand very high wages—a bricklayer gets six dollars a day—and spend their money freely, say that labour is being degraded and the country ruined by the Chinese, and hate them with a cordial hatred. But the Chinese care nothing for this, and on more than one occasion have proved themselves quite capable of holding their own in a row.

From the Chinese quarter into the Exchange is rather an abrupt transition from quiet into a perfect Babel. Outside there is enough confusion and noise, the pavement is blocked with speculators, and twenty yards off an auctioneer is selling a number of horses in the roadway; but inside the tumult is increased tenfold. The crowding, pushing, and heat are almost unbearable, but the scene is sufficiently lively to induce one to become a spectator for a few minutes. The gestures and shouting of the members are quite frantic. A man on my right is proclaiming in stentorian tones his desire to dispose of a certain number of shares in some extraordinarily-named Mine. To him through the crush comes a buyer, elbowing and fighting his way, regardless of limb and apparel. He reaches his man after a fierce and prolonged struggle; he seizes

him by the shoulders with both hands, shakes him vigorously, roars in his face, shouts in his ear, and after a short tussle of words, which causes both combatants to turn purple in feature and foam at the mouth with frantic excitement, the conflict ceases, the bargain is concluded, a few notes are pencilled down, and buyer and seller retire amicably to "cool out" with a brandy-smash. Can the London Stock Exchange furnish a scene as exciting as this ?

Sunday in San Francisco is not kept as Sunday. The shops are open all day, and business seems almost as brisk in them and in the theatres as on any of the six working days proper. The churches are poorly attended, and at Trinity, perhaps the principal church in the city, there are not more than a hundred people. The singing is good, but confined to the choir, and the music is secular and florid. A lecture on the rise and growth of the newspaper press one hardly expects to hear from the pulpit, but such the sermon amounts to at a church attended by some of my late fellow-passengers.

The San Francisco fruit market is well worth visiting. Here are oranges, grapes, lemons, limes, and figs from Los Angeles ; bananas and cocoa-nuts from Honolulu ; apricots, plums, cherries, currants,

strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and blackberries from the San Joaquin valley and Sacramento foot-hills; apples, pears, and nuts from all parts. I especially notice the red currants, every berry being almost as large as a fair-sized cherry, and the blackberries, which are regularly cultivated, and of unusual size and flavour. The vegetables, too, are equally fine.

But with all its advantages I should not care to move my household gods to San Francisco. And for several reasons. Earthquakes are not uncommon; there were two slight shocks just previous to our arrival, but a friend tells me that during his last visit, four years ago, there was so violent a shock as to cause the ground to tremble in a most alarming manner for some seconds. He was in the Occidental at the time, and saw each corner of the passage into the dining-room open from floor to ceiling, and let in rather more daylight than was desirable. Then again, the papers say that there have been ten suicides in the past ten days, and account for them by the fast life of the city. But these reasons are of no moment as compared with that which is to come. There is a "shooting affray" in the streets every one of the four days that I spend in the city:

The last takes place almost on the steps of the General Post Office, at eleven o'clock in the morning.

It is between the editors of rival rags, who discard paper for pistol warfare. He who considered himself insulted had the previous afternoon attempted to shoot his rival near the Exchange, but the insulter, being unarmed, took to his heels, and his pursuer, in full career after him up the street, measured his length over a dust-heap before he could "sling his weapon into position." Doubly incensed by his failure, he disguises himself in the morning, and lays wait for his foe. And these two miserable scribblers, at ranges varying from six to twenty yards, exchange eight shots across a crowded street at midday. Of course they do each other no harm, but they put a bullet into the leg of a telegraph boy, and endanger the lives of a hundred lookers-on, who, according to an evening paper, "at the sound of the first shot had hurried to the spot, their faces beaming with delight in anticipation of an affray, but when they found that bad practice was being made, and that they were themselves in danger, at once arrested the foemen." Ten minutes later I appear on the battlefield, on my way to the Post

Office ; had not the sight of a Japanese coin tempted me into a shop *en route*, I might perchance have fallen an early victim to a stray bullet.

These fire-eating editors are locked up for three hours, which most San Franciscans perhaps consider full punishment. Not all, however ; for a gentleman I meet afterwards in the Yosemite Valley, says, " The worst of our country is that you can commit any crime you please if you have the money to pay for it. You have in England excellent laws, and judges that are not to be bought, but in America law and order are unknown, and corruption reigns in their stead."

CHAPTER XIII.

INTO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY ON WHEELS.

An American Steamer and Train—From San Francisco to Merced
—Stage Travelling—The San Joaquin Valley—Dudley's Mills—
* Ascending the Sierra Spurs—Forest Scenery and Wild Flowers
—Bower Cave—The Merced Big Trees—Opening of the First
Waggon Road into Yosemite—Down into Yosemite Gorge on
Wheels—The Cascades—The Opening Ceremony—View up
the Valley—Yosemite at Last.

ON the 16th of June, still in company with the brothers L., also travelling round the world, I leave San Francisco in the afternoon *en route* for the Yosemite Valley. The Central Pacific Railway has its terminus at Oakland, a town of some importance on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. Thither we steam through the thick mist in which the beauties of the bay are so frequently shrouded on a summer afternoon. The *El Capitan* is one of the ungainly-looking steamers so common on American rivers, but in spite of her high decks and overladen appearance she steams fast; and having this recommendation, and also those of a bar and nume-

rous newspaper boys, she probably supplies all the requirements of San Franciscans.

• At Oakland we take the train for Lathrop, and our first acquaintance with railway travelling in America does not tend to prejudice us in its favour. We have to choose between two long trains, but there is nothing to guide our choice, and no official is in sight along the entire length of the platform. Porters it appears there are none, so we shoulder our baggage, and take our seats according to the directions of a fellow-passenger. The cars are long and airy, but not nearly so comfortable as an English first-class carriage, and as in each compartment there are some sixty people, in addition to a troop of boys selling oranges, pea-nuts, cigars, and newspapers, there is no such thing as quiet.

Leaving Oakland Wharf, the train runs for two miles along a wooden bridge above the shallow waters of the bay, which surge through the piles directly beneath our feet. Dashing down a long street, we then emerge on to open plains covered with thick yellow corn. These soon give place to low rounded hills, above which on our left Monte Diablo stands out dim and grey against the bright glow of sunset. At Lathrop, eighty-one miles from

our starting-point, we leave the main line, and proceed along the Visalia branch to Merced, where we arrive at eleven P.M. The El Capitan Hotel is large and comfortable, but we have but little time for sleep, as at five in the morning we are turned out to take the stage for the first half of our journey to Yosemite.

The stage is neither comfortable nor elegant in appearance, but we are told that it is built specially for mountain travelling, so we console ourselves with the notion that comfort and safety cannot be combined in a journey across the Sierra Nevada spurs. It is said to hold nine inside on its three seats, but there is not room for more than six. Fortunately, besides our party, consisting of the brothers L., Mr. R., and myself, there are only two other passengers, an American and his wife, the latter of whom has a strong *penchant* for green apples, and is violently ill on the road in consequence.

For the first few miles the track—for by no stretch of imagination can I call it a road—runs across a sandy plain, yellow and treeless, and in less than an hour we are perfectly begrimed with dust. The jolting we undergo is quite appalling, the vehicle appears to have no springs at all, and the

track to consist of nothing but ruts and boulders. We are aching all over by the time that we arrive at Snellings, a little village sixteen miles from Merced, where we change horses.

Uncomfortable as is the travelling, I must say a word or two in praise of the horses. The team with which we leave Snellings is excellent both in point of working abilities and appearance, and the two leaders, though said to be worth only 20*l.* each, would make a very handsome pair of carriage horses. Our teamster drives admirably, and the whip is but seldom brought into play even in the most difficult parts of the track.

We now enter a well-watered country, green with herbage, and abounding with oaks and buck-eye, the large white blossoms of which are not unlike the English horse-chestnut. Here we cross the Merced River, much swollen with snow water, on a ferry-boat worked by runners on a wire rope, the current forming the motive power. We are now beginning to wind among the low foot-hills of the Sierras, rolling hills thinly sprinkled with trees, with the mountain peaks just visible on the horizon, and the general aspect reminds me strongly of some of the scenery along the main road across Tasmania. We

dine and change horses for the second time at a small wayside inn, and then fairly commence the ascent of the outer spurs of the range. By four o'clock we are at Coulterville, a dead-alive mining town that has seen better days, and get our fourth team in harness. Hitherto we have seen scarcely a living thing, except squirrels and quail, since leaving Merced. But on the Yosemite side of Coulterville we are in the forest, melodious with song-birds, and every mile or so we come upon a little ranch, where cattle and sheep are feeding quietly on the bright green grass of some stream-fed valley. Pines and firs of many kinds clothe the country everywhere, varying in height from the graceful shrub of twenty feet, fit ornament for the lawn of a villa, to the grand forest tree of 200 feet. A little before six P.M. we rattle down a rugged hill into a beautiful valley, green with a young crop of barley, and pull up for the night at a group of small cottages known as Dudley's Mills.

Here we join forces with the occupants of four other stages on their way to or from the Yosemite, and a gathering of forty taxes the landlord's accommodation severely. However, somewhere or other every one gets a bed, and, tired out, seeks repose at an

early hour. We are turned out next morning at half-past four, and find the ground covered with thick hoar-frost, so that a fire at breakfast-time is quite enjoyable. We leave before half-past five, drawn by five horses, for the steepest part of the track is before us. Our teamster is of Indian extraction, and soon lets us know that he means "making time," for we get over the first five miles in half an hour. Now this is fair travelling on a good road, but the track we are on is of the roughest description, very narrow, deep in sand in some places, encumbered with boulders in others, and the hills are indeed heart-breaking to the stoutest team. But George cares nothing for difficulties, and ignores dangers, and so we gallop down the steepest grades, the stage swaying over the edge of a gulch or gorge 200 feet in depth, and whirling round the sharpest turns with only two wheels on the ground. One swerve off the track, and it would be better to make no inquiries as to the fate of passengers or horses. But "Black George," the agent tells us, is the most careful driver on the line, and doubtless he would live to tell the tale.

But in spite of all the jolting and dust, the glorious scenery of the forest comes in for its full

share of admiration. In every direction are parterres of the brightest wild flowers, shrubberies of white azalea, manzanita and Californian lilac, dells of fern, through which the ice-cold brooks come racing down from the heights above. The ruddy trunks of pine and fir stand out in bold relief against bright flower-banks and the deep dark blue of the summer sky, and their sombre foliage contrasts strangely with the vivid green of the oak saplings at their feet.

Our first halting-place is Bower Cave. This we explore under the guidance of the French custodian, who cherishes pleasant recollections of a visit paid by Lady Franklin. It is a huge cave in the limestone rock on the side of a steep hill, worn out by currents of water, and measures 109 feet in height, 133 feet in length, and 86 feet in width. A ladder leads to the bottom, which is partly filled with water so clear that one can trace the rock downwards for forty feet. From the ground bordering the pool rise three large maple trees, the boughs of which overshadow the mouth of the cavern. From a ledge of rock some fifty feet from the water-level open out several small caves or grottoes, down which one can walk for a considerable distance. Neglecting to provide myself with a candle, I walk rather too far

in one of these grottoes, and have a narrow escape of falling down a hole some thirty feet in depth.

• At Hazel Green, seventy-one miles from Merced, and twenty miles from the Yosemite, we change horses and visit on our way the Merced Grove of Big Trees. These are but poor specimens of the *Sequoia gigantea*, as compared with those of the Mariposa and Calaveras groves. The largest stands a little distance back from the track, and is said to measure eighty-six feet in circumference. Within a few feet of the track stand two fine trees about three yards apart, the largest of which we measure to be seventy feet round : in height neither of them exceeds 240 feet, and they strike me as being about equal in height and girth to the large gum-tree I measured roughly in the Huon Forest in Tasmania.

And now we enter on the most important as well as the most beautiful part of the journey. The Yosemite Valley has been visited by tourists for twenty years, but no living man has ever yet entered it except on horseback or foot. We are to be the first party to enter it on wheels ! Yes, Yosemite has been conquered at last, and Dr. Maclean may well feel proud of the achievement. At a cost of from 60,000 to 70,000 dollars he has constructed a

really good carriage road from the outside world, down the precipitous walls of rock into the heart of the valley. The whole line had to be thoroughly surveyed, bridges had to be built, and thousands of tons of solid granite had to be blasted away in one place and built up in another, but a year of Chinese labour sufficed to complete the task, and Dr. Maclean's face beams with triumph as he tells us of the success of his venture.

The scenery becomes much wilder as we advance, and grand views of deep gorges and distant mountains open out before us. We halt a little after midday in a green valley, where we spend half an hour very pleasantly in discussing lunch kindly provided for all the pioneer party by Dr. Maclean. We drive two miles more on a gradual descent, and then dust and jolting are alike forgotten, for, rounding a bold mountain spur, we gaze down 2000 feet into Yosemite gorge. Beneath us the Merced is roaring and flashing over huge granite boulders on its way out of the valley through a deep ravine blocked up with masses of rock, from amongst which tall pines and firs raise their spiral heads out of clumps of chapparal; on either side grey walls of cliff rise to the height of from 1200 to

• 1500 feet, and from the northern crags a magnificent waterfall, called the Cascades, comes foaming down, and makes its final plunge into the gorge in a clear fall of 800 feet.

Black George sends our team along at a smart pace, and we are soon winding our way down a very steep but well-made road that has been blasted out of the side of the granite cliffs. On our right hand immense masses of *débris* tell of the work that has been wrought by powder, and many of the fallen rocks are as big as a cottage. Down the face of the cliff on our left a tiny stream is leaping in a succession of cascades, and to this Dr. Maclean has given the name of his daughter, in honour of the opening up of the valley. Half an hour suffices to bring us to the bottom of the gorge, and a drive of half a mile amidst huge masses of *talus* leads to the new toll-gate just beyond the crags, where—

“ the livelong day,
Behind an angle weatherscarped and grey,
Secluded in its blue mist-circled halls,
A high foam-laden cataract falls and falls.”

Here we wait some time to allow several other stages and a large body of horsemen, tourists, and guides to form up into a procession. At length all

is ready, the Stars and Stripes are unfurled on several flagstaffs, the bugler attempts to play "Hail! Columbia," but, failing at the high notes, gives us the "Old Hundredth" instead, and after hearty rounds of cheering for Dr. Maclean, the cavalcade moves on up the gorge. The scenery all the way into the valley is very wild and imposing. There is only just sufficient room for the road between the roaring rapids of the Merced and the masses of rock encumbering the foot of the northern cliff, and the width of the gorge is but little more than half the height of the frowning walls which enclose it. The gay colours of the ladies' dresses and the flags have a very picturesque effect contrasted with the sombre hues of the tall firs and pines, the grey granite and the flashing foam of the rapids, and the Yosemite photographer takes advantage of the occasion, as the cavalcade halts at the point where the gorge widens out into the valley.

All that we have as yet seen has been inaccessible to visitors hitherto, so that Dr. Maclean has opened up a new waterfall in the Cascades which will now take its place amongst Yosemite lions. The wild magnificence of the rapids and the entire gorge will well repay a visit from the hotels.

• But we are now in the Yosemite Valley, and drive briskly forward through shrubberies of pines and chapparal separated by small water-meadows. High on our right, 3000 feet above us, Inspiration Point, crowned with dark forest, stands boldly defined against the sky; at its side a tall but thin thread-like cataract catches the eye, but for an instant only, for at the end of a long vista of trees is the Bridal Veil Fall, with a vivid double rainbow spanning its 900 feet of foam and spray, and whoever has seen the Bridal Veil with its prismatic scarf, has seen the prettiest of the countless attractions of the Yosemite. On our left is the Virgin's Tears, far exceeding the Bridal Veil in height, and, passing between glorious El Capitan and the almost equally imposing Cathedral Rocks, we pull up at a neat two-storied hotel.

“Yosemite on wheels! Yosemite on wheels!” shouts a guide, and fifty horsemen, ranging themselves in line before the house, give three cheers for Mr. Leidig, followed by a volley of frantic screeches, and then gallop off. Five minutes afterwards we meet them again at Black's hotel, where, amidst the thunders of a salute from a small battery in front, we leave the stage and seek a bath and dinner.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A Morning Ride to Cholock—The Highest Waterfall in the World—Down the Valley—Pompompasus—Cathedral Spires—Tutockahnulah—Cathedral Rocks—Pohono in Sunlight—The Virgin's Tears Fall—Up the Valley—Tocoyœ and Tissaack—Mirror Lake—The South Cañon—The Vernal Cascades—Piwyack at Sunset—Mahtah—The Silver Shoot—Yowiye by Moonlight—Snow's Hotel—The Little Yosemite Valley—Tuloolweack—The View from Glacier Point—On Sentinel Dome—A Panorama of Peaks—Loya—A Last Look into Yosemite.

EVERY one who has visited the Yosemite Valley has realized how inadequate words are to convey any idea of its glories. Writers as well as painters have failed to depict it as it is in all its sublime beauty, and photographs, excellent as are the productions of Watkins and Houseworth, give but a faint conception of the reality : they show the quiet beauty of the valley and the tranquillity of Mirror Lake, in pictures which are as pleasing as they are truthful, but the grandeur of the mighty walls of granite, the extent of view over the snow-

•clad Sierras, and the infinite magnificence of the waterfalls cannot be portrayed by art. Nature, at least in this, one of her sublimest aspects, defies all the attempts of man to reproduce her faithfully either on paper or canvas. But, however grievously I may fail to convey any idea of Yosemite scenery, the attempt must be made, for to visit the Valley and yet omit all notice of it would be to render my log incomplete.

It is possible to see the chief beauties of Yosemite in three days, and perhaps that is the average duration of a visitor's stay. Three months, however, would not suffice to exhaust all its glories, and every day enables one to realize more fully the enormous heights of cliff and waterfall. The late Mr. Horace Greeley is said to be the only person that ever was disappointed with Yosemite, and he spent but a day in the valley.

Immediately after breakfast on the first day of our stay we engage horses and guide, and set off to ride to the foot of the upper Yosemite Fall, which is thundering down from the northern cliffs apparently but a few hundred yards, but in reality a good mile, distant from our hotel. Heading up the valley along a narrow bridle-path, we ride for half

a mile between hedges of wild roses and manzanita, and then, crossing the Merced on a picturesque wooden bridge close to Hutchings's Hotel, emerge on a level meadow spangled with lupins, larkspur, and coreopsis. Cantering gaily over sound turf, we are soon at the foot of the cliffs, and commence the ascent by Conway's trail, which we are told is sure to "pay us big." And to Conway, "engineer and builder," we are much indebted; for the zigzag path, winding up the steep slope of *talus* between huge masses of granite, has been constructed with the greatest care, and not even the most timid of equestriennes need fear an accident. A little more than half an hour suffices for the ascent of 1000 feet, and, rounding an outlying headland, from which is obtained a superb view of the valley spread out beneath us, with the snowy peaks of Mounts Lyell and Starr King towering up into cloudland beyond the wooded glories of the South Cañon, the highest waterfall in the known world is before us. Leaving our horses to graze on a grassy slope, we clamber up another hundred feet through a shrubbery of bay tree, and stand on the verge of the basin of the Fall. We are a hundred yards distant from where the water strikes the chaos of

rocks, but a gusty wind drives the mist over us in clouds, and the bright sunshine enables us to see rainbows in every direction.

"Glorious, indeed!" I ejaculate involuntarily, as, standing by the side of our guide, I gaze upwards through the blinding spray.

"Yes, *sir*," he remarks in reply, "I guess England ought to be mighty proud that such a country as this sprang from her loins."

Fortunately he is satisfied with this enunciation of his opinion, so that there is no occasion for my disclaiming the attachment of any credit to my country for the creation of the Yosemite. This is an isolated instance of an American giving England more than her due.

Cholock is indeed at its best, thanks to the melting of the snows, and owing to the severity of the past winter the volume of water passing over the Fall is unusually large, even for this, the most favourable month for seeing Yosemite waterfalls. The grey cliffs rise precipitously, without ledge or crevice to break their face or vary their stern regularity, to the height of 1700 feet. From out of a rugged cleft 100 feet below their summit, foaming over a lip of granite thirty feet in width, pours

Yosemite Creek. The head of the Fall looks but a tiny thread from where we stand, but every hundred feet of descent adds materially to the breadth of the column of water, which Professor Whitney estimates to be 300 feet across where it hits the rock, and to be swayed by a strong wind through a space of thrice that breadth. A moderate breeze is blowing now, but the white mass which forms the centre of the column is not affected by it, and thunders down in an unbroken unwavering plunge, 1600 feet in vertical height. On each side of this mass, however, rockets of spray come shooting down, now preserving their form till they are lost in the abyss of mist, now trailing out under the influence of the wind like a luminous veil of lace, and to their ever-changing beauties the fall owes much of its attraction. It is magnificent and beautiful beyond description now, but it is said to be still more beautiful in the depth of winter, when the snow is lying feet deep on cliff and valley, and from the rocky base of the upper Fall rises a cone of ice 100 feet in height, on which the falling water breaks in grand bouquets of spray. Second to Chocoma in sheer vertical height comes the Gavarnie Fall of 1226 feet in the Pyrenees, but the volume of water

is so insignificant that, except in the matter of statistics, no comparison can be made between the two falls. Statistics convey but a poor idea of the reality in cases like this, but I may mention that half a million cubic feet of water pass over the Yosemite Fall in an hour, and that the stream below the lower fall is forty feet in width, and averages three feet in depth.

Foaming away amidst huge rocks and boulders for a space of eighty or a hundred yards, the stream rushes over a succession of ledges, descending 634 feet in cascades, and then precipitates itself into the valley in a clear and very graceful fall of 400 feet. The entire height of the three falls is thus 2634 feet, or just half a mile!

*Returning to Black's to lunch, we ride off down the valley in the afternoon to visit the Bridal Veil Fall, the Indian Pohono or Spirit of the Night-wind. The latter part of the day is always chosen for this excursion, for after two P.M. the sun leaves Cholock, and a couple of hours later is smiling on Pohono. After a canter of two miles over the granite dust our pace is reduced to a walk, and we proceed in Indian file along a very narrow and rock-strewn trail between banks of white azalea in

full bloom close to the left bank of the river, which, overshadowed by pines and live-oaks, is flashing and foaming over its boulder-encumbered bed, a torrent of breaking waves seventy feet across. The valley, which is half a mile in width between the slopes of *débris* opposite the Yosemite Fall, contracts to a furlong just below Pompompasus, the three-peaked mountain which, jutting out into the chasm in successional steps, is said to be considered by the Indians to resemble three brothers playing leapfrog. The highest of the three humps is at a height of 3830 feet above the level of the valley, and their grand proportions and bold regularity make them a very conspicuous and striking feature of the cliff scenery as one looks up the valley.

A mile further on there stand up from the summit of the southern wall of cliffs two isolated columns of granite, 500 feet in height, and separated one from the other by about the same distance. These are Wahwahlena or Cathedral Spires. They are more than 2000 feet above us, and, dimly seen through the foliage of firs and pines, seem like tall obelisks raised by the Indians in memory of some departed "brave." Beyond these again Pooseenah Chuckka, or Cathedral Rocks, frown out in sullen grandeur,

and form, in conjunction with the mighty mass of El Capitan opposite to them, the gateway to the upper end of the valley. At this point there is but little *talus* at the foot of either range of cliffs, but the granite walls trend outwards in headlands of imposing size and grandeur, until not more than half a mile separates the faces of the rival precipices. Here Yosemite is at her narrowest, and there seems barely room for the Merced, fretting sorely within very confined limits, to force its way seawards.

Tutockahnulah, or El Capitan, is well worthy of its name, for there can be no question as to its pre-eminence amongst Yosemite cliffs. It stands boldly out with its western face jutting some 300 yards in advance of the granite walls that trend away to the westward to the Virgin's Tears Fall, and forms a stupendous buttress to the ramparts, 3300 feet in vertical height. In colour it is a light yellowish grey, streaked here and there with parallel vertical lines of a brownish hue caused by the flow of water. Either face is almost perpendicular from valley to summit, and without a tree, shrub, or even the tiniest patch of grass to vary the rigid sternness of its vast extent. Scarcely a ledge or crevice is visible to which the most fearless cliff-climber could

trust his foot; the mighty headland appears a mountain-tower of masonry hewn by the chisels of the gods. At one spot on the eastern face there is a tiny cave some 2000 feet up from the base of the cliff, and in the mouth of it a young pine can just be discerned, the only sprig of green on either side of a mass of rock that must weigh many millions of tons. The enormous bulk of Tutockahnulah makes it more difficult to realize its height, than that of any other cliff or mountain in Yosemite. There is an irregular line of specks dotting its square-cut summit, and, looking from the valley, they appear to be but tiny shrubs—in reality they are pine-trees from 80 to 120 feet in height. For from two to three miles of our ride the crown of the noble headland seems to tower almost directly overhead, and this to some small extent enables us to form an idea of its stupendous proportions. Tutockahnulah is the most gigantic vertical granite cliff in the known world.

Cathedral Rocks, or the Three Graces, much resemble Pompompasus, inasmuch as they consist of three bold humps, rising step-like from the valley, but their highest peak, 2660 feet, is nearly 1200 feet lower than the rival eminence of the Three Brothers.

They are neither so vertical nor so massive as El Capitan, and pines and shrubbery cling to giddy ledges on their face. Rounding them, and fording several deep streams of exquisitely clear water, from which the thimbleberry with its raspberry-like leaves and large white blossoms springs in luxuriant clumps, we head our horses straight for the southern cliffs, and the prettiest of Yosemite scenes is before us. The Three Graces are *en profile*, and from their western side Pohono—the Spirit of the Night Wind—or the Bridal Veil, comes feathering down in a broad ribbon of foam and spray, 940 feet in height. This is the Staubbach of America, and in beauty it far surpasses its European rival. The Fall is from thirty to forty feet across at the lip, and at the time of our visit the volume of water in the creek is so great that it appears to accomplish the descent in a clear plunge. In reality, there is a projecting ledge of rocks 300 feet from the foot, on which at most seasons the water strikes and rebounds in graceful curves of spray. Much of the beauty of Pohono lies in the slow swaying of the column of water by the wind, but it owes still more of its charm to the intensely vivid tints of the double rainbow that spans it. The depth of colour and brilliancy of the blue

and crimson in the arches floating over the mist-wreaths of the Bridal Veil are not to be matched in any rainbow in the heavens, and well may an American girl, who reins in her horse by our side, exclaim admiringly, "This certainly is elegant!" The veil of water, which, by-the-bye, is more appropriately named than any other of the Yosemite wonders, is from 100 to 150 feet in width at the foot, and the rocky basin into which it falls is surrounded by trees and chaparral, from which an incessant shower of heavy drops descends to drench the enthusiast. The long flowing tresses of the young ladies are dripping, beards are thickly spangled with raindrops, and from the brim of every one's hat a tiny cataract is pouring. But one would go through a far more unpleasant ordeal than that of a shower bath with one's clothes on, in order fully to realize Pohono bathed in sunlight.

On the opposite side of the valley, half a mile west of El Capitan, is the Virgin's Tears, or Ribbon Fall, half hidden in a deep recess in the cliffs, and having the appearance of a long thread of silver hung from the heights above. The volume of water coming over it is but small even now, when the snows are melting fast, and the huge *débris* slope at its foot forbids a close acquaintance with its

- beauties; but distance lends enchantment, and it looks as fairylike and graceful as any waterfall in
- Yosemite. The cliffs enclosing the secluded nook into which it falls are vertical, and it has a clear plunge of more than 1300 feet, down to a rocky slope of forest, through which it courses in a hundred tiny cascades to the smiling meadows below.

Mirror Lake is the scene of an early visit next day. It is in the Tenaya, or North Cañon, and at a distance of some four miles from our hotel. The first half of our ride lies through meadows literally ablaze with azalea, coreopsis, lupin, larkspur, and a pretty scarlet flower much resembling the dianthus, the dark green Merced flowing placidly between clumps of live-oaks on our right. The Yosemite Fall left behind us, we pass Ummo, a vertical cliff rising to the height of 3030 feet on its eastern side, and then get a good view of Indian Cañon, a steep wooded gorge much encumbered with *débris* leading up from the valley to the Sierras above. It is possible for a hardy climber to get out of the valley by this cañon, but few have ever succeeded in their attempts. From the cliffs that flank its eastern side foams down a tall cascade, the Royal Arch Fall, dashing from rock to rock over a rugged slope

of 1800 feet. The creek here owes its water supply mainly to the melted snows on Tocoyœ, or the North Dome, which towers 3568 feet above us, a smooth rounded mass of bare greyish-yellow rock, characteristic of granite regions. This stern bluff appears inaccessible, but it has been ascended more than once. The cliffs from which the hump springs are vertical, and 2000 feet high, and a taller rounded buttress, Washington Tower, not unlike a castle keep, marks the division of the valley from the North Cañon. Huge arches seem to have been cut on the face of Tocoyœ cliffs, owing to large slabs of rock having slipped away under the action of water, which has stained the granite with numerous ribbons of yellow and brown.

Heading up Tenaya Cañon, our trail becomes devious, owing to the enormous masses of *débris*, some of which are as big as many a villa in London suburbs. On our right rises the grandest of Yosemite mountains and cliffs, Tissaack, the South or Half Dome. Professor Whitney speaks of it as unique in the known world, and no one who has seen this stupendous mass of granite will be in a hurry to question his statement. Tissaack is certainly Tutockahnulah's better half. It is a dome of

• bare rock, the highest part of which is 4737 feet above the valley, with its western half cut off as if
• with a chisel, so vertical and smooth is the exposed face. From Tenaya Cañon rises a steep slope of solid granite—not *débris*—for 2500 feet, and above this frowns a sheer precipice of 2000 feet, without a ledge or crevice, or even a tiny tussock of grass visible throughout its breadth and height. To the east the mountain is as smoothly rounded as the half of a billiard ball, and unless a succession of steps are hewn out of the granite up an ascent of 2700 feet, it must remain inaccessible. Hitherto it has defied the most experienced mountaineers of the Sierra Nevada, and the summit of the South Dome has never been trodden by human foot. Curious to relate, this barren summit, with its spotless expanse of snow, is not entirely destitute of vegetation. One tall tree with widespreading branches, which naturalists, who have brought telescopes to bear upon it, pronounce a juniper, crowns the mighty mass with a dark-green wreath—a wonderful instance of vitality *in extremis*.

Mirror Lake is a pretty little sheet of water, eight acres in extent, surrounded by thick chapparal, swarming with mosquitoes, which, in conjunction

with the icy coldness of the water, deter us from our projected bathe. The towering cliffs of the North and South Domes and Mount Watkins, named after the photographer of San Francisco whose views first made Yosemite famous, shelter the lake from all winds, and so unruffled is its surface that the reflection of the colours and outline of the cliffs and shrubbery is almost as distinct and clear as the reality. There is a small boat on the lake, in which we row across its expanse of glass, and mar for a few minutes the exquisite beauty of the reflections. Landing almost directly beneath the frowning precipices of the South Dome, we wander for a few hundred yards over slopes of *talus*, but beyond the lake Tenaya Cañon is almost impassable. About a mile above Mirror Lake is Tenaya Lake, some forty acres in extent, and here there is a small cascade, the Tenaya Falls, 200 feet in height, but not one in a hundred visitors penetrates so far into the cañon as this. But the reflections in Mirror Lake form one of the most beautiful features of Yosemite scenery.

In the afternoon we set off to explore the South Cañon, taking necessities for passing the night at Snow's Hotel at the foot of the Nevada Fall. Keeping close to the south bank of the Merced, Glacier

• Point is the first object of note on our right. It is a grand headland, jutting out between the valley and • the South Cañon, and rising almost perpendicularly to the height of 3700 feet. The upper half of the cliff is of light grey granite, but the lower is perfectly white, and it is from this, I conclude, that the name is derived. The South Cañon affords throughout its entire length a panorama of wilder grandeur than is to be seen in any other part of the valley. It is watered by the main stream of the Merced, into which, just below Glacier Point, runs the Illilouette stream, which, a couple of miles away, at the head of the fork, we can just see plunging over the cliffs in a fine cataract, 600 feet high. This is Tuloolweack, the Illilouette Fall, but owing to the huge masses of rock that block up the end of the cañon, it is almost impossible to get a near view of its mist-laden column.

Fording the stream, we head up the fork along the left bank of the Merced, and, beneath the shade of a dense forest of firs and live-oaks, are soon rejoicing in the many varied tints of rock and foliage. The trail winds maze-like amongst enormous blocks of granite rearing themselves out of shrubberies of azalea ; on our left the river, a torrent of seething

foam, is roaring over huge water-worn masses of rock and fallen trees; around us are magnificent specimens of conifers, some of which are 150 feet in height, and through their dark foliage the long lines of cliffs, rising to the height of upwards of 2000 feet, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from us on either side, seem to tower in silent majesty immediately over our heads.

A ride of a couple of miles through scenery the grandeur of which no words can adequately describe, brings us to the foot of the cascades below the Vernal Fall. Here the Merced comes foaming down a sombre gorge between inaccessible cliffs in a descent of some 600 feet, roaring over granite steps in many cases twenty feet in height for a distance of half a mile. The trail, hewn out of the side of the southern cliff, leads steeply upwards, and, leaving our horses at a small weatherboard hut, we climb along a slippery path for 200 yards, and reach the foot of Piwyack, or the Cataract of Diamonds—the Vernal Fall of American nomenclature. Hither Lady Franklin was carried in a roughly extemporized palanquin, and a flat rock jutting into the cascades just below the fall bears her name.

Piwyack is a clear fall of 400 feet, and rendered

doubly beautiful by the great breadth of the column of water, which is at least 100 feet across at the lip, and pours down in a rippling torrent, like the tresses of a maiden's hair. Immediately in front of the amphitheatre of cliffs into which it plunges rises a tall sugar-pine, every spray of which stands out boldly defined against the background of snowy foam; whilst, second only in brilliancy to that of Pohono, a double rainbow spans its cloud of mist. Remounting, we turn our backs upon Piwyack, and continue the ascent for rather more than a mile through sparse forest, from which we suddenly emerge into full view of the Nevada Fall. In front of us towers up Mahtah, or the Cap of Liberty, a huge hump of granite, accessible on one side only, and rising to an altitude of 3600 feet above the valley. Immediately at its foot is Snow's Hotel, a long low building, to which we send on our horses in charge of the guide, and climb down the granite slope to the lip of Piwyack.

On the southern brink of the fall is a singular parapet split by nature out of the rock, and over this one can lean and watch the broad sheet take its plunge into the misty abyss. Fifty yards away are tall ladders, by which we descend the face of the cliff

to the rocks at the foot of the fall; they are quite safe, even for ladies, but a few years ago a visitor lost his footing and his life in stretching from them to gather some of the beautiful ferns that clothe the rocky ledges. The view down the gorge from the edge of the fall is one of the wildest magnificence, and hardly to be surpassed in the valley. A snowy line between sombre clumps of pines from which the cliffs rise abruptly from 1500 to 2000 feet marks the passage of the Merced over a succession of superb rapids, and a mile off beyond the dark forest of the South Cañon is another stern granite rampart, 3000 feet in height, and trending upwards to Glacier Point, behind the crags of which the sun is setting in a broad blaze of gold.

Half a mile above Piwyack is Yowiye, or the Nevada Fall, and the Merced, pouring down from the summit of the cliffs above the latter cataract, descends no less than 2000 feet in a distance of two miles. For a quarter of a mile above Piwyack the river rushes at terrific speed over a smooth descent of granite, with scarcely a rock or boulder in its bed to break the even surface of its race-like current. A river rushing down a steep gradient unencumbered by *débris* of any sort is no common sight, and the

Silver Shoot is beautiful indeed. Just before sliding over this shoot the Merced passes over the grandest rapid in Yosemite, roaring downwards twenty feet in an impetuous torrent twice that distance across, and sending showers of spray flying far over the race of foam below. Above this cascade a series of wild rapids extends to the foot of Yowiye.

Professor Whitney is of opinion that this fall is one of the grandest in the world for scenery and vertical height. Its Indian name signifies "meandering," and this was probably derived from a peculiar twist in the first hundred feet of the fall, caused by a jutting ledge of rock. Four hundred feet from the lip the body of water hits a projecting obelisk, only visible in late summer, and bursts outwards and upwards 150 feet in glorious volumes of spray before plunging down the last 300 feet on to the wilderness of rocks in the mist-wreaths below. Our party turn out after tea to enjoy the effect of a brilliant moon shedding its rays over one of the most exquisite "bits" of mountain scenery in the known world. Tissaack and Mahtah are sleeping peacefully, not a sound comes from their mighty precipices, on the white faces of which here and there tall pines on jutting crags cast a sombre

shadow ; beneath our feet gleams the Merced like a torrent of molten silver, and, beyond Piwyack's white tresses brought out in vivid relief against the weird gloom of the pine forests in the deep cañon below, the grand ramparts of the Glacier Point cliffs rise to meet the sky. The hoar frost is glistening like a myriad diamonds on granite and grass, for here we are 5600 feet above the sea, and the night wind and driving mist from the fall are chilling after the heat of the day, but cold and wet are unnoticed in the contemplation of Yowiye by moonlight. Its broad column is glowing with light, the bouquets of spray seem luminous veils of airy lace thrown outwards in graceful curves and folds, and over the mist-clouds that envelop the foot of the fall a lunar bow casts its faint span of white. Pohono bathed in sunlight is scarcely more beautiful than Yowiye beneath the bright beams of a full moon.

Snow's Hotel is more primitive than those in the valley, above which it is at an elevation of 1600 feet, and its solitude and difficulty of access render a regular mule transport train for the conveyance of its supplies an absolute necessity. However it is a well-built wooden house, and able to accommodate

as many as forty visitors at a pinch. Behind it, at a distance of 300 yards, the gigantic mass of Mahtah rises abruptly, and it is quite near enough, for a year ago an enormous block of granite detached itself, and almost overwhelmed the hotel beneath a mountain of *débris*.

Next morning, long before the sun has melted the hoar frost from our verandah, our party are again in the saddle, and ride up a steep trail between Mahtah and Yowiye. The ascent is so close to the fall that we have a grand series of views of it, together with the cascades at its side throughout our long climb, and, after exploring its beauties from below, from above, and from either side, we wonder no longer at Professor Whitney's admiration. The lip of the fall, though turning to the left instead of the right, is not unlike that of the Yosemite Fall, but far broader, being sixty feet across, and discharging probably three times the volume of water. From halfway up the ascent the magnificent masses, wreaths and eddies of spray into which the Merced bursts on the rocky obelisk in the centre of the fall, are seen at their best, and may be described as the most beautiful feature of this, one of the most beautiful waterfalls in the world.

Leaving Yowiye behind us, we ride for some half a mile up the Little Yosemite Valley, and then crossing the Merced on a wooden bridge, head westward to the line of cliffs trending to Glacier Point. The Little Yosemite Valley is at an elevation of 6000 feet above the sea, and in many features closely resembles the valley of valleys, from which we have just ascended. Except at its northern end, where it falls away in a sheer precipice into the Nevada fork of the South Cañon, it is all but surrounded by walls of cliff from 2000 feet to 3000 feet in height, capped here and there with massive rounded mountains like the North Dome and Mahtah, and flanked by tall imposing buttresses, such as Washington Tower. The bed of the valley is beautifully grassed, and as bright with flowers as its larger sister. The Little Yosemite, however, has but one waterfall, a cascade of 1200 feet over a steeply-sloping mass of light yellow granite, not to be compared for beauty with any one of the falls below. This mountain meadow is four miles long, and averages a mile in breadth ; its scenery is beautiful, and in some places even grand, but, compared to the Yosemite itself, it is tame and insignificant.

In the forest, through which we ride for a couple

of hours on the Glacier Point Trail, we see numberless ice-plants, bright scarlet fleshy stalks, which, beneath the deep shade of the pines, look like tongues of flame shooting up from the ground. Otherwise we see few flowers besides the light lilac tassels of the manzanita, and deep patches of snow begin to take the place of the brilliant beds of colour which charm the eye in the valleys. Illilouette Creek, where we cross the stream of that name, is a very pretty little meadow, and a favourite bivouac for hunters, deer being often met with. A quarter of a mile from the bridge is Tuloolweack, or the Illilouette Fall, and in the course of a long *détour* we catch a glimpse of its spray, but as yet there are no facilities for a close inspection of its beauties. It is a slender cataract of 600 feet, but has neither the volume nor the grandeur of Yowiye.

Leaving Illilouette Creek behind us, we fairly strike the Glacier Point cliffs at last, and for three miles proceed slowly along the terraced side of a steep sparsely-wooded incline, a few hundred feet down which the cliffs fall away in the sheer precipices characteristic of the valley. The ascent, though wearisome to the horses, is neither difficult nor dangerous, and, riding at a foot's pace, we have

ample opportunities of watching the great white peaks of the distant Sierras rising one by one behind the further range of cliffs. By tacit understanding we soon give up ejaculating "Superb!" "Glorious!" and similar expressions of admiring wonderment as scene after scene of infinite grandeur opens before us, and the last mile up to Glacier Point is ridden in solemn silence.

The view down into the Yosemite from the granite ramparts of Glacier Point is said to be the grandest of all views of the valley from above, but perhaps it is equalled by that from Cloud's Rest, the ridge-like mountain beyond Tissaack in the Tenaya Cañon. At the end of the Point are several huge rounded masses of granite over the very humps of which we lean and gaze downwards 3700 feet into Yosemite. Between the stupendous cliffs that trend away east and west the valley seems a mere narrow ribbon of light green, dotted with spots and seamed down the centre with a thread of white, and, beyond the chessboard-like orchard of Mr. Lamon, little is distinguishable from so great a height. We look down on massive El Capitan and North Dome, and the half-mile of water in Cholock appears quite a tiny fall, till a strong gust of wind, slowly swaying

its snowy column, tells plainly its marvellous height. Mirror Lake is but a mere patch of dark-green water in the sombre setting of pines, and in the South Cañon spread out on our right, the magnificent rapids of the Merced dwindle to a long white streak, whilst Piwyack and Yowiye appear no higher than the race over a mill-wheel. The huge proportions of Mahtah, too, seem dwarfed, and from our lofty stand-point we appear to look down upon all the wonders of Yosemite. One only rears its mighty mass above us, more stupendous in grandeur at this height than when viewed from the valley below. Tissaack, the most marvellous mountain of granite in the world, is before us, and from Glacier Point the split dome is seen in all its majesty, its tremendous precipices and inaccessible hump crowned by the lone juniper tree, standing against the helmet-like eastern sky. Tissaack viewed from here is the most awe-inspiring object in Yosemite.

Having discussed a hearty lunch on the banks of the little stream, which, now in early summer, fed by melting snows, forms the succession of tiny cascades down the cliff-face called the Glacier Falls, we remount, and retracing our steps for a short distance, strike a dim trail on the right, and plunge once more

into the depth of the mountain forest. Although we are at an altitude of 8000 feet above the sea-level some of the trees are of great size, a few of them reaching 200 feet in height, with trunks of beautiful symmetry. A ride of a mile and a half brings us to the base of the huge mound of granite which forms the summit of Sentinel Dome. On the northern half of the dome the snow is from six to eight feet in depth, but the smooth cap at the top is perfectly free from it, and in its place are several patches of tiny yellow and lilac flowers. A gnarled and stunted yellow pine, corresponding to the juniper of Tissaack, finds just enough earth to cover its straggling roots, seeming almost ashamed of its attempt to support existence on so barren and exposed an eminence. Sentinel Dome is 4200 feet above the valley, and hence we get our grandest view over the Sierra Nevada Range. I made no mention of the mountain views from Glacier Point, because the very same peaks are to be seen to far greater advantage from Sentinel Dome.

Magnificent indeed is the panorama. To the west sweeps away almost unbroken forest, intersected here and there by deep dark gorges. Turning northward, a broad plain of snow extends from

- Yosemite precipice-edges to Mount Hoffmann, the tall peaks of which reach an altitude exceeding 10,000
- feet, and form a group of imposing proportions. Tenaya Lake is just visible in the gloomy cañon which bears its name, and beyond Tissaack, 8737 feet, and Cloud's Rest, 9800 feet, the dazzling field of snow, broken here and there by clumps of pines, stretches as far as the eye can reach. Unicorn Peak, with its needle-like apex, Castle Peak, 13,000 feet, near lonely Mono Lake, of which Mark Twain relates his experience, and Mount Conness on the distant horizon, rise conspicuous amongst a forest of lofty eminences, but the monarch of them all is Mount Dana, 13,227 feet, the pyramidal outline of which looms dimly up forty miles away. Cathedral Peak, rising to the height of 11,000 feet, is the next mighty crag; eastwards is Mount Clark, 11,600 feet, and then, frowning over the forest-clad slopes of far ravines, rears the huge hump of Mount Lyell, 13,217 feet, whilst the symmetrical and inaccessible peak of Mount Starr King, 11,000 feet, cuts the southern horizon, and completes a panorama of mountains, cliffs, valleys, and waterfalls as wonderful for its endless variety as for its infinite extent.

We now turn our horses' heads homewards, and

riding back on our old trail, repass Glacier Point, and follow along the cliffs to the westward through thick shrubbery. We soon commence the descent by the customary zigzag path, and for some two hours or more our horses plod slowly and carefully downwards. They are very sure-footed, or it would be rather nervous work, for at nearly every second turn in the trail the green meadows of Yosemite, more than 2000 feet below, are seen between one's horse's ears, and a false step might easily result in one's falling that distance without a rebound. A third of the way down is Union Point, a jutting crag crowned with a flagstaff and commanding a grand general view of the valley, and a hundred feet below is Agassiz Column, a pillar of rock thirty feet high, standing on so small a base that it almost appears possible to topple it over into the abyss below. Loya, or Sentinel Rock, now rears its mighty obelisk straight before us, and there is not a more superb granite monument in the world. From the *débris* piles in the valley to the tiny peaked rock which forms its summit is 3043 feet of nearly vertical height. The lower two-thirds of the cliff has in several places pines and firs clinging to narrow ledges, but the topmost thousand feet is as sheer a

precipice as even the western face of Tissaack, and not a spray of green is visible to break the monotony of the expanse of grey. It is this mighty cliff that, apparently a hundred yards, but in reality half a mile distant, seems to tower directly over our hotel, and its peaked summit stands up 700 feet above the long range of walls that hem in the valley. From its western side comes tumbling down a tall cascade, the Sentinel Falls, 2300 feet in height, but not of sufficient volume to be noteworthy in a region where waterfalls are so magnificent. We reach our hotel at six p.m., after a pleasant two-days' ride, only regretting that we had not another day at our disposal for the excursion from Snow's to Cloud's Rest.

This is our last night in Yosemite, and we sit long on a fallen pine in front of our hotel, watching the moonbeams glancing on Cholock's tall obelisk of spray. Vainly do we long for four months instead of four days to linger over the beauties of this glorious valley. It cannot be. Nine o'clock next morning sees our pack-mule loaded and headed westward by the guide, and we ourselves, loth to change our quarters, walk our horses down the glades of Yosemite towards Inspiration Point. Two hours later

we have completed the ascent, and draw rein on the headland, where Americans say that every one is allowed five minutes to "gush." A last lingering look at the glories of cliff and woodland and waterfall stretching away beneath our feet to where, ten miles away, the lofty ridge of Cloud's Rest is crowned with a whirling snowstorm, and we bid farewell to Yosemite, and ride off slowly and sorrowfully "through the dim forest 'gainst a rushing wind."

CHAPTER XV.

ABOUT YOSEMITE.

Discovery of the Yosemite Valley—The Digger Indians—Hotels and Hotel Expenses—Horses, Saddles, and Riding Costumes—The Buildings in the Valley—Yosemite Photographs—Routes to the Valley—The Hetch Hetchy Valley—The Total Cost of a Visit to Yosemite—Table of Heights of Waterfalls, Cliffs, and Mountains—Winter in the Valley—When to Visit Yosemite.

ALTHOUGH Yosemite has been visited by tourists for nearly fifteen years, few but Americans and travellers through California know much about it, and many thousands of Englishmen, who are well up in the beauties of Switzerland, have heard no more than the name of the monarch of valleys. Some of our countrymen may be interested to learn a few facts about this marvel of the West, and how best to manage a visit to the recesses of the Sierra Nevada.

This part of the mighty range which separates California from Nevada seems to have been quite unexplored until 1851. Early in the spring of that

year, the Indians made a raid on several of the ranches amongst the western foot-hills, and drove off several hundred head of cattle. The settlers organized a well-mounted and well-armed band to recover their property, and tracked the marauders over the mountains down into the valley, where they found them keeping high festival in honour of their success. The Indians were easily routed, and their numbers have, since that event, been sensibly diminished, owing to a determined battle with another tribe. The Diggers have never dared to dispute the supremacy of the whites since their marauding propensities were so rudely checked.

Yosemite was first regularly visited by tourists in 1856, when a small party made a pilgrimage and camped out in the valley. Several years elapsed before Mr. Hutchings, the naturalist and historian of Yosemite, built his hotel, and even now it is no uncommon occurrence for a party of visitors to ride from Merced into the valley, bringing with them on pack-mules tents, provisions, cooking apparatus, baggage, &c., to last them throughout their stay. Two such parties were under canvas near Mr. Lamon's orchard whilst we were at Black's Hotel, and very comfortable and merry they seemed.

• The few Indians that are still living in Yosemite inhabit tumbledown huts, and earn a scanty pittance by catching fish in the Merced. Some of the men are tall and well-made, but they are neither good-looking nor particularly cleanly, and seem to abjure hair-cutting. They are decidedly averse to holding much communication with the whites, and not even the offer of a quarter-dollar would induce one of them to face the camera when our party were being photographed.

There are now three hotels in the valley proper, and a fourth 1600 feet up the cliffs beneath the Nevada Fall. Those in the valley are Leidig's, Black's and Hutchings's, all comfortable houses, the last-named the largest and most crowded. Each of them commands a view of the great Yosemite Fall, and the two former seem to be built immediately beneath the marvellous obelisk of Sentinel Rock. Leidig's is about three and a half miles distant from the Bridal Veil Fall, Black's half a mile higher up the valley, and Hutchings's as far again. The ground between these two last-named houses is generally more or less under water, and a planked walk has consequently been constructed from one to the other.

At present Yosemite is not spoilt by the invasion of an army of tourists, but it seems likely not to remain so very long. The fame of the scenery is attracting more visitors every summer, and before many years have sped, I quite expect to hear that a railway has been constructed into the valley, so that travellers may dine in San Francisco and yet from the windows of their Silver Palace Sleeping Car see the sun rise in all its glory from behind Cloud's Rest. Already there is a "Cosmopolitan" clubhouse, adjoining Hutchings's Hotel, where the click of billiard balls may be heard all day long, and El Capitan cocktails and Bridal Veil juleps are concocted for the thirsty mountaineer at a moment's notice. Tiring as is the long stage journey, those who desire to see Yosemite should not delay their visit, or the iron horse may be before them, and banish romance for ever.

The cost of living at the hotels is three and a half dollars a day, and, taking into consideration that the valley is between forty and fifty miles from the nearest town, the charge is not exorbitant. The food is good and the rooms clean, and if a cold bath in the morning is not to be had, and one is charged a quarter-dollar extra for having one's boots blacked,

it must not be forgotten that, at least in other respects, we are faring quite sumptuously in the wilds.

Horses can be hired at three dollars a day, and if a party of several visitors are mounted, a guide is generally "thrown in." The animals are not of striking symmetry or wonderful speed, but they are not to be judged by their looks. It is sure-footedness and not pace that one wants in Yosemite, and this essential quality is possessed by them in a wonderful degree. The Mexican saddles and stirrups look odd to an English eye, but they will be found very useful in ascending and descending a steep mountain trail. Side-saddles are almost unknown in the valley, and the ladies, many of whom wear Bloomer costume, ride, as a rule, astride, after the fashion of the other sex.

The Yosemite Valley has been presented to the State of California by the U.S. Government as a great national park, and so plots of land in it cannot be taken up by any settler. Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Lamon claim their title to their selections as the earliest settlers, and at the time of our visit the question as to their right to the land is still pending. Besides the hotels there are but a few houses in the

valley. There is one store, a large wooden hut for dances and "orations," a laundry and a photographic studio : a few tiny weatherboard cottages complete the list.

Whilst speaking of photographs, I may as well warn visitors who take Yosemite on their way from San Francisco across the continent, that only small-sized and stereoscopic views are to be obtained in the valley, so that a walk through the galleries of Messrs. Houseworth, Watkins, or Bradley and Rulofson must not be forgotten before leaving the city. Their landscape photographs are generally considered to be the finest in the world.

One of the three routes to the valley I have already described, and perhaps the most popular, that by Mariposa, I shall tell of in relating my journey from the valley to the Big Trees. The third route is by way of the Calaveras Big Trees, and is not only longer, but involves sleeping another night on the road.

At a distance of some sixty miles by trail from Yosemite is another valley not unlike it in formation and general aspect, but as yet it has been little more than explored, and tourists know it not. Professor Whitney gives the length of the Hetch Hetchy

Valley as three miles, and speaks of it as resembling Yosemite, but with walls not so high. It lies to the north of Yosemite, and is reached by a horse trail over thirty-eight miles of mountainous country from Big Oak Flat, one of the stopping places on the Calaveras route. It has a rock resembling El Capitan, but of smaller dimensions and not exceeding 1800 feet in height. It also boasts a fall of 1000 feet vertical ; but the grandest waterfall in the valley is the Hetch Hetchy Fall, a succession of cascades, 1700 feet in height, and with a greater volume of water than the Yosemite Fall. The Hetch Hetchy Valley seems to be Yosemite in miniature.

I may briefly state that the total cost of a visit to Yosemite, allowing four days in the valley, and reckoning travelling expenses from and to Lathrop, where one leaves the main line across the continent, need not exceed 20/. This sum will include all travelling expenses, board and lodging, horse hire, guides' fees, tolls in the valley, and the expense of a visit to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. The trip will take eight days in all.

A few Yosemite statistics, and this chapter may be brought to a close. I have already said that the valley is eight miles in length and from half a mile

to thrice that distance in breadth. It contains 1141 acres of land in all, and of this area 745 acres are meadow-land; the rest consists of tracts of sandy soil sparsely scattered with fine forest trees and ferns. American geologists have failed to agree in their opinions as to the formation of the valley. The majority consider it to have been caused by an enormous glacier, some by the flow of water, others again by volcanic agency. Professor Whitney, who has given the neighbouring mountains a complete survey, holds that the Yosemite was formed by subsidence, that here the earth opened and swallowed up a large tract of country, and perhaps the small *débris* piles to some extent bear out his view.

As far as possible I have adopted Professor Whitney's measurements in compiling the following table of

YOSEMITE HEIGHTS.

WATERFALLS.

Indian Name.	American Name.	Height in Feet.
	The Cascades . . .	1200
Pohono	Bridal Veil Fall . . .	940
	Virgin's Tears Fall . .	1300
Loya	Sentinel Falls . . .	2300
Cholock	Yosemite Falls . . .	2634
First Fall, 1600 ft. vertical; Second Fall, 634 ft. cascades.		
Third Fall, 400 ft. vertical: the highest Fall in the world.		

Indian Name.	American Name.	Height in Feet.
Tocoyce	Royal Arch Falls . . .	1800
Tuloolweack	Illilouette Fall . . .	600
Piwyack	Vernal Fall	400
Yowiye	Nevada Fall	700

CLIFFS AND MOUNTAINS.

Indian Name.	American Name.	Height above Valley in Feet.
	Inspiration Point . . .	2973
Pooseenah Chukka . . .	Cathedral Rocks . . .	2660
Wahwahlena	Cathedral Spires . . .	2400
Tutockahnulah	El Capitan	3300
Loya	Sentinel Rock	3043
	Sentinel Dome	4150
Ummo	Yosemite Fall Cliffs . .	3030
Pompompasus	Three Brothers	3830
Patillima	Glacier Point	3700
Hefsetuckahnah	Union Point	2500
Tocoyce	North Dome	3568
Hunto	Washington Tower . . .	2400
Wayau	Mount Watkins	3900
Tissaack	South Dome	4737
	Cloud's Rest	5737
Mahtah	Cap of Liberty	3600

The bottom of the valley is 4000 feet above the level of the sea. It is almost deserted during the winter months: the hotels are shut up, and not more than twenty people live in Yosemite between November and April. Last winter was the most severe that has been known for twenty-five years,

and the snow lay nine feet deep in the valley. Hence the flooded magnificence of the waterfalls in June. This month is by far the best for a visit to Yosemite, for the flowers as well as the falls are at their best, and it must not be forgotten that in late summer and autumn the Great Yosemite Fall dwindles down to a long trailing thread of silver. Yosemite in June is Paradise on earth.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

From Inspiration Point to Peregoy's—Forest Scenery—Clark and Moore's—The Mariposa Big Trees—The Upper Grove—Wahwonoh—The Fallen Monarch—Appearance and Nomenclature of the Trees—Their Bark, Wood, Cones, and Seed—The Lower Grove—The Grizzly Giant—Big Tree Groves—Comparison between the Californian *Sequoia* and the Australian *Eucalyptus*—Mariposa.

TWENTY-THREE miles of forest lie between the Yosemite Valley and Clark and Moore's Hotel, where *voyageurs* halt for a day to visit the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. There is no road over the mountains but simply a horseback trail, and the want of enterprise on the Mariposa side of the Valley is much deplored by the hotel proprietors. However, riding through the mountain forest is far pleasanter than driving, and the scenery is as varied as it is beautiful. For some miles from Inspiration Point we traverse a rolling plateau-like country, consisting of low well-wooded ridges with pretty green valleys between them, in which

the snow is lying several feet deep, even although, it is the height of the Californian summer. Down the centre of these tiny valleys run brawling streamlets, fed by runnels from the snow-banks, against the white humps of which wild flowers stand out in perfect masses of colour. The fresh mountain breeze is swaying the tall spires of the graceful silver firs, drifting a leaf here, and a petal there, and bearing on its wing the spicy odour of the pines, mingled with the perfume of many a parterre of flowers. The shrubs here flourish most luxuriantly, and on every side the pink tassels of the manzanita and the white and light blue clusters of the *Ceanothus* or Californian lilac light up the sombre hues of the foliage.

At one P.M. we reach Peregoy's, Mountain View House, a neat little hotel prettily situated on the borders of an extensive meadow, and here we enjoy a better dinner than we have had since leaving San Francisco. The soup would have done credit to the *chef* of the Trois Frères in the Palais Royal in days gone by. After dinner, R. and I resume our journey alone, the long ride being too tiring for one of the brothers L. to undertake. We see but little life in the forest, though deer are to be met

with in fair numbers, and a bear is by no means uncommon: squirrels are the largest game that we come across in the day's ride. Four hours at a foot's pace, and at sunset we emerge from a deep ravine, and see the snowy peak of Mount Raymond flushing bright rose-pink, and beneath us the rapids of the south fork of the Merced with Clark's Hotel nestling amongst the pines on the further bank. How good is the tea that follows, and how we do yarn with Mr. Moore over tobacco and a roaring fire of pine-logs, about the marvels of Yosemite.

We spend the next day in wandering up and down the beautiful fork of the Merced, and vainly whipping the stream. The scenery is charming, and after the hard work of the past week we rejoice in a thoroughly lazy day. The following morning we ride off to the Mariposa Grove, six miles distant over the mountains, through the glorious forest, the ever-varying beauties of which never fail to elicit admiration.

A delightful ride of an hour and a half brings us to the Upper Grove, which is at an elevation of 5500 feet above the sea. This grove is three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, and contains 365 trees exceeding a foot in diameter. Of

this number 125 trees have a circumference exceeding forty feet, and the highest attains an altitude of 272 feet. The largest tree in the Upper Grove is, I think, called Wahwonoh, and measures 92 feet 7 inches in girth and 260 feet in height. One of the most magnificent specimens lies prostrate with its trunk completely burnt out, and up the huge tunnel thus formed we ride for a distance of more than seventy feet without bending our heads. This is the Fallen Monarch, and was evidently the grandest tree in the Upper Grove: it is calculated that when standing it measured forty feet in diameter and 400 feet in height.

The larger trees, with but very few exceptions, are sadly damaged by forest fires, their trunks, in many cases to a height of sixty feet, being blackened and burnt away. Of one of the mightiest of all—Pluto's Chimney—only thirty feet remain, and through several of those which still have tall branches green with foliage, we ride as through Temple Bar, for they are but mere shells pierced with one or more doors and windows.

The scenery in the Grove is remarkably beautiful beneath the brilliant Californian sky. From a dense undergrowth of various kinds of evergreen shrubs

and bright flowers rise on all sides the huge, ruddy trunks—straight, symmetrical, and branchless—often to a height of 200 feet, looking like enormous masts grown ready for Brobdingnagian *Great Easterns*. In the largest specimens the lower limbs are in many instances five feet in diameter. Here and there one comes upon two or three grand trunks only separated by a foot or two, and appearing to spring from a single root. To such as these, names of The Twins, The Three Brothers, The Sisters, have been given, and are made known to the visitors by title-boards nailed to the bark. These may be appropriate, but Bret Harte, U. S. Grant, Lincoln, Colonel Scott, and Lesseps are only a few of many instances of absurd nomenclature. The Governor and Donald Stannaford are perhaps the handsomest and least burnt of all the trees in the Grove. Where we stand close to their butts, and amongst patches of iris and Mariposa lily, all is still and shaded by the thick canopy of leaves 200 feet above us, but, looking up the huge columns of red wood, we can see the topmost boughs bending and waving to and fro in the brisk mountain breeze.

The bark of the *Sequoia gigantea* is brownish-red in colour, and on the largest trees occasionally ex-

this number 125 trees have a circumference exceeding forty feet, and the highest attains an altitude of 272 feet. The largest tree in the Upper Grove is, I think, called Wahwonoh, and measures 92 feet 7 inches in girth and 260 feet in height. One of the most magnificent specimens lies prostrate with its trunk completely burnt out, and up the huge tunnel thus formed we ride for a distance of more than seventy feet without bending our heads. This is the Fallen Monarch, and was evidently the grandest tree in the Upper Grove: it is calculated that when standing it measured forty feet in diameter and 400 feet in height.

The larger trees, with but very few exceptions, are sadly damaged by forest fires, their trunks, in many cases to a height of sixty feet, being blackened and burnt away. Of one of the mightiest of all—Pluto's Chimney—only thirty feet remain, and through several of those which still have tall branches green with foliage, we ride as through Temple Bar, for they are but mere shells pierced with one or more doors and windows.

The scenery in the Grove is remarkably beautiful beneath the brilliant Californian sky. From a dense undergrowth of various kinds of evergreen shrubs

and bright flowers rise on all sides the huge, ruddy trunks—straight, symmetrical, and branchless—often to a height of 200 feet, looking like enormous masts grown ready for Brobdingnagian *Great Easterns*. In the largest specimens the lower limbs are in many instances five feet in diameter. Here and there one comes upon two or three grand trunks only separated by a foot or two, and appearing to spring from a single root. To such as these, names of The Twins, The Three Brothers, The Sisters, have been given, and are made known to the visitors by title-boards nailed to the bark. These may be appropriate, but Bret Harte, U. S. Grant, Lincoln, Colonel Scott, and Lesseps are only a few of many instances of absurd nomenclature. The Governor and Donald Stannaford are perhaps the handsomest and least burnt of all the trees in the Grove. Where we stand close to their butts, and amongst patches of iris and Mariposa lily, all is still and shaded by the thick canopy of leaves 200 feet above us, but, looking up the huge columns of red wood, we can see the topmost boughs bending and waving to and fro in the brisk mountain breeze.

The bark of the *Sequoia gigantea* is brownish-red in colour, and on the largest trees occasionally ex-

ceeds eighteen inches in thickness. Beneath the layer of bark the wood is of a faint red, soft and light, and has a straight grain. The cones are about equal in size to a bantam's egg, and naturalists describe the seeds as a quarter of an inch long, a sixth of an inch wide, and as thin as parchment.

The Big Trees in the Lower Grove are eighty-six in number, and much more scattered, but one of them has the reputation of being in girth the largest living tree in the known world. This is the Grizzly Giant, and it measures 93 feet 7 inches in circumference at the ground, and 64 feet 3 inches at eleven feet up the trunk. Several of its branches, Professor Whitney says, exceed 18 feet in circumference, and so are as large as a noble English forest tree. It is unfortunately much burnt, and its top also shows signs of considerable damage from storms, so that it is not nearly so symmetrical as many of its neighbours.

Twenty years have now elapsed since the *Sequoia gigantea* was first introduced as a new species by botanists. The tree has been found to thrive as a shrub in many different parts of the world, but it grows naturally in some eight groves only on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, between 34°

and 41° north latitude, though there may be other groves as yet undiscovered in the recesses of the mountains. The Mariposa, Calaveras, Tuolumne, Merced, Fresno, and Tulare are the groves best known to fame, and the first two are those most visited. The Calaveras Grove was the first discovered, and contains ninety-two trees exceeding 15 feet in diameter. One of the fallen monarchs is reckoned to have been 450 feet in height, and 40 feet in diameter, and its age is estimated at 2500 years, so that it was an old tree when Rome was in the height of her glory !

The Tulare Grove is said to be eight miles long, and to contain larger trees than either the Mariposa or Calaveras groves, one of them being 123 feet in circumference twelve feet from the ground, but I have not heard that this measurement has been authenticated.

However, in girth the *Sequoia gigantea* is, as far as is known, unsurpassed, but in height it is decidedly thrown into the shade by the Australian *Eucalyptus*. In Gipps Land, Victoria, the state surveyor of forests measured a fallen gum-tree, the trunk of which was bridging a deep ravine, exceeding 450 feet in height from the roots, but as its top had been broken off where

it measured five feet in diameter, he considered the tree to have been considerably more than 500 feet high when alive. The tallest *Sequoia* now standing, and accurately measured, is stated to be 327 feet in height; this specimen is in the Calaveras Grove, whence came the bark which was set up and afterwards destroyed by fire in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

The following morning, unable to wait any longer for our two friends still at Peregoy's, we start by coach for Merced, distant sixty-eight miles, at six A.M. The first ten miles are most enjoyable, the road being in good order, whilst from the Summit, five miles from Clark's Hotel, one obtains a view over eighty miles of the San Joaquin Valley to the Coast Range, which well repays one for the dust and jolting of the whole day's journey. We drive up the main street of Mariposa shortly after noon, and spend three-quarters of an hour in washing, brushing, and dining. Mariposa, like Coulterville, is a deserted mining town, and idleness reigns where once all was life and activity. There is a fine gaol, but the inhabitants of the town say that "the population is too small for it to pay," even if they "all went in at once!" There are some handsome stone houses, but

nearlly all of them are shut up, and the two churches are also closed, for there is no one to "run the gospel mill."

From Mariposa to Merced we traverse identical plains of grain mile after mile for five hours to those lying between Merced and Snellings. Again, too, there is a mere apology for a road, and long before we reach the El Capitan Hotel we are ready to back the San Joaquin Valley to produce more dust in a given number of miles than any other valley in the known world.

CHAPTER XVII.

ACROSS CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.

The San Joaquin Valley—The Richest Corn-land in the World—
Volunteer Crops—Modes of Reaping—Waste of Straw—A
Boundless Ocean of Corn—Tobacco, Oranges, and Silk—
Stockton—Sacramento—Sleeping Cars—Up the Sierra Nevada
—Cape Horn—Gold Mining—Moonlight on the Mountains—
Fifty Miles of Snowsheds—The Deserts of Nevada—A Cour-
teous Official.

THE El Capitan Hotel was built by the Central Pacific Railway Company expressly for the accommodation of Yosemite tourists, and is a large and very comfortable house, but there is nothing to detain us at Merced, which is a mere collection of stores and livery stables. Taking our departure by the 5.30 A.M. train on June 25th, we run up the San Joaquin Valley, and, awaiting the arrival of the Atlantic express from San Francisco, spend two or three hours at Stockton.

The San Joaquin Valley, through part of which we have been travelling on our way to and from the Yosemite, is perhaps the most fertile district of the most

fertile of the United States. It is about 250 miles in length by forty in breadth, and contains between the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range six million acres of excellent agricultural land. Here there is no rain from May to September, and wheat harvest commences early in June. The ground, when rolled level after seed-sowing, so as to keep the moisture engendered by the melting of the snows in the soil, produces with wonderful rapidity, and a late crop put in in this manner has been harvested in seventy days from the date of sowing. One hears of "volunteer crops" in California. Land, the grain from which has been duly harvested one summer, will, if left to itself, produce a second crop the following season, and in this way as much as thirty bushels have been reaped from an acre. To an English eye, the grain appears to be dead ripe before it is got in, and the quantity that falls from the ears will account for this volunteer crop. From a first sowing sixty bushels are reckoned a very good crop in California, though in some favoured districts as much as eighty bushels have been harvested.

We are much struck with the length of the stubble, which, in many places exceeds three feet. This is owing to the crop being reaped by means of an imple-

ment called a "header," which cuts the ears off and leaves the straw standing. On several large farms the wheat is being reaped with a machine, which, as it severs the grain from the straw, throws it into huge waggons driven slowly along by its side. These, when full, are taken away to the homestead, and threshing is at once proceeded with, so that corn which is growing in the morning is in the sack on its way to the coast before sunset.

In California, as in Tasmania, farmers understand but little of the rotation of crops, and content themselves with sowing the same grain season after season, without fertilizing their land in any way. In several districts the soil is thus getting worked out, and the want of manure is given to us as the reason for the poorness of the crops. The straw is very generally burnt, as the farmers say that there is not enough moisture in the ground to cause it to rot if dug in, and that such a system has been found to cause great evaporation, and so impoverish their crops.

The corn-growing districts of the San Joaquin Valley do not please the eye like the cornfields of an English agricultural county. One drives for hours along a rough and dusty track with nothing

in sight but yellow grain stretching away to the far distant foot-hills. There is not a single tree, not a hedge, not even a wood fence to break the monotony of the vast plain of yellow. In California, as in Cambridgeshire, high farming seems to abhor the existence of a green bough.

The southern part of the San Joaquin Valley is celebrated for its fruits, and tobacco is now being extensively grown. I am shown some samples of Gilroy tobacco, which both in appearance and flavour compare very favourably with some of the best Virginian leaf. Oranges thrive wonderfully, and a very large number of orchards have recently been planted at Los Angeles. From this town no less than four and a half million of oranges have been sent into San Francisco during the past six months. The manufacture of silk, too, is likely to become one of the leading industries of the State, and the coconeries in the South are said to be answering admirably. As far as the production of oranges and silk are concerned, California and New South Wales seem to be very evenly matched as yet.

Stockton does not interest us. It is a dull-looking city of about 11,000 inhabitants, and contains nothing to delay a tourist. In fact we are told by an inha-

bitant that the Lunatic Asylum is the only lion, and that it is only the export of grain from the San Joaquin Valley that keeps the city alive." We presume that when the products of the harvest are pouring in—in about a month's time—the streets wear a rather less deserted appearance, for the inhabitants seem to us either to have abandoned Stockton, or to be very late risers indeed.

The trans-continental express reaches Stockton at noon, and two hours later we are at Sacramento, the State capital of California. The city is handsomely laid out, and most of the principal streets are planted like boulevards. The Capitol, of which one gets an admirable view from the railway, is an imposing-looking building of Corinthian architecture, and cost two millions of dollars. The city, which now has a population of 20,000, was founded in 1845. In early days, like Chicago, it suffered much from frequent disastrous floods, and the greater part of it has been raised ten feet above its original level. It was at Sacramento that the trans-continental line was commenced in 1863.

Here we dine, and engage our berths in the sleeping cars as far as Ogden. It is rather expensive to have to pay two and a half dollars a night for

one's bed, and the Silver Palace cars are hardly as luxurious as the proprietors would have us believe, but the berths are clean and comfortable, and without them a journey across the continent would be intolerable. In a state-room—a two-berthed cabin, as it were—of which there are two or more in each car, one can be quiet and in private, and these are infinitely to be preferred to an ordinary "section." My friend R. and I are fortunate enough to obtain one, and we get through our two days' journey to Ogden very pleasantly, and without fatigue.

We have two engines to take our train over the Sierra Nevada Range, and they do their work right well, for in nine hours we gain an elevation of nearly 7000 feet in the course of 105 miles. The views from the car windows are very beautiful all day. We are soon out of the orchards and foot-hills, and amongst the firs and pines of the mountain slopes, crossing ravines on very fragile-looking trestle bridges, and dashing along cuttings beneath rocky crests, which almost seem to overhang the deep gorges below. We round the far-famed Cape Horn whilst all the mountain peaks are ruddy with sunset tints, and the view down the American river, 1600 feet beneath us, is looking its best, but, to my mind, the Great

.

American Cañon, some twenty miles further east, is still more imposing. Here the train runs for some miles along a cutting surmounting a gorge enclosed by precipices more than 1500 feet in height, at the foot of which the river is here and there discernible fighting its way down the glen over a rock-strewn and tree-encumbered bed.

At Dutch Flat and Gold Run we see a good deal of hydraulic mining. The mountain streams are tapped at the fountain head, and conveyed in wooden aqueducts or cut channels for miles, to be finally directed in powerful jets against the face of clay cliffs, which are gradually washed away, the gold being left deposited in the sluices through which the mud escapes. An enormous amount of labour is thus saved by a simple application of the uses of nature.

We are fortunate in viewing the many beauties of the Sierra Nevada summits by the light of a full moon. Standing on the platform of the car, we can enjoy the panorama of pine-clad slopes and snowy peaks stretching away for miles, and catch the moonbeams glancing on many a rushing cascade and tiny tarn in the gloom of the ravines beneath us. We pass beautiful Donner Lake, gleaming like a gem in a

dark setting of fir forest, and beyond this get a few glimpses of the Truckee river winding a silver ribbon here and there amongst the mountains. The cold gives us a keen appetite, and we are ready enough for an extempore supper at Truckee, but after leaving this timber depôt we are glad to turn into our berths without delay.

The snowsheds along this part of the Central Pacific line now extend for more than fifty miles. They are plainly but very strongly built of timber, and cost about 2000*l.* a mile to erect. The snow-fall last winter was so great that the traffic was seriously interrupted, for the drifts were in many places from twenty to thirty feet in depth, and at one time seven powerful locomotives driving the snow-plough were thrown off the line. More snowsheds have since been erected, and scenery has necessarily been sacrificed to obtain safety. The grand pine-forests are fast disappearing before the axe of the lumberer.

During the whole of the second day out from San Francisco we are crossing the sandy deserts and alkaline plains of Nevada. In places we see hot springs sending up jets of steam, but beyond an occasional cluster of houses, round which a few dirty

Indians are lounging, the muddy reaches of the Humboldt river, and the barren mountain ranges, nothing is visible but sagebrush and sand. Mosquitoes and dust try our tempers sorely, and this is by no means as enjoyable as the first day in the cars. But the gaming rowdies, the "robbers of the rail," as San Franciscans term them, do not trouble us.

At sunrise next morning we are skirting the north bank of the Great Salt Lake, and reach Ogden at seven. Here I leave my friend R., who proceeds straight to Chicago, whilst I take the Central Utah line to Salt Lake City. At Ogden I discover a new cause for being proud of my nationality. It would appear that Englishmen, at least with some Americans, have a character for truthfulness. My luggage checks not corresponding with those affixed to my portmanteaus, it seems probable that I may have some difficulty in obtaining my property, but the head of the office hands it over to me without demur, saying—

"I believe you, sir, because you're an Englishman, but I wouldn't believe an American."

I retain a pleasant recollection of the Ogden baggage master.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SUNDAY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

The Great Salt Lake—The Capital of Utah—Its Streets and Buildings—The Tabernacle—A Mormon Service—The Dignitaries of the Church—A Mormon Sermon—A Vindication of the Creed—The Temple—Brigham Young's Houses—The Present State and Prospects of Mormonism—Girl Converts to Protestantism—A Mormon's Dictum on Polygamy.

SALT LAKE CITY, the Mormon capital, is thirty-six miles south of Ogden, and throughout that distance one obtains grand views over the Lake and its mountain surroundings. Its deep blue waters extend north and south for more than a hundred miles, and are nearly forty-five miles across at the broadest part. As much as a fourth of its weight is salt, and no fish live in it. The Bear, Ogden, Weber, and other streams flow into it, but it has no exit, and its level has risen as much as twelve feet within the last few years. There are several large islands, the mountains on one of which reach an elevation of 3000 feet, but they are only

sparsely inhabited. Some of them are used for grazing purposes, and support small farms, but there cannot be said to be any traffic on the Lake, for the vessels navigating it might almost be counted on one's fingers. The Lake shore and mountain slopes are fertile and well-cultivated, and the fields of maize, wheat, clover, and potatoes furnish a pleasing picture after the arid alkali plains of Nevada. Close to a hot sulphur spring just outside the northern limits of Salt Lake City is a beautiful little tarn, in the still waters of which the snowy peaks of the Wahsatch range and the high crags of Antelope and Fremont Islands are reflected with marvellous distinctness. It might well be called the Mirror Lake of Utah.

Salt Lake City looks very homelike and pleasant as the train runs slowly up a long shady street to the station. It is laid out in spacious rectangular blocks, and the houses, which look comfortable without being pretentious, are quite embowered in gardens and orchards. The streets are all more than forty yards across, the roadway being in the centre with a thick belt of grass and a line of trees, principally acacias, bordering the pathway, by the side of which run broad streams of clear cold water. Even Main

Street and the two or three other business thoroughfares rejoice in the trees and streams, but the grass is necessarily wanting. The houses are principally built of wood or adobes (sun-dried bricks) painted white or stuccoed, and having green verandahs and shutters. Water is plentiful everywhere, and a fountain in the front garden is quite a common ornament.

It is Sunday, and the city is sleeping peacefully as I walk round the principal streets before lunch. Shops are numerous, those of milliners appearing to predominate, and certainly the young ladies of Salt Lake City affect a showy style of attire, not by any means agreeing with the saying about beauty unadorned. The banks and warehouses of a flourishing city are not to be seen in the capital of Utah, which wears the aspect of a quiet country town rather than of a centre of thriving trade. A Gentile tells me that very little business is transacted, the people living secluded lives amongst their orchards, but the city has of late been to some extent roused out of its lethargy by the discovery of rich veins of silver in the southern districts of the State.

There are several good hotels, of which I choose the Townsend House, kept by a Mormon. Perhaps the

fact of his having two wives will account for the goodness of the dinner, and the admirable management of the house. An immense new hotel, the Wahsatch, is now nearly finished, and—Tabernacle excepted—will be decidedly the most imposing building in the city. Noticeable structures are the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Court House and City Hall, the Theatre, and, last but greatest, the Tabernacle, the huge oval roof of which is visible from all parts of the city.

It stands in the centre of a block within a high adobe wall, and the interior is oblong, 250 feet from east to west and 150 feet in breadth. The roof springs in an unbroken arch from forty-six pillars of sandstone, and spacious as is the hall, the ceiling, which is sixty-five feet above the floor, has no other support. There are large side windows and open doorways between the pillars, and thus the interior is as light and airy as can be wished. A large gallery has recently been put up round three sides of the building, and is said to have improved its acoustic properties, which, however, are still indifferent. Twelve thousand people can now be accommodated with seats. At the west end is a very handsome organ, the third largest in America,

- and on a daïs in front of it are three large pews as well as the choir seats. The entire body of the hall is filled with unvarnished benches, rising in a gradual slope from the foot of the daïs : there is no attempt at architectural beauty or ornamentation in any part.

Afternoon service is fixed for two o'clock, and at that hour there are some two thousand people assembled in the Tabernacle, and the floor is fast filling up. Immediately below the daïs a dozen rows of seats are set apart for strangers ; behind these the centre of the hall is occupied by the women, and the sides by the men. The Mormon choir, comprising thirty female and twenty male voices, are placed on either side of the organ in low seats draped with American ensigns, and facing them stands the conductor, *bâton* in hand.

The highest pew on the daïs contains three arm-chairs, well-padded and apparently comfortable ; these should be occupied by President Brigham Young and his two Councillors, but not one of the trio is present. A larger seat round a table a step lower accommodates the twelve "apostles," and in front of them, raised three steps above the floor, are ranged the "bishops" round a table covered

with a white cloth, upon which stand six large covered silver tankards and six goblets, with several white water pitchers and large plates of bread.

The utter absence of reverence amongst the congregation strikes one forcibly. Many of the Mormons enter the building and walk to their seats with their hats on, talking and laughing; the women exchange greetings, and the loud hum of conversation leads me to fancy myself in a concert hall.

Service is opened with a hymn, sung by the choir alone. An extempore prayer by one of the "apostles" follows, but only a word here and there is audible in the strangers' seats. The choir then sing another hymn to a rather florid tune, and the bread is handed round to all the Mormons, who take it or pass it as they please. A second prayer is offered, and the tankards and goblets are filled with water and circulate amongst the congregation. Then rises one of the "apostles," Professor—so called because he is a schoolmaster—Carrington, President Young's private secretary, and commences the delivery of a very long address. It is not a sermon, for it appeals in no way to the congregation; it is an address explanatory of Mormon views, and appears to be delivered for the benefit of ignorant Gentiles in the

strangers' benches, rather than for the improvement and edification of the five or six thousand Mormons crowding the body of the hall.

This address has but little solid substance contained in an hour and a half of loud talking. Mr. Carrington commences by claiming that no Church or religious sect has ever been so thoroughly misunderstood as the Mormons, and yet that no religious body that has ever existed has possessed the great freedom of thought which is the characteristic of the Latter-day Saints. He complains that the general belief in the world at large is that Mormons do not believe in the Bible, whereas the very reverse is really the case; and that he himself is conversant with it is evident from his frequent quotations from both Old and New Testament. He speaks very vehemently of the Mormon belief in baptismal regeneration and the efficacy of the imposition of hands, and proceeds from a vindication of the tenets of his Church to a forcible denunciation of the United States Government, which, he says, is the most corrupt and worthless in administration of all species of government of which he has any knowledge.

This seems rather a peculiar sentiment to give utterance to when the American ensigns are hanging

close to each elbow, and the guns of Camp Douglas are directed point blank at the roof of the Tabernacle. But he immediately qualifies his assertion by saying that the Americans have the best form of government, but that its advantages are to a very great extent interfered with by the corrupt dealings of its administrators. The United States Government is the best in theory, but the very worst in practice.

He then proceeds to set forth his ideas on the subject of equality, and remarks that all men cannot be called equal, inasmuch as they have not the same capacity. He illustrates his argument by means of the various vessels standing on the table before him, which could all be filled full, and yet not hold equal quantities of water. He says that all men are equal according to their lights, for absolute equality is an impossibility. The small goblet is full, but it is its misfortune, not its fault, that it has not equal capacity with the large tankard.

Here the speaker attempts to apply his illustration to the case of a bachelor as compared with that of a married man, and pictures the bachelor as a very small goblet indeed. He allows that some men are by nature averse to matrimony, and such, he says,

might perhaps be happy alone in a small house. But he evinces his sincere pity for bachelors by drawing • a glowing picture of a man with means and a strong affection for the fair sex. "Here," he says, "is a man of great capacity—a large tankard. What matters it if he choose to marry fifty wives, and bring up five hundred children?"

A loud murmur runs through the congregation after this remark—suppressed laughter from the Gentiles, and, I presume, applause from the Mormons. A general defence of Mormonism winds up the address, the speaker's final assertions being that the Mormons have a special mission to benefit and insure the happiness of the great human family, that they are by far the most implicit believers in the Bible, and that of all people they are the most correct, upright, and pure.

These are the main points touched upon in the course of a rambling speech of an hour and a half, which has the effect of sending to sleep many of the congregation, Mormons as well as Gentiles. The speaker confines himself throughout to assertions, and in no case ventures to give any proofs for his statements. Many of his remarks, quotations, and illustrations are neither apt nor relevant, and his

logic is faulty to the last degree. But he has the "gift of the gab," and would not fail to attract an audience on a Sunday afternoon in Greenwich Park, though the fair sex would hardly give him a very favourable reception. As I walk to my hotel I cannot help wondering whether an inconsequent style of talking is a failing characteristic of the sect, for having asked a youthful Mormon the name of the organist, I receive as reply, "I don't know his name, but he's got red hair."

Following the address, an anthem, "We will rejoice in the Lord," is very fairly sung by the choir, and one of the "apostles" dismisses the congregation after a service of two hours, which consists of a speech and a concert, and is, from first to last, as unlike religious worship as can well be conceived. The congregation is orderly, but far from devout, and there is a subdued murmur of conversation audible throughout the proceedings.

The Temple, of which much has been said but little constructed, is now being slowly proceeded with. But although more than twenty-one years have elapsed since the foundations were laid, its granite walls are as yet only ten feet above the ground. Funds are not wanting, but the Mormons

say that something always goes wrong when the works are resumed, from which one is led to infer that a good deal must have gone wrong since 1853.

Brigham Young has a block to himself, and maintains several large and comfortable-looking houses to accommodate his seventeen wives. They stand amongst nicely-planted gardens surrounded by a high wall, which effectually prevents the curious from studying the private life of the Prophet. I am told that his favourite wife, Amelia Cott, is to have a new house built for her especial use, which is to cost 100,000 dollars. I do not see President Young, who is travelling in the north of the State, but my two friends, the brothers L., have the honour of being presented two days later, and hear from the Prophet's own lips the recital of a comic negro anecdote!

Beautiful is the aspect of the city as I look over it from a slight hill on the eastern side on my return from an evening stroll. The sun is setting grandly behind the mountains of Nevada, and casting a rich golden glow over the waveless expanse of lake; not a murmur comes up from the city, snugly embosomed in its bowers of green; away southward gleam the white stockades

of Camp Douglas, behind which the plains stretch dimly to the foot-hills of the Wahsatch range, the snowy summits of which, a line of rosy peaks, are clearly cut against the violet sky.

My stay in Salt Lake City is too short to allow of any study of the habits and holdings of the Mormons, which have already been described *ad nauseam*, and my few remarks may be confined to the present state and prospects of the sect. President Young has succeeded in buying off for the present the corrupt administrators of the United States Government of which Mr. Carrington holds so mean an opinion, but the Prophet once out of the way, it is probable that immediate steps will be taken to eradicate Mormonism. At present the number of the faithful is on the increase; there are more than 200,000 professed Mormons, and they have colonized more than a hundred towns. In Salt Lake City there are about 13,000 Mormons and 5000 Gentiles, but it is a notable fact, that of the thirteen female teachers in the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School as many as eight have come over of their own accord from Mormonism. The women, an English clergyman tells me, are by no means happy, for, as a rule, they see the evils of their so-called Church, and

would gladly shun them ; but the men, who preach and talk of their "great mission," treating their wives the while as little better than slaves, hold them in almost complete subjection. They have no freedom of thought, but from their infancy are brought up to this particular creed, which is being continually dinned into their ears, and they must either hold it or leave the community. It is satisfactory to learn that many young girls are now refusing to accept Mormonism on arriving at an age when they are capable of judging for themselves, and are coming over to Protestantism. The "apostles" and "bishops," and other elders of the Church grouped together on the dais of the Tabernacle, are by no means an intellectual-looking set of men. But the majority of them are fairly stout, and perhaps the great capacity of which they boast is of body and not of mind.

Three days later, travelling from Omaha to Chicago, I fall in with Brigham Young's late private secretary, by birth a Scotchman, well educated, and of good address and pleasant manners. He left his home when he was eighteen, and formed one of the President's pioneer party across the prairies to Salt Lake. He tells me that the number of English Mormons in Utah is very large, and that Wales now

sends over the greater proportion of new converts; he himself is on his way home to convoy out a fresh band. Though the quiet aspect of Salt Lake City is always noticed by visitors, he complains that the Mormons have not the municipal management in their own hands. For many years in the early history of the city there was not a single public-house in it, and Brigham Young, though not a preacher of total abstinence, is himself a total abstainer. He speaks of continual disputes between the Mormons and the officials and troops in the U. S. employ, for Salt Lake City is looked upon by the Government as a kind of Botany Bay, and the men sent there are invariably of the worst class. Talking of his creed, he admits that it is natural for people to consider its bearings from their own standpoint, but complains that the outside world lay too much stress on the system of a plurality of wives, apparently looking upon it as the cornerstone of the creed. But to have more than one wife is not only the exception now, but an exception which is growing more marked every year. Perhaps polygamy is anticipating a violent end at the hands of the U. S. Government by dying out of itself.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO CHICAGO.

Scenery in the Wahsatch Mountains—Weber and Echo Cañons—
Over the Rocky Mountains—The Highest Railway Station in
the World—Across the Prairies—Coggia's Comet—Omaha—
The Central and Union Pacific Lines—A Railway of the
Future—Through Iowa and Illinois.

LEAVING Salt Lake City at six A.M. on June 29th, I am fortunate in falling in with one of my fellow-passengers across the Pacific in the *Cyphrenes*. Each of us being companionless and bound for Chicago, we join forces, and, securing a state-room at Ogden, travel on together. A few miles from this, the western terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, we cross the Wahsatch Range, and enjoy some grand wild scenery in Weber and Echo Cañons. In many places the red and yellow sandstone cliffs rear their battlements above the line to the height of more than 1000 feet, and are so close together that there is only just room for the cars to run along a terrace above the river-banks. Here

and there the formation gives evidence of some great upheaval, fantastic crags and columns are very common, and to some of the most noticeable of these names have been given. Sentinel Rock, a huge shaft towering from the summit of one of the mountains in Echo Cañon, is one of the most striking objects along the line, and bears a strong resemblance to the Old Man of Hoy on the Orkney coast. Perhaps the most geologically curious is the Devil's Slide, formed by two ridges of granite some thirty feet high, which run up a mountain side in parallel lines a few yards asunder, the intervening space being filled with shrubbery and wild flowers. A geologist might spend a month very profitably in these two cañons.

Crossing into Wyoming, we are soon amongst the sage-brush and alkali again, and next morning breakfast at Laramie, where the first female jury was impanelled. On the high table-lands in this wide territory we see several large herds of deer, and fine antlers are exposed for sale at the stations, but beyond a low bluff here and there, there is no cover to shelter the sportsman, and the game is very difficult of approach. On either side of the line hereabouts are erected long ranges of snow-fences,

there being in some places as many as six tiers, one behind the other, at distances of from twenty to fifty yards. Occasionally, too, we pass through a long snowshed, which to us summer travellers, speeding over a vast plain bright with flowers, seems rather a useless erection. At noon we reach Sherman, the summit of a spur of the Rocky Mountains called the Black Hills, 8242 feet above sea-level, and reputed to be the highest railway station in the world. As it is surrounded by a rolling prairie country, broken at intervals by flat-topped bluffs of red granite, we appear to be on the plains instead of the mountains, but sixty miles to the south the lofty peaks of the Snowy Range are plainly visible all the morning. In the afternoon we have left these far behind us, and, having shaved the north-east corner of Colorado, are rolling over the as yet green prairies of Nebraska, covered with the dwarf cactus in bloom, and peopled with owls and prairie dogs.

As I am enjoying my evening tobacco on the platform of the car before turning in, my attention is drawn to Coggia's comet by a young American, who announces his discovery of a star with a tail. I lend him my binocular, through which he takes a long observation, and then remarks somewhat

apologetically, "It's small now, but if you're staying in this country, I guess it'll grow to a pretty good size."

The third morning "aboard" we are passing down the fertile valley of the Platte, a fine agricultural and grazing country, beautified by fields of maize and belts of cotton-wood. The North Platte, a river three quarters of a mile broad, but only a few inches deep, is on our right, and skirting it for some 200 miles, we reach Omaha at three P.M., having averaged just twenty miles an hour during our run of 1032 miles from Ogden.

It is evident enough to most trans-continental travellers that time is of no object to the Central and Union Pacific Railway Companies. Their trains make the ascent of the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains as quickly as can be expected, but over plains and prairies a speed of twenty-five miles an hour is considered sufficient when thirty-five miles should be attained. The cars are heavy, but they are furnished with "bogy" wheels, and in many districts the track runs in a bee line for forty or fifty miles. In some places the line is very indifferently laid, and the bridges would not bear a high rate of travelling, but both these faults can be rectified. The United States were very anxious to have

a trans-continental railway, and it was completed as quickly and as cheaply as possible. Ten miles of line were constructed in a single day near Salt Lake, but such hasty work as this could not be expected to last when subjected to the wear and tear of constant traffic. The line is insufficiently ballasted, the rails are much worn, and the track is in no way enclosed. Nine of every ten stations are not worthy of the name, consisting of bare platforms with a solitary shed behind them, and only a few scattered shanties in sight; many of them consist of platform and signalman's house alone. Yet the so-called express stops at all these platforms, and great is the loss of time in consequence. It is admitted as a fact that were there any competition to rouse the dormant energies of the two companies between Omaha and San Francisco, the journey across the continent might easily be accomplished in five instead of seven days. The opening of the Southern Pacific line through Texas, and the Northern Pacific through the wonderful valley of the Yellowstone, may perhaps bring this about.

There can be little question that before many years are past our own Government will recognise the desirability of connecting British Columbia with

Canada by means of a trans-continental railway. It is the one thing wanting to cement the inhabitants of these two mighty tracts of country 'into one nation, to give them a unity of interests, and not only to enrich the whole belt of British territory, but to attract thousands of settlers from our terribly overstocked islands to open up a new and fertile country, for which Major Butler has prophesied a marvellous future. There are those who say that the difficulties of constructing such a line would not be as great as those that have been overcome between Omaha and San Francisco, and the necessary funds will hardly be far to seek. Our constructors will have the experience of the American line to build upon and profit by, and in the science of engineering England has no equal.

At Omaha we have reached the terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, and are 1914 miles from San Francisco; the lines over which we have travelled cost more than 53,000,000 dollars to construct. Here, on a half-mile-long iron bridge we cross the Missouri, turbid with yellow mud, and tranship our baggage into the Chicago and North Western train at Council Bluffs. Leaving here at four P.M., we are in Chicago the following afternoon, after a very

hot and dusty journey of nearly 700 miles, accomplished in twenty-three hours. The States of Iowa and Illinois, through which we pass, are wonderfully fertile, and to their produce and exports Chicago owes her rise to greatness. For the entire distance the country bordering the North Western Line is green with crops, maize and wheat predominating. We see scarcely a single acre uncultivated or unoccupied. It is difficult to believe that thirty years ago the whole of this vast tract of country was mere bare prairie land.

CHAPTER XX.

CHICAGO.

Railway Station and Car Accommodation in America—Chicago's Rise from the Prairie—The Export of Grain—The Lake Shore—Grain Elevators—Trade in Timber and Cattle—Massacre of a Million Hogs—The Great Fire—New Chicago—Its Streets and Buildings—The Largest Hotel in the World—Independence Day and Anti-British Sentiments—The Debts of Chicago.

AT Fremont the Mississippi is a mile in breadth, and its bright waters, crowded with countless rafts of timber and busy with high-decked steamers, are a pleasant contrast to the muddy Missouri. At three P.M. we enter Chicago, and, with our engine bellowing like a bull, run slowly up a mile or two of streets before we reach the depôt. The passengers and vehicles in these streets have nothing to prevent them from crossing the various lines of railway when they please. At Chicago [especially, but more or less all across the continent, but little seems to be done with a view to lessen the chances of accident. The lines being, as a rule, unenclosed

and the stations unprovided with proper platforms, cows and children are commonly seen disporting themselves on the rails, and between San Francisco and Chicago our trains were stopped quite half a dozen times in this way.

The Chicago and North Western Depôt is about as wretched a specimen of a railway terminus as can be imagined ; small, dirty, and in every respect unfitted for the requirements of the line. The Michigan Central Depôt is but little, if at all, better, or rather, less bad, but the Lake Shore offers a contrast, and is really worthy of the name of terminus.

Indeed, if it were not for the Pullman cars, for which one pays about three dollars a day extra, railway travelling in America would be decidedly unpleasant. The universal-equality principle which is the boast of Americans should not be strained so as to apply to car accommodation, for, even allowing for the sake of argument that one man is as good as another, all are not equally possessed of good manners. "Indiarubber George," the English navy, may be as good a man as the Duke of Broadacres, but he does not stumble into a first-class carriage with his pick and shovel, and sit down next to the Duchess with his dirty boots soiling her silk dress.

He knows that his manners are not consonant with those of the Duke, and that he will be more at home elsewhere, so he travels third-class and smokes his pipe amongst a posse of friends.

But they do things differently in America. When a train has no Pullman car attached, ladies are at all times liable to have the seat next to them occupied by people whose manners, looks, or language cannot be otherwise than most objectionable to them. I have on several occasions seen men travelling without either coat or waistcoat, even in a Pullman drawing-room car, and in the presence of ladies. It is the fashion to consider every one equal; this opinion, however, cannot always be endorsed by lady travellers.

The late Richard Cobden is said to have remarked, that every one ought to visit America to see Chicago and Niagara. Chicago is a city of stately monuments of private enterprise. Its unexampled rise, growth, and increase have made it one of the most marvellous of modern cities, as it also in point of buildings is undoubtedly one of the most handsome. Their rapid rise has won fame for Melbourne and San Francisco, but what shall be said of Chicago? Forty years ago it was nothing

more than a military outpost station whence furs were sent eastward ; the prairies round were thickly peopled by Indian tribes, and outside the confines of Illinois even its name was hardly known. Now, in 1874, there stands, skirting Lake Michigan for eight miles, a mighty city of more than 400,000 inhabitants, built on a grade twelve feet higher than the original level of the prairie, the centre of more than 8000 miles of railway, employing nearly 1000 sail of vessels on the lake, and exporting every year upwards of 100,000,000 bushels of grain.

The founding of Chicago was due to the construction of a harbour on an arm of Lake Michigan, which runs inland in two branches for several miles. This was originally so shallow as to be almost useless, but it has been dredged and enlarged to such an extent that vessels of several hundred tons can pass up what is by courtesy called the Chicago river, and the lines of wharves now extend for more than thirty miles. It is not to its harbour, however, that Chicago owes its rise and importance, but to the settlement of the prairies of Illinois and Iowa. For hundreds of miles the land was found to be rich, level, and most suitable for grain culture, and every year saw many thousands of fresh acres taken

up and sown. In 1838 only eighty bushels of wheat were exported from Chicago; in 1842 this amount had increased to 600,000 bushels, and twelve years later to as much as 15,000,000 bushels!

These few words as to the rise of Chicago. I have said that the export of grain has made the fortunes of the city, and yet, walking down its stately streets, I see nothing whatever to lead me to imagine that Chicago deals in grain at all. Mile upon mile of magnificent buildings—banks, offices, warehouses and manufactories, hotels, stores and shops, I pass in review in the course of a long day's walk through the city proper, and the impression I get is that of one of the greatest commercial and manufacturing centres in the United States. But I see not a trace or sign, I hear not a word of grain. In like manner I have heard a foreigner say that he has "done London" thoroughly from Kensington Gardens to the Bank of England, but has been unable to find any evidence of the great port of which he has heard so much. And as the crowded Pool and the thousands of acres of Docks attest the importance of the port of London, so do the thirty miles of wharfage, the huge elevators, and the countless railway sidings all along the lake shore tell of the export trade of Chicago.

-
- I visit this part of the city after sunset, and yet find work of all kinds progressing busily. Large
- three-masted schooners are being towed out of the river, cargo and passenger steamers are entering and leaving port, long trains of produce cars are being shunted up to and from the quays, steam flour and sawmills are in full operation, and several of the enormous elevators have not yet finished their work for the day; it is by means of these elevators—buildings like huge barns, 150 feet in height—that the millions of bushels of grain are handled.
- They are fitted with powerful steam-engines, and the grain brought alongside is sucked up out of the cars on one side, and shot down into vessels lying at the wharf on the other, or *vice versa*. In them, too, the grain is stored in bulk, and the owner can have it sampled and negotiate his cheque for it in the market. In these elevators and the Exchange is transacted the great grain business of Chicago.

And not only is grain handled in these almost inconceivable quantities, but an enormous bulk of flour is yearly manufactured and exported, and this business is vastly on the increase. Down the Chicago river, too, are sawmills and stacks of planks extending for miles, and the timber trade is but little inferior to that in grain. Of the number of cattle

sent East, or killed and salted down, and the number of hogs that are turned into pork, I hardly dare venture to speak: the statistics given me seem almost incredible. For instance, I read that nearly 950,000 hogs were killed in Chicago in three months! I am almost ready to believe that this one city could keep the whole world supplied with meat and bread.

And if the Chicago of Cobden's time was grand, what is to be said of New Chicago, as it is not uncommonly called now? The Chicago Cobden saw was completely destroyed by that fearful fire of October, 1871. I am shown a panoramic view of the city—or rather its ruins—taken by photography immediately after the fire. On a space extending for five miles in length and a mile in breadth only one block of buildings was left standing; of a city of 350,000 inhabitants only the outskirts remained; if I remember rightly, 22,000 buildings were utterly destroyed in less than forty-eight hours. But American energy rose with the occasion. Whilst his warehouses were still in flames, a merchant was coming to terms with a contractor for their re-erection on a larger scale! Energy and enterprise when backed by capital will accom-

plish wonders, and in this instance their combined resources accomplished the rebuilding of quite three-fourths of the city in less than three years, and on a far more magnificent scale.

And New Chicago may well hold her head high. One may walk for miles with blocks of buildings on either hand, every house of which is not only solidly built of stone, massive and lofty, but architecturally handsome and imposing, and a dozen streets in Chicago are substantially handsomer than Queen Victoria Street and Cannon Street West in London. The Public Buildings have risen more gradually than the banks, insurance offices, and warehouses. An entire block in Clark Street is still a mass of ruins, and here the Court House and other Government buildings are about to be reconstructed. The Chamber of Commerce, however, rose again within a year of its demolition, more splendid than before, and several very handsome churches have been completed for some time. But in most streets there are gaps yet to be filled up before Chicago can be said to be entirely rebuilt.

The roadways are in good order, but hardly broad enough to accommodate the large traffic in the principal streets. The footpaths are here and there

well-paved, but in many places paths there are none, and for the most part they consist of wood plank-ing only. Considering that the inflammability of this contributed in some measure to the spread of the fire, the policy of relaying it seems questionable.

The hotels are very magnificent both in external appearance and internal arrangement. The New Pacific building occupies an entire block, and is said to be the largest hotel in the world : its entrance and central halls together measure nearly 100 yards across. The dining-room with its fifty negro waiters clad in spotless white jackets is a sight well worth seeing. And I may here state that in my opinion negro waiters are not to be matched : standing behind one's chair apparently wrapped in deep thought, they anticipate one's every want promptly but quietly, and are attentive without being fussy or self-important. I have never stayed in a handsomer or better hotel than the Sherman House : the reception rooms are quite palatial, and except in the Louvre at Paris, I have seen no bedrooms furnished with equal taste and luxury. The Potter Palmer and Tremont Houses are also grand buildings, but all are alike very expensive.

Chicago is abundantly supplied with excellent

water. Beneath the bed of the lake a tunnel has been bored for two miles, and an engine, reported the largest in the United States, pumps through this I am afraid to say how many millions of gallons daily. In the matter of lighting, however, the city does not shine very brilliantly ; either the gas is very bad, or there is a very short supply of it, for the street lamps do little more than render darkness visible.

Owing to the city being built on a dead flat. there is no place from which a good view of it can be obtained. Except Lake Michigan, which stretches away to the horizon on its eastern side, Chicago boasts no natural beauties : its striking appearance is due solely to the uniform solidity, regularity, and magnificence of its buildings. The Michigan Avenue is a handsome boulevard, the trees apparently not having been within the range of the fire, but the view over the lake is spoilt by the lines of railway which run between it and the shore. My two days' stay does not allow me time to visit Union Park, on the outskirts of the city, and I am reluctantly compelled to decline an invitation from a friend in the city to visit his villa some few miles out of town.

I leave Chicago on the eve of Independence Day, and see many decorations being got ready for a fitting observance of the "glorious Fourth." These, as a rule, consist of festoons of pine-boughs over the doorways, with small trophies of the Stars and Stripes, but more is attempted in some instances, and stands of shrubs adorn the fronts of many buildings. We hear sundry hints in the streets that "Britishers had better clear out before the Fourth," and the rudeness we occasionally meet with from passers-by tends to confirm the report, to which I was at first unwilling to give credence, that Englishmen are not popular in Chicago. Why this should be it is difficult to understand. Surely England's help in the hour of Chicago's great calamity cannot be already forgotten.

Chicago has the appearance of a very wealthy city, but she is by no means as wealthy as she looks. Many of her leading men are young, and apt to be a little too go-ahead, even for American ideas of business. Chicago has not the solid substantial wealth of Boston. Then again, so overwhelming a calamity as the great fire was a fearful blow to financial prosperity, and the capital by means of which the city has been rebuilt was obtained at a very high

rate of interest. Chicago is said to owe, and to be paying ten and twelve per cent. interest on 95,000,000 dollars! Such a state of affairs as this would tell heavily on the richest city in the world, and there are signs of a reaction in Chicago. Many of the huge warehouses cannot now be let at half the figure they were wont to command, and have been divided off into floors, which can be rented for comparatively small sums. One cannot walk down any street without being struck with the number of announcements "To Let," and other signs that the city has not yet tided over her troubles. Indeed, it is not only evident to any visitor, but it is allowed to be the case by the citizens themselves. Perhaps financial matters even yet are not at their worst, but with Chicago the recovery of her old prosperity can only be a question of time. She has risen, phoenix-like, from her ashes, and, when she has paid the bill, she will doubtless be all the better for the severity of the ordeal.

CHAPTER XXI.

NIAGARA.

From Chicago to Niagara—Lakes Huron and Erie—Buffalo—At Niagara—Prospect Park and Point—The American Fall—The Horse-shoe Fall—Descent of Twenty Million Cubic Feet of Water every Minute—Nature's Symbol of Force—Goat Island—The Three Sisters—The Grand Rapids—The Cave of the Winds—Under Niagara—Yosemite and Niagara.

THOUGH not persuaded by the hints of the *profanum vulgus* that Chicago on Independence Day would be too hot to hold us in one sense, it certainly is the case in another. When the thermometer registers 90° at eleven P.M., life becomes burdensome, and one longs for cool air at any cost. Leaving the city at nine P.M. on July 3rd by the night express on the Michigan Central Line, R. and I are consigned to the mercies of the Grand Trunk at Detroit at eight next morning. Three hours later our train has been ferried across the outlet of Lake Huron, the foam-crested waves of which stretch in an unbroken expanse to the northern horizon, and we get a late and

hasty breakfast at Port Sarnia in Canada. The Port Huron people on the American shore are all in holiday attire, and have turned out in their hundreds to celebrate the "glorious Fourth" with a regatta. But here on the British side of the water all is quiet and business-like.

All day we are running through thick Canadian forests and stump-encumbered clearings, and towards evening skirt the low wooded shores of Lake Erie. By eight P.M. we have crossed the long bridge over the Niagara River,—in reality the St. Lawrence—and are once more on American soil, and at Buffalo. The city, which has about 140,000 inhabitants, is most unattractive, the numerous ironworks giving it a very smoke-begrimed appearance; it looks like a manufacturing town in the Black Country. Fireworks are exploding in every direction as we drive across the town to the New York Central Depot, and we are similarly saluted an hour and a half later, on our arrival at Niagara Falls.

Niagara has been worn threadbare by writers great and small, and even little children, who have never seen a waterfall in their young lives, have been told and shown pictures of the greatest cataract in the world. I well remember being presented on

my sixth birthday with a large book entitled "Phænomena of Nature," and how all the coloured illustrations of volcanoes and geysers, waterspouts, icebergs, and tempests, paled before that of the Falls of Niagara from Table Rock. If my few remarks convey no idea of the reality, at least I shall have failed in good company.

I am in luck here as well as in Yosemite, for the river is at its highest, the current being a foot in depth up to the very boundary wall of Prospect Point, whilst there is not a gap visible even at the edges of either Horse-shoe or American Falls.

As we are staying on the American side, we have to cross the river to get a general view of the two falls, which should always be first seen from the Canada shore. The Canadians allow every one a magnificent view of both falls gratis, but it is impossible to see either from the opposite shore without payment. Prospect Park is a prettily-wooded reserve extending some 200 yards up the south bank from the edge of the American Falls, and to enter here we pay toll at a pretentious stone gateway. This fork of the river is about a quarter of a mile in width opposite to the upper end of Goat Island, and narrows down to 300 yards at the brink.

Here a parapet, built out into the river, encloses the Point, and one can lean over and look along the entire front of the cataract, and watch the enormous spread of water lose itself in the thick belt of mist which hides the lower half of the fall from view. But grander still is the prospect from the foot of the Point, which we reach by means of a tram-car worked by water-power, and running down the cliff on a grade of 45° inside a covered way. Hence a path leads to the face of the cliff by the side of the curtain of falling water.

Standing here, with gusty winds drenching me with heavy showers of spray, I first begin to realize Niagara. Through the driving rainbow-spanned mist one can dimly discern the huge black masses of rock on which the long line of waters falls, bursting into an enormous wall of spray, and foaming away over a hundred cascades and down a thousand channels to join the main river, whilst behind the thick veil of water one now and then gets a glimpse of dark gloomy cavernous walls, which the falling torrents are continually by slow degrees wearing away. Retiring a few steps, I take in the whole *façade*—the 300 yards of cataract that separate Prospect Point from Luna Island—and mark the

many-jagged brink dancing and glittering in the sunlight in strong contrast to the still deep blue of the background of sky, and at the foot of the cascades a similarly striking contrast of colour between the intense glowing whiteness of the hurrying foam and the vivid green of the deep water of the main channel with which it is mingling.

As we are being ferried over to the Canadian shore, getting from mid-stream the view of both falls in all their sublime grandeur, one cannot help wondering how it is that Goat Island, which looks so small from below, manages to keep its place between the two tempests of waters. The cliffs, which below the falls confine the now comparatively tranquil river into a channel not exceeding 200 yards across, are from 200 to 300 feet in height, and covered with chestnuts, pines, wild vines, and flowers down to the water's edge. Along their summit we walk to the Horse-shoe Fall, above which the old standpoint has disappeared, Table Rock now existing only in huge masses of *débris* far below.

Here the volume of water seems to be quite double that descending on the American side, the continuous roar and the sharp claps as of thunder are far louder, and the columns of mist appear to be

ever hovering high above the lip of the fall. Here, too, as at Prospect Point, one can sit down by the very brink and watch the hurrying waters quit upper air for the world of mist and mystery in the abyss below. One can look far up the river, and see the Grand Rapids tossing their white crests as they rage over rock and ledge, and then slowly bring one's eye down with the rush of water and foam to where, in the very centre of the fall, it rolls majestically over the brink in a broad green curve twenty feet in depth. And then one can go half-way down the cliff and look behind the edge of the fall, and see the entire 1900 feet of water, stretching from Canada to Goat Island, in its descent before one's face. And one can peer down into the mist-basin at the foot of the falls minute after minute till one is tired, and then have failed to discern anything more tangible than spray and creamy foam and waterdust mingled in a turmoil of shining, glittering white. And, looking up, one can watch the *façade*—these 1900 feet—one whole minute, and try to realize that in that short space of time one has seen 20,000,000 cubic feet of water fall over a cliff 158 feet high, and that, on an average, that enormous volume falls and falls over the face of that cliff minute after minute,

and will continue so falling to the end of time. And one will fail; for powers of realization are overwhelmed by the vastness and sublimity of the sight; one's mind does not take in statistics, and one's feelings are better employed at such a moment as this. For Niagara is an ocean poured out.

Has Nature any equally perfect representation of unchanging resistless force: any similar display of might in exhaustless never-ceasing operation? A tempest, a hurricane, may appear resistless—but it passes away; a tremendous sea on an iron-bound coast—but it dies in a calm; a volcano in the full grandeur of an eruption—but it exhausts itself. But the action of Niagara is ever unaltered. In the long summer months, when streams are dried up, and great waterfalls are but tiny threads, and in the depth of winter, when crystal bridges span the St. Lawrence, and lakes are feet deep in ice, Niagara rolls on resistlessly—Nature's one great symbol of unaltering and unalterable power, glorying in the majesty of its strength.

Goat Island presents as quietly beautiful a picture of woodland scenery as the rapids and falls surrounding it of a wild struggle of stupendous force.

Squirrels are scampering up the trees, birds are singing everywhere, and it is only the roar of waters that prevents me from believing that I am strolling through an English wood. The tiny islets, called the Three Sisters, strung to the northern end of Goat Island and to each other by neat bridges over rushing rapids, are charmingly picturesque and pretty. Their light green undergrowth offers a pleasant contrast to the sombre foliage and ruddy trunks of the fir-trees, and the various glimpses of the falls and river through a leafy vista are quite gems of scenery in Nature's own framing. It is from this standpoint that the grandest panorama of the Rapids is obtained, the long ledge, which stretches towards the Canada shore for some 600 yards, and over which the water pours like a breaking wave twelve feet in height, being plainly visible.

Like most people on the sunny side of thirty, I pay a visit to the Cave of the Winds, passing along the ladders and planks among the rocks at the foot of the western extremity of the American Falls, and getting a superb front view of the entire cataract. Of course one is drenched to the skin in a moment, but, with French bathing costume on, this is deci-

dedly pleasant with the thermometer at nearly 90° in the shade, and we enjoy a regular swim in one of the lower cascade basins. Then ascending beneath the shelter of the jutting crags of Luna Island, which cuts off that which is commonly called the Centre Falls from the American Falls of which it really forms a part, we reach the underhung cliff. The topmost twenty feet of this is solid rock, beneath that to the foot it is a soft yellowish-grey stone and shale. So fretted and worn away has this become by the trickling of the water down its face and the driving spray, as to form a shallow cavern, through which the winds rage furiously.

Into this, the Cave of the Winds, we fight our way against the tempest, wading through two feet of water, our eyes blinded with the pitiless spray, our ears deafened by the crashing thunder of the fall. But to see that mighty curtain of water come roaring and plunging down 164 feet straight before our eyes, bursting and splintering into clouds and wreaths of spray and mist on the huge crags beneath our very feet, is well worth the trouble. An American visitor at our hotel tells me the impression the scene gives him. He says—

“I feel that the Almighty made that fall and

made me, and that He made me considerably smaller than the fall."

And certainly behind Niagara most mortals must feel very small indeed. People have talked of comparisons between Niagara and Cholock, the great Yosemite Fall, but there is no comparison whatever to be drawn. Niagara means enormous volume and resistless might; Yosemite stupendous height and exquisite beauty. The feelings inspired are utterly different. And as to the surroundings of each, Niagara can be seen thoroughly in two days, whereas a month in the Yosemite Valley would not suffice to exhaust its wonders.

In the neighbourhood of the Falls and Rapids there are several pretty walks; the Whirlpool below the Railway Suspension Bridge, in which the steamer *Maid of the Mist* was nearly lost, is well worth seeing, and an evening stroll past the wood fringing the southern bank above the Cataract Hotel, when the tints of sunset are flushing over the broad expanse of rapids, will pass an hour most pleasantly.

A twelve years' resident tells me that the numbers of visitors have perceptibly diminished during the last three or four seasons. He says that the high hotel

charges keep them away, and certainly the living, at the International is very inferior for five dollars a day. These hotels have a season of only four months, and they endeavour to make that time pay them a year's profits. This is a system that visitors find it not so easy to appreciate.

CHAPTER XXII.

TORONTO.

From Niagara to Toronto—A Canadian Thunderstorm—Toronto
—Facilities of Communication—Toronto Bay in Summer and
in Winter—Ice-boats and Ice-boating—A Mile a Minute under
Sail—Trade of the City—Toronto Lions—The Queen's Park
—The University—Osgoode Hall.

AFTER a three days' stay at Niagara, I take the afternoon train across the Suspension Bridge below the Falls to Toronto. The scenery along the line is very similar to that passed through between Port Sarnia and Buffalo, but there are more farms and less forest. For the last twenty miles the line runs along the lake shore, and the views over the placid expanse of Ontario are extensive and pretty. At Hamilton, a lake port of some 25,000 inhabitants, spoken of as a very rising town, we come in for a heavy thunderstorm, with showers of hailstones so large as actually to break several of the car windows, but unfortunately the climax is reserved for our arrival at Toronto. Here the vivid

violet lightning is almost incessant, the hail turns to rain, and such an outpouring from the skies is not often witnessed.

Rain is a novelty to me, for I have scarcely felt a drop since May 19th in Port Ngaloa, Fiji, 7000 miles away. It is a very unpleasant novelty too, for I get drenched to the skin in vain attempts to secure my baggage, lose my train and my friend R., and have to spend the night at Toronto. But as there is much to see in this pleasant city I have no reason for regretting my enforced visit.

Toronto contains nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in prosperity as well as in population. It is built on the rectangular system, and many of the blocks of warehouses and offices are decidedly substantial and handsome. The shore of Lake Ontario is for more than two miles fringed with wharves and timber-yards, and studded with large factories telling of busy trade. The city owns a large number of sailing vessels on the lake, and carries on its grain export for the most part by water. There is also a daily line of steamers to Montreal and Hamilton, as well as to Lewiston, on the American shore. Between the wharves and the business part of the city converge the various lines

of railway, so that the transshipment of goods is quickly and easily effected.

Toronto Harbour is formed by an island two miles out from the wharves, running parallel with the shore for a distance of three miles. This island has only recently been severed from the mainland by the wash of the lake waves. It is a mere strip of land some 500 yards across, flat and sparsely wooded, but there are a couple of hotels on it, which are visited by excursionists during the summer. It is, however, invaluable to Toronto, as forming a perfect natural breakwater, and on Lake Ontario heavy weather is by no means uncommon. Inside this sound is a small fleet of steamers and lake craft, and several yachts are lying quietly at their moorings opposite the club-house.

The bay looks quiet enough now, but an enthusiastic skater and ice-yachtsman tells me that it presents a vastly different aspect when the winter has fairly set in, and the entire surface of the long stretch of water is transformed into a thick sheet of ice. Then skaters and skatresses are disporting themselves by hundreds, anxious to get the best of the ice before the first heavy snowfall ruins its glassy

surface, ice-boats are flying hither and thither like the wind, and Toronto keeps high holiday.

Curious-looking craft are these ice-boats, a mere framework of spars in the shape of a triangle, covered with a deck of light planks, and resting at the corners on three iron skates, in some vessels six or seven feet in length, which raise the hull some ten or twelve inches from the ice. The boat has a stout mast and large lug sail, rigged on a yard and boom, and is sailed with one of the sides as the bows, the mast being stepped well forward with the forestay made fast to a stump bowsprit. The after skate is fitted with a rudder-head and tiller, and with it the boat is steered. With a fresh breeze abeam, there is scarcely any limit to the speed that can be attained by a racing ice-yacht. A Toronto friend tells me that he has run a mile and a half in a minute and three quarters, and the Hudson River ice-yachts, of which the *Ice* is the champion, have often beaten an express train running at full speed on the New York line along the bank. Some of these crack vessels carry more than 200 square feet of canvas, and, sailing at the rate of a mile a minute, require as steady a hand at the tiller as the *Cetonia* or *Kriemhilda* in a yacht race round the Isle of

- Wight. These ice-boats vary in length from thirty feet down to ten feet, and a large one built and
- rigged expressly for racing, costs about 35%. The *Ice* is said to have cost 200%.

The chief branch of industry in Toronto appears to be hat and cap manufacture, and in every fifth shop these articles are exposed for sale. There are woollen goods and furniture manufactories and ironworks, but the business of the city is rather one of supply to outlying small towns and villages in Western Canada than of produce. Certainly, whatever its trade may be, it is very successful, for quite a large number of handsome new buildings are being erected for private firms, and business is evidently brisk.

Of Canadian cities, Toronto is second only to Montreal in point of population, Quebec being a good third. Curiously enough, though Montreal has just double the population of Toronto, the latter city is spread over nearly twice the area, and the inhabitants complain that it is far too widely scattered for business to be conveniently transacted. The ground bordering on many of the streets leading out of the main arteries is only thinly built over, and one sees a row of small wooden cottages

in close proximity to an important thoroughfare. The streets are broad and neat, and the city is well planted, but it sadly wants weeding out before its limits are further extended.

The Queen's Park and University form the chief lions of Toronto. They are approached by the College Avenue, a very handsome drive a mile long, between double lines of chestnuts and firs separated by carefully trimmed grass borders. Opposite the Park entrance and surrounded by brilliant flower-beds, is a handsome statue of the Queen in her regal robes, crowned and sceptred, and beyond this stretches the Park, nearly a mile square, and beautifully green and well wooded. Drives and walks are cut in every direction, and it is evidently a very popular resort and recreation-ground, for the people of Toronto are out in large numbers, cricket matches are in progress, and every shady seat is occupied.

A few hundred yards from the Queen's statue has been erected a neat memorial to the Canadian Volunteers who lost their lives in the defence of the frontier against the Fenians. It consists of a pedestal twenty feet high, with the Royal and Canadian arms and laurel wreaths in relief, support-

ing two figures of Volunteers and two female figures representing Canada and Devotion, and has a large Britannia surmounting the whole. It is extremely well executed in brown sandstone and white marble, but is unfortunate in its site, for a grove of trees almost hides it from public view.

The University stands almost in the centre of the Park, which, by-the-bye, is itself part of the University property. It is a very handsome Norman building of grey stone, surmounted by a bold tower 120 feet high. There is no Chapel, a liberal education being aimed at without reference to religious creeds. There is an excellently arranged museum and library, and a handsome Convocation Room, the roof of which is noticeable by reason of the beautiful grain of the pine rafters and the richly carved gurgoyles, each of which is of a different pattern. Indeed, it has been made a speciality in the whole building that no two pieces of the carved work, whether in wood or freestone, should be alike. The massive stone pillars of the entrance hall are fine specimens of this, and the outer porch or gateway still finer. This is entirely in white stone, arch within arch of varied design, cunningly conceived and executed with wonderful skill and elabo-

rate detail. The principal staircases and the whole of the fittings of the library are of oak, the rest of the woodwork throughout is of pine.

Several fine trees have been left standing close to the building, and in many places Virginia creeper has thrown its picturesque clusters over the grey walls, and is trailing along the tracery of arch and pillar. As I walk through the building, every room is voiceless and deserted, for it is the Long Vacation now, the same Terms being observed as at our English Universities. In all, there are about 200 undergraduates in residence, but not more than forty live in College, as the number of rooms is limited, and the expense considerably greater than that of lodging in the city. The University, which has been founded about fifteen years, cost 1,000,000 dollars, and is a credit to Toronto, to the Province of Ontario, and to Canada.

At the southern end of the College Avenue, surrounded by green lawns and clumps of shrubbery, stands Osgoode Hall. Here are the Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas, and Queen's Bench for the Province, and admirably arranged Courts they are. A grand Central Hall, with its richly carved pillars, tessellated pavement and pictures, and a

Library of noble proportions are the most striking parts of the building, but the useful as well as the ornamental has been studied, and Courts, Judges' and Counsels' Chambers, and law students' rooms are all very complete and well fitted.

The new Post-Office and several of the churches are handsome, but, owing to repairs, I am unable to visit the Cathedral. The Hotels are poor after an experience of American establishments, but the Queen's is comfortable, and charges are low. After a very pleasant day's sight-seeing, I leave Toronto that evening, having a seven hours' railway journey before me to the eastern end of Lake Ontario, where I am to quit land for river travelling.

•

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Kingston—Sunrise on the St. Lawrence—The *Spartan*—Amongst the Thousand Islands—River Scenery—The Rapids of the St. Lawrence—Down the Long Sault—Perils by River—A Timber Raft—"When Greek meets Greek"—A Brace of Shipwrecks—Lake St. Louis—Baptiste—Montreal from the St. Lawrence—The Victoria Bridge—Montreal by Night.

A SLEEPING CAR makes but an indifferent bedroom, but it seems uncommonly comfortable when the black porter shakes me out of a sound sleep at 2.30 A.M. with the announcement that we are at Kingston. The faintest trace of dawn is visible in the east as I drive down through the town—which is of considerable size, boasting of a garrison and 15,000 inhabitants—to the wharf, where the St. Lawrence River debouches from Lake Ontario. The hotels are closed, and there is nothing to be done but walk up and down amongst piles of firewood, and exercise patience. What a comfort is tobacco under such circumstances, and with what

pleasure does one look forward to sunrise. The stars go out one by one, the great comet disappears, the banks of clouds along the eastern horizon are soon aflame with crimson, and from behind them shoot up long shafts of orange light, struck by which the fleecy cloudlets overhead shine out in golden splendour against the sapphire sky. Up rises the sun, and a prolonged bellow from the lake announces the approach of the *Spartan*.

An hour is spent in filling up the wood bunkers, and then the big steamer backs out from the wharf, and turns her head down stream. A very different boat is the *Spartan* to the *El Capitan*, in which I crossed San Francisco Bay three weeks ago. She, too, is a paddle steamer, but more like a screw in appearance, her paddles being without sponsons, and, as it were, built into her sides, which thus have a clear run from bow to stern. A large and lofty deck-house runs from the taffrail almost into the bows, and is divided into two stories, the upper being set apart for saloon passengers. This has a fine, airy, and handsomely furnished saloon occupying the entire length, with state-rooms on either side and a railed promenade round it. The forward half is used as a dining-room, and can accommodate sixty people

at table at once; the after part is fitted with sofas, and boasts a piano and a bookstall. The appointments are extremely good, but 150 passengers rather over-tax the stewards, and, after having been up since 2.30 A.M., one likes to have breakfast rather earlier than 9.30. Above this saloon is another deck, but this is confined to the use of the officers, for a crowd of passengers upon it would undoubtedly compromise the safety of the ship.

Some six or seven miles below Kingston the banks close in on the river, and we are soon threading our way amongst the Thousand Islands. This long group extends over a distance of forty miles, and adds as much to the beauty of the scenery as to the difficulty of the navigation. The steamers running down the St. Lawrence during the summer months are daily crowded with passengers, and the Thousand Islands and Rapids are as great a source of attraction to the Canadians as the Hudson River, Lake Champlain, and Lake George to New York tourists.

In reality there are 1800 of these islands, large and small, but many of them are mere rocks a few yards square raised a foot or two out of the water, whilst by far the greater number do not exceed an

acre in extent, and only support a few pines and shrubs. Some half a dozen, however, are more than a mile long, and prettily wooded. On one or two of these there are hotels, the proprietors of which announce that excellent wild-fowl shooting is to be had, and that "angling is rather fatiguing than otherwise, from the great quantity and size of the fish!" How far this is borne out by facts I am unable to say.

On many of these islands are lighthouses, and we are continually passing red beacons placed over shoals, and here and there a small lightship. The navigation seems decidedly intricate, and the steamer requires a good deal of wheel every few minutes to enable her to escape the manifold dangers of rock and shallow that almost appear to bar further progress towards the sea. The day could not be more propitious for the enjoyment of scenery; the recent thunderstorm has thoroughly cleared the air, the sun shines brilliantly in a cloudless sky, and a light cool breeze is faintly rippling the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence. The banks are not remarkable for their beauty. They are low, sparsely wooded, and green to the water's edge, and the country bordering the river is so flat that for miles

the inland view is limited to a thin line of trees, here and there broken by a red-painted farmhouse.

But there are occasional peeps to be had down a vista of islets which are pretty and picturesque, where a long reach opens out before us, with a white lighthouse just visible through the pines, and in the distance a tiny dash of red against the blue water, telling of a beacon on some rock or sand-patch. In one part of the river it is said that a hundred islands can be seen at once. I am shown the spot, but do not test the accuracy of the arithmetic. These scenes of the picturesque, however, are quite exceptional, and I must confess myself disappointed with the scenery of this part of the St. Lawrence. The island-studded reaches may, indeed, have been replete with romance and incident during the Canadian insurrection, but I find it very difficult to pick out the fascinating nature-pictures in which travellers are said to revel for many a long mile.

Brockville, Prescott, and Ogdensburg, flourishing riverside towns, are passed, and the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence broadens still further as we steam on. The Gallops and De Plau Rapids are small and of no reputation, but very different are the Long Sault. These extend for nine miles, and are

divided into two channels by a succession of long tapering islands. Of these channels we choose the southern, which in many places is dangerously narrow, but frequent navigation has shown that with experienced hands at the wheel, and a pilot who knows every rock in the stream, there is not much to fear. In one reach, certainly, the *Spartan* takes the ground several times, but the shocks are but slight, and, urged on by a current running twenty miles an hour, she merely grates over the gravelly bed, and plunges heavily forward unharmed.

The appearance of the rapids is sufficiently wild to alarm a timid passenger, and when the *Spartan* makes her first plunge the colour vanishes from the cheeks of several of the fair Canadians. The meeting of a strong tide and fresh breeze in a narrow sound with a rocky bottom causes a similar conflict of waters. A short chopping sea gets up, and all is a turmoil of breaking waves and angry foam. We shut off steam where the force of the stream is greatest, and with six steersmen at the two wheels, the *Spartan* rushes headlong down the channel impelled by the current alone. There is but little motion in the steamer, as the waves, though roaring and tossing in the wildest manner, are short

and small. One has the sensation of going downhill very rapidly, for the steamer of course has the appearance of being very much down by the head in the course of this descent of forty-eight feet, and at times she lurches heavily, and seems to have considerable difficulty in recovering herself. Steamers going up stream escape the Long Sault Rapids by passing through a canal of seven locks eleven and a half miles long.

We now enter Lake St. Francis, an expansion of the St. Lawrence, which for twenty-five miles averages five miles in width. The banks are, as usual, flat and uninteresting, but the blue humps and ridges on the horizon tell of the Adirondack range in the distant south. In this lake we pass one of the large timber rafts slowly making its way down to Quebec. It appears to be about 250 feet in length and 150 feet across, and consists of thousands of planks ready for the market lashed together. In various parts of it pole masts support large yards and square sails; it is steered by numerous long sweeps, and bears amidships two roughly built wood huts for the accommodation of the forty or fifty raftsmen who form the crew. Nearly all the timber is cut in the forests and taken down stream

by French Canadians, the English disliking the work. A Toronto man tells me that the reason of this is that the French can eat thick bacon day after day and relish it, whereas the English like it cut thin!

Leaving Lake St. Francis, we run the Coteau, Cedar, and Cascade Rapids, and descend eighty-two feet in the course of eleven and a quarter miles. In ascending the river, use is made of the Beauharnois Canal, but steamers have no less than nine locks to pass through. Here, as we open a reach of the Cedar Rapids, the *Spartan* comes up with the *Corinthian*, and we know that "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." But the *Corinthian* does not mean fighting, for she is hard and fast aground near the south shore, and has already hauled down her colours. Within a few hundred yards of her is another stranded steamer, the *Osprey*, and we are thus reminded that in spite of all the efforts of experienced pilots and careful helmsmen, the rapids will occasionally assert their power, and take charge of the ship. At one point shipwreck stares us in the face, for a hundred yards ahead of the *Spartan's* bows a long ridge of rock rears itself several feet above the tumbling waves, and we are rushing

headlong towards it at the rate of twelve knots. A second of suspense, and then the wheel goes hard over, the *Spartan* sheers wildly to port, and the danger is past.

From Lake St. Louis, in which there are several pretty islands, we get our first view of the dark hump of Mount Royal, thirty miles away. Here the St. Lawrence for twelve miles has a breadth of half that distance, and now that the breeze has died away at the approach of sunset, a sheet of still water is spread out before us like a lake of quicksilver. On our left the outlet of the Ottawa River, and St. Ann's, celebrated in Canadian boating songs, are soon passed, and an hour's steaming brings us to the last, the Lachine Rapids. At Caughnawaga Point we take on board the old Indian pilot, Baptiste, well known to most *voyageurs* on the St. Lawrence, who steers us safely down the forty-four feet of descent amidst the tumult of waters, emerging from which the noble Victoria Bridge is before us, with the crowded buildings and tall spires of Montreal rising terraced on the eminence beyond.

Shooting the centre span of the bridge, we get a grand view of the whole extent of the city, which is said to be seen at its best from the river. Long

wharves, lined with timber ships, Atlantic steamers, and two-decked river boats, fringe the north bank of the St. Lawrence for several miles, backed by rows of handsome stone warehouses, amongst which the Custom House is made conspicuous by its fine dome and tower; behind these again, street above street climbs the face of Mount Royal, and the noble towers of Notre Dame form the one imposing central object which no city should be without.

But a few words about the Victoria Bridge, which is one of the largest and most celebrated in the world. It spans the river above Montréal at a place where it is a mile and a quarter wide, and with north and south embankments is in all nearly a mile and three-quarters in length. The twenty-four piers that rise from the river-bed to support the iron tubes, are built of massive blocks of stone, averaging ten tons and a half in weight, and fitted with wedge-shaped ice-breakers, for the protection of the bridge during the winter. These piers are calculated to bear a pressure of 70,000 tons. The centre span is 60 feet above summer water level, the height at the shore ends only 36 feet, but owing to its great length the bridge has the appearance of a dead level throughout. It was built by the Grand Trunk Rail-

way Company, and is laid with a single line of rails, beneath a strong iron covered way, with a high-pitched roof to prevent the snow from lying upon it. The total cost of the bridge was nearly 7,000,000 dollars, but Canadians say that it is well worth the money, for it gives uninterrupted railway communication with Boston, New York, and all the eastern States, and the value of this can hardly be overestimated.

Running alongside the connecting Quebec steamer, the *Spartan* transfers her through passengers, and then lands the rest of us on a very crowded wharf. In the course of a steep climb and a short drive, I get a fair idea of the aspect of the streets in the commercial metropolis of Canada, and judging from its public buildings, and the handsome solidity of its blocks of warehouses, it is indeed thriving and prosperous. But I have not time even to see Notre Dame, and indeed hardly do more than eat a dinner in Montreal.

Three hours after my landing from the *Spartan*, I leave in the night express for Quebec, and from the northern abutment of the Victoria Bridge enjoy a superb view of the city under the clear cold light of the stars. Lines of lamps are twinkling brightly up

the terraced front of Mount Royal, and from the quays waving trails of light stream outwards into the dark expanse of river; the tall column of fire from a huge foundry is making the city roofs ruddy with its glare, and bringing out tower, dome, and spire in strong relief against the background of dark sky, whilst, over all, the great comet is glowing and flaming in its headlong course to the horizon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

QUEBEC.

Point Levi—Quebec—A Walled City with a History—The Upper Town: its Sinuosities and Peculiarities—A House *in extremis*—Breakneck Stairs—The Citadel on Cape Diamond—The Gibraltar of Canada—The Plains of Abraham—Wolfe's Monument—The Montmorenci Falls—The Trade of Quebec.

AT seven o'clock next morning the train stops at Point Levi on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, and we are at the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway. Point Levi is growing fast, many houses have sprung up of late years, as well as a magnificent Roman Catholic church—which unfortunately the railway authorities do not allow me time to visit—and on the heights above extensive fortifications are being completed, the guns on which will command the St. Lawrence for several miles. Just a mile of river separates Point Levi from Cape Diamond, the citadel of Quebec, and a steam ferry-boat lands me in the old capital of Canada, in ample time for an eight o'clock breakfast at the St. Louis Hotel.

Quebec is built on the summit and sloping sides of a rugged rocky promontory on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, at its confluence with the St. Charles River. It is of a triangular shape, the Plains of Abraham forming the base, and the two rivers the sides, and consists of Upper and Lower Towns, the former comprising the Citadel and all within the walls, the latter a long line of warehouses and minor dwellings built along a narrow street, for which there is just room between the heights of Cape Diamond and the St. Lawrence, and also the large and populous suburbs of St. Roch and St. John abutting on the St. Charles River. The Upper Town is the city proper, and contains the principal buildings and all that is most interesting in Quebec.

This, the last, is by far the most picturesque city I have visited in the whole course of my tour. A walled city with the walls still intact is a rarity in these latter days. The gates certainly no longer exist, having been improved away, but the gaps where they stood are plainly noticeable, and we cannot pass outside the limits of fortification without being aware of it.

Breakfast despatched, I visit the south side of the

Lower Town first, and the walk thither strikes me forcibly after having passed through city after city, town after town, village after village in Australia and America, all laid out rectangularly. The Old Town of Quebec cares nothing for right angles : it is obtuse-angled, acute-angled, tortuous, sinuous, winding to a degree : I venture to doubt its boasting a right angle in its entire area. Its sinuosities and eccentricities are quite charming, albeit perhaps a little perplexing to a stranger. My destination lies south-west from my hotel, and at a distance of perhaps 200 yards as the crow flies. But my course is sufficiently varied to be puzzling. I go east for some distance, then haul up to north, then keep away to north-east for a spell, followed by a wide, sheer to south-east, which promises to bring me up "all standing" in the St. Lawrence ; but I gybe, and, steering due west up St. Peter's Street along the river-side, reach port after a cruise of twenty minutes in time and nearly a mile in distance.

But it is delightful to be amongst the antique and picturesque once more, to feel that the city is not a creation of the past generation, but had been besieged and stormed and ceded decades before Melbourne or San Francisco or Chicago were founded or dreamt

• of, that it counts its years by hundreds instead of by tens, and is not a woolopolis, or grainopolis, or porkopolis, but a quiet old walled city with a history.

The streets of the Upper Town, through which I pass on my roundabout way to the foot of Cape Diamond, are not only winding but steep and narrow, and have quite an Old World appearance. The houses are many of them lofty, and the majority are of wood, painted white and furnished with bright green shutters and venetians. They might • have been transplanted from some town in Holland, had they the simple addition of a small mirror or two fastened outside the upper windows. The best shops and stores, however, have a very English look about them, and are substantially built of stone.

But it is in the side streets and along the river-bank that one gets glimpses of picturesque old buildings which call up recollections of the Old World. At one point, looking up the line of wharves from the base of Cape Diamond, is a five-storied wooden house, regularly squeezed and pinched up between two more portly buildings, which have swelled out towards the roadway on either side of

it, and now threaten to overwhelm it *in toto*. It has not the remotest chance of escape: its neighbours have fairly got it in Chancery, and are themselves so puffed up as to put it in darkness and out of sight, except from one position. It has lived to a green old age, and now seems likely to perish of suffocation.

A side street is usually reached by a long flight of steps, proceeding up which one finds oneself in a narrow and dark but still cleanly alley. Here the wood houses are bravely ornamented with gaily painted signs swinging above the doors, and acres of habiliments of various colours, suspended from lines stretched between opposite windows, expose the miscellaneous character and questionable state of repair of a hundred wardrobes to a confiding and charitable public. But the alley has none of the unsavoury elements of a back slum; the houses, though poor, are remarkably clean for a side street, there is no fever-laden gutter running down the centre of the lane, no dead dogs and rotten cabbages encumber the pathway, and many pretentious streets in large towns are far dirtier and more offensive than Breakneck Stairs. On all sides people are chattering in French, all the signboards are French, two-thirds of the names over

the shops are French, and French seems to be the prevailing language in use all over the city. In fact, it is estimated that three-fourths of the entire population of Quebec are French Canadians, and I can hardly believe that I am in a city that has been under British rule for more than 100 years.

Towering some 400 feet above the river, on the summit of the rocky slopes of Cape Diamond, the dark grey ramparts of the Citadel frown over the busy throng on the narrow pavements and wharves below. On the cliff-face, some forty feet above St. Peter's Street, a large black board bears in gilt letters "Here fell Montgomery, Dec. 31, 1775." But on walking round the Citadel afterwards, the non-commissioned officer who acts as *cicerone* shows me a white stone more than a hundred feet higher up the cliff and close to one of the embrasures, and tells me that the board is wrongly placed.

General Montgomery, it will be remembered, was reconnoitring under cover of night, and had made his way almost to the summit of Cape Diamond, when he was discovered and killed by a discharge of grape from the British lines. On my way to the Citadel I passed a small wooden house in St. Louis Street, above the door of which swings a

board intimating that therein the body of the deceased General was laid out.

The ramparts of the Citadel enclose from forty to fifty acres, occupied by barracks, magazines, and parade-ground, and are mounted with heavy guns, amongst which are several 110-pounder Armstrongs. The massive stonework of the bastions is from eight to ten feet in thickness and admirably executed : in fact, to the eye of a civilian, Cape Diamond is a small Gibraltar. All emergencies appear to have been provided for in its construction, and tunnelled through the solid rock, are subterranean passages connecting with various parts of the city, so that the inhabitants, if driven from their houses, have a way of escape to a secure stronghold close at hand. Only one battery of artillery, however, is in garrison, for Canada maintains but a handful of her troops under arms, and I have frequently heard expressions of regret at the withdrawal of the English regiments. British North America, as well as Australia and Tasmania, misses the redcoats sadly.

From the Citadel the views of the city, the Isle of Orleans, the St. Lawrence, the country to the south as far as the Adirondack Mountains, and the plains and farm-lands stretching away to the high

ranges in the north-east, are as beautiful as they are extensive.

- Beneath one is a magnificent harbour, opening out from the mile of water between Point Levi and Cape Diamond to thrice that breadth above the Isle of Orleans, and, though 700 miles distant from the open Atlantic, having a tide-fall of twenty feet, whilst in it a thousand sail can find anchorage and shelter from the heaviest gales. It can compete with Sydney and Hobart Town in beauty and capacity combined. Quebec Harbour is not so beautiful as Port Jackson nor so spacious as the Derwent estuary, but it is far more picturesque than either. Here are precipitous forbidding cliffs, and shelving slopes clad with the greenest herbage, grand mountain ranges in the distance, and fertile corn-fields running down to the very water's edge, the confluence of two large rivers round the base of a rocky headland terraced with houses to the summit, strongly fortified and girt with tiers of shipping, whilst countless timber-rafts so block up the coves of the southern shore as almost to hide the water from view.

St. Louis Street, which has been considerably improved since the removal of the St. Louis Gate,

is the handsomest street in Quebec. It does not care to be too unlike its neighbours, and so preserves a sinuous tail, but on leaving the business part of the city it takes a straight course past the Citadel and away on to the Plains of Abraham, rejoicing in a border of pretty gardens and pleasant balconied villas by the way.

The Plains of Abraham do not furnish a very striking or extensive prospect. The Quebec Race-course has been laid out on the portion adjoining the city, and cowkeepers and farmers rent the further country for grazing purposes. The City Gaol, an imposing building, abuts on the southern boundary of the Plains, and almost in front of it stands the monument marking the spot where Wolfe died in the moment of victory. It is a plain stone pedestal, thirty feet in height, surmounted by a general's hat and sword. The memorial is decidedly unpretending, and the effect of the tall thin shaft of stone is considerably impaired by an ugly iron railing, ten feet high, which confines the rim of grass round the base to far too narrow limits. Here half a dozen small boys produce collections of "Wolfe's diamonds," small crystal cubes found on the Plains, and offered to strangers at five cents each. It is

to the abundance of these crystals that Cape Diamond owes its name.

From the Plains of Abraham I drive to the Montmorenci Falls, seven miles distant from Quebec. On the way I pass through the populous suburb of St. Roch, which forms the chief part of the Lower Town, covering not only the lower slopes, but also the flat ground between them and the shipbuilding yards on the St. Charles River. Here we leave the antique behind us, and enter upon a rectangular district, the streets of which, roadways as well as pathways, are paved with wood planks. The houses are wooden, almost without exception, and roofed with tin. Indeed, this roofing is generally adopted in Quebec; the cathedrals and churches, the Post-office, and nearly all the principal buildings are fitted with it. Some of the churches have even their spires and towers so coated, and in the sunlight seem to point a silver shaft to heaven.

The reason of this is not far to find. On May 28th, 1845, St. Roch's was devastated by a fearful conflagration, which destroyed no less than 1632 houses, and was only quelled by the blowing up of the buildings in advance of the flames. A

month later, a second fire in the adjoining suburbs consumed 1628 houses, so that the entire north and north-east of the city was a mass of ruins. The wood shingles and thatch with which the houses were roofed caused the fire to burst out wherever a spark fell, and since that time tin has been almost exclusively used in Quebec..

A fortnight ago I was in California watching the gathering-in of the corn, and here on the flat lands across the St. Charles River the fields are green and waving with high grass crops, and the hay harvest has not yet commenced. Some two miles out one gets a grand view of the city, and the lines of the walls, with the grassy slopes of the *glacis* drawing a dark green belt between the clustered white houses, can plainly be traced. The road, however, is neither pretty nor picturesque, and runs for four long miles amongst the scattered cottages of Beaufort, a French Canadian village. Here the gables of all the buildings are east and west, to resist the winter storms which blow from these quarters. At the back of each cottage is a small patch of farm land, from the produce of which the tenants earn a scanty pittance. They live like Irishmen on their potato patch, seeming to indulge in

no hopes of a larger sphere of usefulness and profit.

A magnificent avenue of spruce firs, half a mile in length, leading up to the bridge across the rapids, is the prettiest part of the drive. The Montmorenci Falls are 240 feet in height, and 80 feet across, not descending in a clear plunge, but breaking into huge masses of spray on many jutting crags of the cliff-face, which, however, are obscured from view by the thick veil of foam-laden water. The rocks and heights surrounding a still dark pool, through which the river flows just above the falls, are heavily timbered with pine and fir, from beneath the sombre shadows of which a *chalet*-like wooden building peeps out picturesquely. On either side of the falls stretches away an almost precipitous cliff of dark shale in the form of an amphitheatre, enclosing a broad basin, 500 yards across, having a small outlet to the St. Lawrence. From this basin in winter time rises a huge smooth cone of ice formed by the frozen spray, and sometimes reaching nearly eighty feet in height. Down the sides of this "toboggining"—sliding, seated on a small kind of sledge—is very frequently practised. Whether as regards height, width, or volume of water, the Montmorenci

Falls are well worth visiting, but after Yosemite and Niagara one cannot expect to be much struck with the grandeur of other waterfalls.

There are paintings to be seen, and many churches and buildings, which are curious by reason of their age, associations, or architecture, to be visited, but I have only a day to spare, and it would take a week to see Quebec thoroughly, so I must fain be content with general ideas.

Quebec has no great trade beyond that in timber, for the grain of Canada is shipped out of the colony at Montreal, the St. Lawrence being navigable by the largest ships up to that city. Thither the Allan^s steamers proceed to take in their cargo, and the vessels at Quebec are almost exclusively laden with timber. Butter and cheese to the amount of five millions of dollars are exported from Montreal yearly, but Quebec makes up for its deficiency in this respect by its timber trade, the importance and extent of which are conclusively proved by the thousands of rafts that fill all the coves on the St. Lawrence within sight of Cape Diamond. Shipbuilding, too, is very largely carried on.

Quebec is not going ahead like Toronto and Montreal. Its trade, the inhabitants say, is not per-

ceptibly on the increase. It is a quaint, sleepy city of the last century, quiet and picturesque, within easy distance of pretty watering-places on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and also of some of the finest river scenery in the world on the Saguenay. One can easily imagine that French Canadians wish for no pleasanter or more beautiful home. Perhaps Jean and Baptiste, on their tiny farms near the St. Lawrence, occasionally think of the sunny plains of *La Belle France*, but the Atlantic is broad and stormy, and they are not tempted to wander.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Afloat Again—The Northern Lights—Through the Straits of Belle Isle—Amongst the Icebergs—The North Coast of Ireland—Lough Foyle—The Scottish Coast from Rathlin Island—Home again.

ON Saturday, July 11th, I leave Quebec for Liverpool in the Allan s.s. *Caspian*, and on the afternoon of the tenth day am again in England. Our run across the Atlantic is favoured with smooth water after two days of head winds and sea and thick fog off the coast of Newfoundland. We are treated to several marvellous displays of the Northern lights; one in particular, when over a third of the heavens extends a perfect bow, glowing with intensely white light, from which radiate upwards shafts of quivering brilliancy, alternately flushing and fading against the black-blue of night. We are passing through the Straits of Belle Isle at the time; a silver haze hangs low over the coast-lines of Newfoundland and Labrador, but in the main channel we have fairly clear weather, and the auroral light

glimmers weirdly on the grim masses and fantastic cones of half a dozen huge icebergs fresh from the Greenland glaciers. Ahead the open Atlantic is shrouded in a thick fog-bank, through which the light on the Newfoundland headland glares dull red, whilst the intense darkness of the sky within the auroral arch throws into strong relief the brilliant body and gleaming tail of Coggia's comet.

We sight the Irish coast soon after daylight on July 20th, and, running between Innistrahull Island and Malin Head, enter Lough Foyle, and land the mails at Moville. The Emerald Isle is looking her greenest, and here and there the ivy-clad ruins of some old castle add picturesqueness to the grandeur of the coast scenery. Large kelp fires on the beach give a weird aspect to the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway and Fair Head, whilst on the northern horizon Islay lies like a faint purple haze, and eastward the mountains of the Mull of Cantyre loom up beyond the steep cliffs of lonely Rathlin.

Next morning the *Caspian* is steaming up the crowded Mersey, and I have completed my tour round the world.

LONDON :
SAVILL, EDWARDS AND CO., PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET, -
COVENT GARDEN.

September 1874.

TINSLEY BROTHERS'

• PUBLICATIONS.

TINSLEY BROTHERS' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Work by G. L. M. Strauss.

Men who have made the new German Empire. By G. L. M. STRAUSS. 2 vols. 8vo.

A Memoir of Balfe, the Composer.

Michael William Balfe: a Memoir. By CHARLES LAMB KENNY.

Old London Fairs.

The Old Showmen; and the Old London Fairs. By THOMAS FROST, author of 'Half-Hours with the Early Explorers,' &c. 1 vol.

Mesmerism, Fascination, Ecstasy, Magnetism, &c.

Animal Magnetism (Mesmerism) and Artificial Somnambulism; being a complete and practical Treatise on that Science, and its Application to Medical Purposes; followed by Observations on the Affinity existing between Magnetism and Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern. By the COUNTESS C—DE ST. DOMINIQUE. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.

The Ashantee War.

The March to Coomassie. By G. A. HENTY (Special Correspondent to the *Standard*), author of 'The March to Magdala,' 'All but Lost,' &c. 1 vol. 8vo, 15s.

'The book is a most interesting record of the origin, progress, and successful termination of the Ashantee campaign of 1873-4, and will doubtless become an authoritative work of reference.'—*Court Journal*.

'For a careful and complete history of the Western expedition we can refer our readers with confidence to Mr. G. A. Henty's narrative. . . . Mr. Henty writes extremely well, and he has taken great pains to get at all the facts, and to form a judgment on all the more important operations of the campaign.'—*Guardian*.

New Work by Elizabeth Cooper.

The Life of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. By ELIZABETH COOPER, author of 'The Life of Arabella Stuart,' 'Popular History of America,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.

'The character of Strafford, the victim of Charles the First's treachery, has never had greater justice done to it than by the author of these deeply-interesting volumes. We look, indeed, upon the memoir as an invaluable contribution towards the elucidation of the troubles of those unhappy times, which caused a king, an archbishop, and an earl to suffer death upon the scaffold.'—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

'The best biography of a life well deserving such a memorial.'—*Westminster Review*.

Who came over with William the Conqueror?

The Conqueror and his Companions. A new Historical Work. By J. R. PLANCHE, author of 'The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

'Out of the rich mine of archaeological documents Mr. Planché has dug deep. Of all the particulars Mr. Planché has supplied there is not one that is dull, whilst every detail is written in a style so definite and genial that he will add to himself another host of friends. . . . His "Conqueror and his Companions" will be sure to find a place, amongst the standard works of our countrymen, in every time-honoured public as well as in every well-selected private library.'—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

New Work by W. Stamer.

The Gentleman Emigrant: his Daily Life, Sports, and Pastimes in Canada, Australia, and the United States. By W. STAMER, author of 'Recollections of a Life of Adventure,' &c. 2 vols. post 8vo, 24s.

'Full of sound information and good advice.'—*Times*.

'The author's excellent advice cannot be too highly rated, it being the result of actual experience; and intending gentlemen emigrants would do well to peruse these two volumes as they embark upon any colonial farming speculation.'—*Court Journal*.

'Exceedingly useful to all who are about to seek their fortunes across the Atlantic or in the southern hemisphere.'—*Standard*.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

Spirit Faces, Mediums, At a Dark Circle, The Walworth Jumpers, &c.

Unorthodox London; or Phases of Religious Life in the Metropolis. By the Rev. C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D. 1 vol. 8vo, 14s.

'Mr. Davies, in the most plain, simple, matter-of-fact way, tells us exactly what he saw on each occasion. The result is a most interesting volume. We have left many of Mr. Davies's fifty-nine chapters unnoticed, but all of them will repay perusal.'—*Athenæum*.

A Silent Service, Watch-night, Midnight Mass, Extraordinary Services, &c.

Orthodox London; or Phases of Religious Life in the Church of England. By the Author of 'Unorthodox London.' 14s.

'It reflects in a very comprehensive way some of the leading aspects of religious thought in the Church of England at the present time, and contains a number of literary photographs—if the phrase may be allowed—of eminent clergymen. . . . The author knows his subject, and has the art of instructing his readers.'—*Daily News*.

A Parson in Transition, Interviewing a Mormon, The Gospel of Hell Fire, A Latter-day Saints' Meeting, &c.

Heterodox London. By the Rev. C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D., author of 'Orthodox London,' 'Unorthodox London,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.

'The readers of Dr. Davies's very instructive pages will learn much that it behoves them to know and ponder, and will be brought face to face, possibly for the first time, with some momentous problems of the modern social organism.'—*Daily News*.

'As a contribution to the history of religion it is a valuable work.'—*City Press*.

Whitehurst's Napoleon the Third.

Court and Social Life in France under Napoleon the Third.

By the late FELIX WHITEHURST. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

'Not only was Mr. Whitehurst received from time to time ceremoniously at the Tuilleries and Compiègne, but he may be said to have known Cæsar "at home" and in his slippers; and upon the whole he made good use of his opportunities in the service of his employers. For ten years he reflected for us English people, effectively and agreeably, certain aspects of Paris under the Second Empire.'—*Athenæum*.

Life of Madame Sevigne.

Madame de Sévigné: her Correspondents and Contemporaries. By the COMTESSE DE PULIGA. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, 30s.

'Madame de la Puliga has diligently studied her subject in all its bearings; she is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the period of which she treats; she is at home with both correspondents and contemporaries; she has made a judicious selection from the embarrassing abundance of materials accumulated to her hands; treading frequently on very delicate ground, she is never wanting in feminine refinement or good taste.'—*Quarterly Review*.

Planché's Recollections.

The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché (Somerset Herald). A Professional Autobiography. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

'So many and so good are the anecdotes he relates, that two or three could not be taken from the rest by any process more critical than the toss of a halfpenny.'—*Saturday Review*.

Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Malibran, Mozart, &c.

Musical Recollections of the Last Half-Century. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

'Such a variety of amusing anecdotes, sketches of character, bits of biography, and incidents in the career of famous artists have never been crammed in a couple of volumes before. . . . "Musical Recollections of the Last Half-Century" is the most entertaining and readable book on musical matters that has been published for many years, and deserves to become very popular.'—*Era*.

Scarborough, Isles of Thanet, Wight, &c.

Round about the Islands; or Sunny Spots near Home.

By CLEMENT W. SCOTT. 1 vol. 8vo. With Illustrations by Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER. 12s.

'It is to be hoped that the perusal of these interesting papers will create in the minds of British tourists the desire to witness the lovely scenery to be found in various parts of our own islands.'—*Court Journal*.

The Life and Times of Algernon Sydney.

The Life and Times of Algernon Sydney, Republican, 1622-1683. By ALEXANDER CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A., Senior Clerk of Her Majesty's Public Records, author of 'The Crown and its Advisers,' 'Last Century of Universal History,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

'We welcome this biography as the means of making an illustrious Englishman better known to modern readers, and because it will bring the noble letters and other writings of Algernon Sydney within the easier reach of a great mass of people.'—*Athenæum*.

The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas.

The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas. By PERCY FITZGERALD, author of 'The Lives of the Kembles,' 'The Life of David Garrick,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

'If the great object of biography is to present a characteristic portrait, then the personal memoir of Dumas must be pronounced very successful.'—*Times*.

Burton and Drake's Syria.

Unexplored Syria. By Capt. BURTON, F.R.G.S., and Mr. C. F. TYRWHITT-DRAKE, F.R.G.S., &c. With a New Map of Syria, Illustrations, Inscriptions, the 'Hamah Stones,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo, 32s.

'The work before us is no common book of travels. It is rather a series of elaborate, and at the same time luminous, descriptions of the various sites visited and explored by the authors, either together or singly, and of the discoveries made there by them.'—*Athenæum*.

'The book must be pronounced to be valuable for its information.'—*Spectator*.

St. John's Anna Carafa.

The Court of Anna Carafa: an Historical Narrative. By

Mrs. ST. JOHN. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

'Mrs. St. John always writes with grace and point. Not even in "Masaniello of Naples" have her command of language and her epigrammatic style been more commendable than in the handsome volume before us.'—*Standard*.

Origin, Progress, &c. of the Newspaper Press.

The Newspaper Press: its Origin, Progress, and Present Position. By JAMES GRANT, author of 'Random Recollections,' 'The Great Metropolis,' &c., and late Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.

'It was natural that such a man, to whom the press had been as it were the atmosphere he had breathed for half a lifetime, should think of recording what he personally knew, or had historically gathered, concerning that unique institution.'—*Standard*.

Mrs. Ramsay's new Book of Travel.

A Summer in Spain. By Mrs. RAMSAY, author of a Translation of Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original. 1 vol. 8vo, with Frontispiece and Vignette, 15s.

'Her style is graceful and lively; she has an artist's eye for effect, and shows good gifts of description. She took a very genuine interest in all that she saw; and discriminating enthusiasm is sure to awaken sympathy.'—*Saturday Review*.

Men of the Day.

Cartoon Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Men of the Day. Containing 50 Portraits, with short Biographical Sketches of each. 1 handsome 4to vol. cloth gilt, 21s.

Lord Lytton; C. R. Darwin, F.R.S.; John Everett Millais; Dion Boucicault; Robert Browning; G. E. Street, R.A.; 'Mr. Speaker'; J. L. Toole; Gustave Doré; William Morris; Dr. Garrett Anderson; William Hepworth Dixon; Professor Owen; the Right Hon. B. Disraeli; John Hollingshead; A. C. Swinburne; J. C. M. Bellew; Henry Irving; Charles Reade; Tom Hood; Benjamin Webster; Anthony Trollope; C. E. Mudie; Lionel Brough; Wilkie Collins; Alfred Tennyson; Norman Macleod; Andrew Halliday; Canon Kingsley; George Augustus Sala; Professor Huxley; Charles Lever; J. R. Planché; Edmund Yates; Captain Warren, R.E.; John Ruskin; W. H. Smith, M.P.; Thomas Carlyle; J. B. Buckstone; Frederick Looker; Mark Twain; H. M. Stanley; J. A. Froude; Shirley Brooks; Dean Stanley; Matthew Arnold; Harrison Ainsworth; J. B. Hopkins; George MacDonald; William Tinsley.

Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III. With Original Letters of the King and other Unpublished MSS. By J. HENEAGE JESSE, author of 'The Court of England under the Stuarts,' &c. 3 vols. 8vo, 2l. 2s. Second Edition.

'The very nature of his subject has given these volumes peculiar interest.'—*Times*.
'Here, however, we must part with Mr. Jesse, not without renewed thanks for the amusement which he has given us.'—*Quarterly Review*.

The Life of David Garrick. From Original Family Papers, and numerous Published and Unpublished Sources. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, 36s.

'Once taken up, it will not be easily laid down. Unquestionably, it is the most satisfactory biography that has yet appeared of our English Roscius.'—*Examiner*.

The Life of Edmund Kean. From various Published and Original Sources. By F. W. HAWKINS. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.

'In all romance, in all literature, there is nothing more melancholy, nothing more utterly tragic, than the story of the career of Edmund Kean. So bitter and weary a struggle for a chance, so splendid and bewildering a success, so sad a waste of genius and fortune, so lamentable a fall, can hardly be found among all the records of the follies and sins and misfortunes of genius.'—*Morning Star*.

The Life and Times of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of England and France, and of her Father René, 'the Good,' King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem; with Memoirs of the Houses of Anjou. By MARY ANN HOOKHAM. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.

'Let Mrs. Hookham's history be as largely circulated as possible, and earnestly read in every home.'—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

The Married Life of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, Mother of Louis XIV.; and the History of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. Historical Studies. From numerous Unpublished Sources. By MARTHA WALKER FREER. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.

'The married life of Anne of Austria constitutes one of the most important phases in French history, and certainly one of the best topics that a writer up in the curious revelations of the French memoirs relating thereto could select to make an amusing and even fascinating book.'—*Times*.

The Regency of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, Mother of Louis XIV. From Published and Unpublished Sources. With Portrait. By Miss FREER. 2 vols. 30s.

'We have here a book entertaining in a high degree, and authentic as far as it goes; discriminating even in special transactions—full of choice materials well combined.'—*Times*.

History of France under the Bourbons, 1589-1830. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Regius Professor, Queen's College, Belfast. In 4 vols. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. contain the Reigns of Henry IV., Louis XIII. and XIV.; Vols. III. and IV. contain the Reigns of Louis XV. and XVI. 3l.

'The author's mastery of detail is as thorough here as elsewhere, and the tone of his judgment is always moderate and sensible. With all the data already familiar to him, he is in a position to take a really commanding survey, and he proves that he can do so with excellent discretion. The character of Henry le Grand, in particular, is reviewed with admirable discernment.'—*Saturday Review*.

The Miscellaneous Works of John Hollingshead (of the Gaiety Theatre). In 3 handsome vols. demy 8vo, with Portrait, 27s.

'For the last half dozen years Mr. Hollingshead's name has been so generally identified with the Gaiety Theatre, that the public have not had so many opportunities as formerly of enjoying his contributions to the periodical press, in the days when his pen was among the most welcome of those which supplied the editorial desks of Dickens, Thackeray, Dr. M'Leod. . . . We are compelled to take leave for the present of these charming volumes, which we warmly commend to our readers.'—*Morning Advertiser*.

Zanzibar. By CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON, author of 'A Mission to Geléle,' 'Explorations of the Highlands of the Brazil,' 'Abeokuta,' 'My Wanderings in West Africa,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.

'We welcome with pleasure this new work from the prolific pen of the accomplished traveller in all four quarters of the globe. . . . The information furnished is unquestionably very valuable and interesting.'—*Athenæum*.

Explorations of the Highlands of the Brazil; with a full Account of the Gold and Diamond Mines; also Canoeing down Fifteen Hundred Miles of the great River, Sao Francisco, from Sabará to the Sea. In 2 vols. 8vo, with Map and Illustrations, 30s.

'His love of strange adventure, his distaste for common civilised life, are as marked as ever. It might be hard to pitch on a finer field for the display of his powers than the voyage down the great river and the descent of its rapids.'—*Athenæum*.

Old Rome and New Italy. By EMILIO CASTELAR. Translated by Mrs. ARTHUR ARNOLD. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

'The man whose ardent love of humanity and passion for intellectual freedom, expressed in this volume, render it one of the most satisfying that has ever been written on the subject of Italy, is now—with probably a greater influence than any member of the Government—one of those to whom the destinies of the Spanish people are intrusted.'—*Echo*.

The Story of the Diamond Necklace. By HENRY VIZETELLY. Illustrated with an exact representation of the Diamond Necklace, and a Portrait of the Countess de la Motte, engraved on steel. 2 vols. post 8vo, 25s. Second Edition.

'We can, without fear of contradiction, describe the "Story of the Diamond Necklace" as a book of thrilling interest.'—*Standard*.

'Mr. Vizetelly has performed his work admirably. His two volumes are absorbing in their interest, and after a perusal of them the best novels are dull.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

Letters on International Relations before and during the War of 1870. By the *Times* Correspondent at Berlin. Reprinted, by permission, from the *Times*, with considerable additions. 2 vols. 8vo, 36s.

'No good library can be without this work. It will be absolutely indispensable to many; and we think it may be as fairly quoted from as an authority as are many of our standing works of reference.'—*Court Journal*

The Great Country: Impressions of America. By GEORGE ROSE, M.A. (ARTHUR SKETCHLEY). 1 vol. 8vo, 15s.

'Never before did a man come home with such a budget of traveller tales to set stay-at-home folks agape with wonder. . . . His account of railway travelling, of railway refreshment-houses, of hotels, and of other peculiarities of the country with which a traveller is brought into contact, are very just.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

English Photographs. By an American. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

'We have found in him an acute and suggestive critic, as well as a lively companion, in our survey of the surface of English life, and we shall be glad to meet him again in similar fields.'—*Spectator*.

Con Amore; or Critical Chapters. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, author of 'The Waterdale Neighbours.' Post 8vo, 12s.

'This is a collection of masterly sketches, any one of which will repay study. We can but briefly present to our readers the forms and faces brought before us in the volume; we advise them to study it for themselves.'—*Spectator*.

William with the Ring: a Romance in Rhyme. By J. R. PLANCHE, author of 'The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché,' &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo, 6s.

'We are sure that it must have been a pleasure to Mr. Planché to write this graceful poem, the pages of which he has coloured like a painted window with his antique lore; and we are equally sure that it will be a pleasure to his friends, who are many more people than he knows by name, to read it.'—*Times*.

- A Mission to Geléle.** Being a Three Months' Residence at the Court of Dahomé. In which are described the Manners and Customs of the Country, including the Human Sacrifice, &c. 2 vols. with Illustrations, 25s.
- Baron Grimbosh:** Doctor of Philosophy and sometime Governor of Barataria. A Record of his Experiences, written by himself in Exile, and published by Authority. 1 vol. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Foreign Biographies.** By WILLIAM MACCALL. 2 vols. 25s.
- Lives of the Kembles.** By PERCY FITZGERALD, author of the 'Life of David Garrick,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.
- Our Living Poets: an Essay in Criticism.** By H. BUXTON FORMAN. 1 vol. 12s.
- Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster.** By JAMES GRANT, author of 'The Great Metropolis,' 'The Religious Tendencies of the Times,' &c. 1 vol. 8vo, with Portrait, 16s.
- Memories of My Time; being Personal Reminiscences of Eminent Men.** By GEORGE HODDER. 1 vol. 8vo, 16s.
- Biographies and Portraits of some Celebrated People.** By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.
- The March to Magdala.** By G. A. HENTY, Special Correspondent to the *Standard*, author of 'Search for a Secret,' &c. 1 vol. 15s.
- Under the Sun.** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, author of 'My Diary in America,' &c. 1 vol. 8vo, 15s.
- The History of Monaco.** By H. PEMBERTON. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.
- My Diary in America in the Midst of War.** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.
- Notes and Sketches of the Paris Exhibition.** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. 8vo, 15s.
- From Waterloo to the Peninsula.** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. 2 vols. 8vo, 24s.
- Rome and Venice, with other Wanderings in Italy, in 1866-7.** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. 8vo, 16s.
- Paris after Two Sieges.** Notes of a Visit during the Armistice and immediately after the Suppression of the Commune. By WILLIAM WOODALL. 1 vol. 2s. 6d.
- Judicial Dramas: Romances of French Criminal Law.** By HENRY SPICER. 1 vol. 8vo, 15s.
- Ballads.** By the Author of 'Barbara's History,' &c. 1 vol. 3s. 6d.
- Sorties from 'Gib' in quest of Sensation and Sentiment.** By E. DYNE FENTON, late Captain 86th Regiment. 1 vol. post 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Wickets in the West, or the Twelve in America.** By R. A. FITZGERALD. With Portrait and Illustrations. 1 vol. crown 8vo, 5s.

Travels in Central Africa, and Exploration of the Western Nile Tributaries. By Mr. and Mrs. PETHERICK. With Maps, Portraits, and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

From Calcutta to the Snowy Range. By an OLD INDIAN. With numerous coloured Illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo, 14s.

Wit and Wisdom from West Africa; or a Book of Proverbial Philosophy, Idioms, Enigmas, and Laconisms. Compiled by RICHARD F. BURTON, author of 'A Mission to Dahomé,' 'A Pilgrimage to El-Medīnah and Meccah,' &c. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Abeokuta; and an Exploration of the Cameroons Mountains. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Portrait of the Author, Map, and Illustrations, 25s.

Stray Leaves of Science and Folk-lore. By J. SCOFFERN, M.B. Lond. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

Three Hundred Years of a Norman House. With Genealogical Miscellanies. By JAMES HANNAY, author of 'A Course of English Literature,' 'Satire and Satirists,' &c. 1 vol. 12s.

The Religious Life of London. By J. EWING RITCHIE, author of the 'Night Side of London,' &c. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

Religious Thought in Germany. By the *Times* Correspondent at Berlin. Reprinted from the *Times*. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

Mornings of the Recess in 1861-4. Being a Series of Literary and Biographical Papers, reprinted from the *Times*, by permission, and revised by the Author. 2 vols. 21s.

The Schleswig-Holstein War. By EDWARD DICEY, author of 'Rome in 1860,' 2 vols. 16s.

The Battle-fields of 1866. By EDWARD DICEY, author of 'Rome in 1860,' &c. 12s.

British Senators; or Political Sketches, Past and Present. By J. EWING RITCHIE. 1 vol. post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Prohibitory Legislation in the United States. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. 1 vol. 2s. 6d.

The Idol in Horeb. Evidence that the Golden Image at Mount Sinai was a Cone and not a Calf. With three Appendices. By CHARLES T. BEKE, Ph.D. 1 vol. 5s.

Christmas Stories ('Blade-o'-Grass,' 'Golden Grain,' 'Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses'). By B. L. FARJEON, author of 'Grif,' 'Joshua Marvel,' and 'London's Heart.' 1 handsome vol. cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

The King of Topsy-Turvy: a Fairy Tale. By the Author of 'The Enchanted Toasting-Fork.' Profusely illustrated and handsomely bound. 5s.

The Enchanted Toasting-Fork: a Fairy Tale. Profusely illustrated and handsomely bound. 5s.

The Retention of India. By ALEXANDER HALLIDAY. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.

Ten Years in Sarawak. By CHARLES BROOKE, the 'Tuan-mudah' of Sarawak. With an Introduction by H.H. the Rajah Sir JAMES BROOKE; and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

Peasant Life in Sweden. By L. LLOYD, author of 'The Game Birds of Sweden,' 'Scandinavian Adventures,' &c. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo, 18s.

Hog-Hunting in the East, and other Sports. By Captain J. NEWALL, author of 'The Eastern Hunters.' With numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo, 21s.

The Eastern Hunters. By Captain JAMES NEWALL. 1 vol. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 16s.

Fish-Hatching; and the Artificial Culture of Fish. By FRANK BUCKLAND. With 5 Illustrations. 1 vol. crown 8vo, 5s.

The Cruise of the Humming-Bird, being a Yacht Cruise around the West Coast of Ireland. By MARK HUTTON. In 1 vol. 14s.

Murmurings in the May and Summer of Manhood: O'Ruark's Bride, or the Blood-spark in the Emerald; and Man's Mission a Pilgrimage to Glory's Goal. By EDMUND FALCONER. 1 vol. 5s.

Poems. By EDMUND FALCONER. 1 vol. 5s.

Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated into English in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original. By Mrs. RAMSAY. 3 vols. 18s.

The Gaming-Table, its Votaries and Victims, in all Countries and Times, especially in England and France. By ANDREW STEINMETZ, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.

Principles of Comedy and Dramatic Effect. By PERCY FITZGERALD, author of 'The Life of Garrick,' &c. 8vo, 12s.

A Winter Tour in Spain. By the Author of 'Altogether Wrong.' 8vo, illustrated, 15s.

Life beneath the Waves; and a Description of the Brighton Aquarium, with numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. 2s. 6d.

Letters from the Battlefields of Paraguay. With Map and Illustrations, 18s.

Johnny Robinson: the Story of the Childhood and School-days of an 'Intelligent Artisan.' By the Author of 'Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes.' 2 vols. 21s.

Clarissa. By SAMUEL RICHARDSON. Edited by E. S. DALLAS, author of 'The Gay Science,' &c. 3 vols.

Town and Country Sketches. By ANDREW HALLIDAY, author of 'Every-day Papers,' 'Sunny-side Papers,' &c. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.

TINSLEY BROS.' SEVEN-AND-SIXPENNY VOLUMES.

- Tramps in the Tyrol.** By H. BADEN PRITCHARD, author of 'A Peep at the Pyrenees,' 'Beauty Spots on the Continent,' &c. With Frontispiece and Vignette by JOHN PROCTOR.
- Tiny Travels.** By J. ASHBY STERRY, author of 'The Shuttlecock Papers,' &c.
- Poppies in the Corn; or Glad Hours in the Grave Years.**
By the Author of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye,' &c.
- The Public Life of Lord Macaulay.** By FREDERICK ARNOLD,*
B.A. of Christ Church, Oxford. Post 8vo.
- Moorland and Stream.** With Notes and Prose Idyls on Shooting and Trout Fishing. By W. BARRY.
- Maxims by a Man of the World.** By the Author of 'Lost Sir Massingberd,' 'Blondel Parva,' &c.
- Places and People; being Studies from the Life.** By J. C. PARKINSON.
- A Course of English Literature.** By JAMES HANNAY, author of 'Essays from the Quarterly,' &c.
- Accepted Addresses.** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, author of 'My Diary in America,' &c.
- The Soul and Money.** By JEREMIAS GOTTHELF. Translated by GUARTEBERICK VERE.
- The Night Side of London.** By J. EWING RITCHIE, author of 'About London,' &c. New and Enlarged Edition.
'There is a matter-of-fact reality about the sketches; but they are chiefly remarkable for the moral tone of their reflections.'—*Spectator*.
- The Great Unwashed.** By 'THE JOURNEYMAN ENGINEER.'
Uniform with 'Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes.'
'Every page can be honestly recommended, and is sure to contain something new to the great majority of readers.'—*Illustrated Times*.
- Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes.** By a JOURNEYMAN ENGINEER.
'Here we must leave this very interesting volume, which we advise those who wish to obtain accurate information about the working classes to read carefully for themselves.'—*Sunday Gazette*.
- The Shuttlecock Papers: a Book for an Idle Hour.** By J. ASHBY STERRY.
'A gem that ought almost to entitle its author to take a permanent position in the rank of such essayists as Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, and Lamb.'—*Morning Advertiser*.
- The Pilgrim and the Shrine; or Passages from the Life and Correspondence of Herbert Ainslie, B.A. Cantab.**
'We recognise in the author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" an artist who approaches very near to the ideal that his brilliant pages disclose.'—*Saturday Review*.
- Higher Law.** A Romance in One Volume.
'There is, in short, no novel which can be compared to it for its width of view, its cultivation, its poetry, and its deep human interest . . . except "Romola."'
—*Westminster Review*.
- Military Men I have Met.** By E. DYNE FENTON, author of 'Sorties from Gib.' With Twenty Illustrations.
'The illustrations by Lambourne are excellent and laughter-moving.'—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.
- Essays in Defence of Women.** Crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, bevelled boards.
'He writes smartly, smoothly, and in the easy style which suits an indolent reader; his chief effort is to say brilliant things, to be sparkling, facetious, or witty; and the attempt is so successful that every essay has a piquant flavour.'—*Spectator*.

TINSLEY BROTHERS' SIX-SHILLING VOLUMES.

A Hunt Cup; or Loyalty before All: a Novelette. By
WAT BRADWOOD, author of 'O. V. H.,' 'Ensemble,' &c.

The Golden Lion of Granpera. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,
author of 'Ralph the Heir,' 'Can You Forgive Her?' &c. 6s.

Sword and Gown. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone,'
&c. 6s.

Brakespeare. By the Author of 'Sword and Gown,' 'Guy
Livingstone,' &c. 6s.

Old Margaret. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of 'Geoffry
Hamlyn,' 'Hetty,' &c. 6s.

The Harveys. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of 'Made-
moiselle Mathilde,' 'Old Margaret,' &c. 6s.

Barren Honour. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone.' 6s.

A Life's Assize. By MRS. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'Too
Much Alone,' 'City and Suburb,' 'George Geith,' &c. 6s.

A Righted Wrong. By EDMUND YATES. 6s.

Anteros. By the Author of 'Maurice Dering,' 'Guy
Livingstone,' &c. 6s.

Stretton. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of 'Geoffry Ham-
lyn,' &c. 6s.

Maurice Dering. By the Author of 'Sans Merci,' 'Guy
Livingstone,' &c. 6s.

Guy Livingstone. By the Author of 'Sword and Gown,'
'Barren Honour,' &c. 5s.

The Rock Ahead. By EDMUND YATES. 6s.

The Adventures of Dr. Brady. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. 6s.

Black Sheep. By EDMUND YATES, author of 'The Rock
Ahead,' &c. 6s.

Sans Merci. By the Author of 'Anteros,' 'Border and
Bastille,' &c. 6s.

Border and Bastille. By the Author of 'Sword and
Gown,' 'Brakespeare,' &c. 6s.

Not Wisely, but Too Well. By the Author of 'Cometh
up as a Flower.' 6s.

Miss Forrester. By the Author of 'Archie Lovell,' &c. 6s.

Recommended to Mercy. By the Author of 'Sink or
Swim?' 6s.

Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg. By MRS. LYNN LINTON, author
of 'Sowing the Wind,' &c. 6s.

TINSLEY BROTHERS' TWO-SHILLING VOLUMES,

Uniformly bound in Illustrated Wrappers,

To be had at every Railway Stall and of every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

1. Every-Day Papers. By ANDREW HALLIDAY.
2. The Savage-Club Papers (1868). With all the Original Illustrations.
3. The Savage-Club Papers (1867). With all the Original Illustrations.
4. The Dower-House. By ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), author of 'Denis Donne,' &c.
5. Sword and Gown. By the Author of 'Breaking a Butterfly,' 'Anteros,' &c.
6. Barren Honour. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone,' &c.
7. The Rock Ahead. By the Author of 'A Righted Wrong,' &c.
8. Black Sheep. By EDMUND YATES, author of 'The Rock Ahead,' &c.
9. Miss Forrester. By the Author of 'Archie Lovell.'
10. The Pretty Widow. By CHARLES H. ROSS.
11. The Waterdale Neighbours. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, author of 'My Enemy's Daughter,' &c.
12. Not Wisely, but Too Well. By the Author of 'Cometh up as a Flower.'
13. Recommended to Mercy. By the Author of 'Sink or Swim?'
14. Maurice Dering. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone,' &c.
15. Brakespeare. By the Author of 'Sans Merci,' 'Maurice Dering,' &c.
16. Breaking a Butterfly. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone,' &c.
17. The Adventures of Dr. Brady. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.
18. Sans Merci. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone,' 'Sword and Gown,' &c.
19. Love Stories of the English Watering-Places.
20. Netherton-on-Sea. Edited by the late Dean of Canterbury.
21. A Righted Wrong. By EDMUND YATES, author of 'The Forlorn Hope,' 'A Waiting Race,' &c.
22. My Enemy's Daughter. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, author of 'The Waterdale Neighbours,' 'A Fair Saxon,' &c.
23. A Perfect Treasure. By the Author of 'Lost Sir Massingberd.'
24. Broken to Harness. By EDMUND YATES, author of 'The Yellow Flag,' 'Black Sheep,' &c.
25. Grif. By B. L. FARJEON, author of 'Joshua Marvel,' &c.
26. Gaslight and Daylight. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, author of 'My Diary in America in the Midst of War,' &c.
27. Papers Humorous and Pathetic. Selections from the Works of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Revised and abridged by the Author for Public Readings.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

TWO-SHILLING VOLUMES—*Continued.*

28. *Anteros.* By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone,' 'Barren Honour,' 'Sword and Gown,' &c.
29. *Joshua Marvel.* By B. L. FARJEON, author of 'Grif,' 'London's Heart,' 'Blade-o'-Grass,' and 'Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses.'
30. 'Under which King?' By B. W. JOHNSTON, M.P.
31. *The Cambridge Freshman; or Memoirs of Mr. Golightly.* By MARTIN LEGRAND. With numerous Illustrations by PHIZ.
32. *Lover and Husband.* By ENNIS GRAHAM, author of 'She was Young, and He was Old.'
33. *Old Margaret.* By the Author of 'Leighton Court,' 'Silcote of Silcotes,' 'Geoffry Hamlyn,' &c.
34. *Hornby Mills; and other Stories.* By the Author of 'Ravenshoe,' 'Austin Elliot,' &c.
35. *The Harveys.* By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of 'Ravenshoe,' 'Mademoiselle Mathilde,' 'Geoffry Hamlyn,' &c.
36. *Saved by a Woman.* By the Author of 'No Appeal,' &c.
37. *A Waiting Race.* By EDMUND YATES, author of 'Black Sheep,' &c.
38. *Joy after Sorrow.* By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'George Geith,' 'City and Suburb,' &c.
39. *At His Gates.* By Mrs. OLIPHANT, author of 'Chronicles of Carlingford,' &c.
40. *Under the Greenwood Tree.* A Rural Painting of the Dutch School. By the Author of 'Desperate Remedies,' &c.
41. *The Golden Lion of Granpere.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of 'Ralph the Heir,' 'Can You Forgive Her?' &c.
42. *The Yellow Flag.* By EDMUND YATES, author of 'Broken to Harness,' 'A Waiting Race,' 'Black Sheep,' &c.
43. *Nellie's Memories: a Domestic Story.* By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.
44. *Murphy's Master; and other Stories.* By the Author of 'Lost Sir Massingberd,' 'Found Dead,' 'Cecil's Tryst,' 'A Woman's Vengeance.'
45. *Home, Sweet Home.* By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'George Geith,' 'Too Much Alone,' 'City and Suburb.'
46. *London's Heart.* By B. L. FARJEON, author of 'Grif,' 'Joshua Marvel,' 'Blade-o'-Grass,' and 'Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses.'
47. *The Earl's Promise.* By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'Too Much Alone,' 'George Geith,' 'City and Suburb,' 'The Race for Wealth,' 'A Life's Assize,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' &c.
48. *The Manchester Rebels.* By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, author of 'Old St. Paul's,' 'Rookwood,' 'Windsor Castle,' 'Tower of London,' &c.
49. *Frank Sinclair's Wife.* By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'George Geith,' 'City and Suburb,' 'Too Much Alone,' 'The Race for Wealth,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' &c.

May also be had, handsomely bound in cloth gilt, price 2s. 6d. each.

N.B.—In ordering the above the number only need be given.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

PAMPHLETS,

ETC.

Anti-Sillyass; or the Modern Odyssey. By MAURICE DAVIES, author of 'Unorthodox,' 'Orthodox,' and 'Heterodox' London. Price One Shilling.

Shakespeare's Tragedy of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' arranged and adapted for representation by ANDREW HALLIDAY. Price Sixpence.

The Bells. A Romantic Story adapted from the French of MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. In Illustrated Wrapper, price One Shilling.

The Rose of Jericho; from the French; called by the German 'Weinachts-Rose,' or 'Christmas Rose.' Edited by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON, author of 'Old Sir Douglas,' &c. 2s. 6d.

True to the Core: a Story of the Armada. The T. P. Cooke Prize Drama (1866). By A. R. SLOUS, Esq., author of 'The Templar,' 'Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh,' 'Light and Shadow,' &c. Price One Shilling.

The Wren of the Curragh. Reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Price One Shilling.

Poll and Partner Joe; or the Pride of Putney and the Pressing Pirate. A new and original Nautical Burlesque, written by F. C. BURNAND, author of 'Ixion,' 'Black-eyed Susan,' 'Military Billy Taylor,' 'Sir George and a Dragon,' 'Paris, or Vive Lemprière,' &c. Price Sixpence.

Manual of Salmon and Trout Hatching; or an Explanation of the Fish-hatching Apparatus at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, the South Kensington Museum, Zoological Gardens, &c. By FRANK BUCKLAND, M.A., M.R.C.S., F.Z.S. Price Sixpence.

The Battle of Berlin (Die Schlacht von Königsberg). By MOTLY RANKE McCAULEY. Price Sixpence.

The Cruise of the Anti-Torpedo. Price Sixpence.

How to Sing an English Ballad. By ELIZABETH PHILP. Including Sixty Songs written by eminent poets. Price One Shilling.

'Miss Philp is well known for her poetical taste and judgment; and it would be difficult to find a basket of brighter gems than those which lie within the cover of this little volume.'—*Illustrated London News*.

The Merry Lark was up and Singing. Song written by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. The Music Composed by ELIZABETH PHILP. Price 3s.

Soft, soft Wind. Written by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, and Music composed by ELIZABETH PHILP. Price 3s.

Airly Beacon. Song written by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. The Music by ELIZABETH PHILP. Price 3s.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

TINSLEY BROTHERS' NEW NOVELS.

Mortomley Estate. By MRS. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'George Geith,' 'Too Much Alone,' 'City and Suburb,' 'Race for Wealth,' 'Far above Rubles,' &c. 3 vols.

True to her Trust; or Womanly past Question. With Illustrative Initial Devices by F. W. WADDY. 3 vols.

The Impending Sword. By EDMUND YATES, author of 'Broken to Harness,' 'Black Sheep,' 'The Rock Ahead,' 'A Waiting Race,' &c. 3 vols.

Shall I Win Her? By JAMES GRANT, author of 'The Romance of War,' 'Only an Ensign,' &c. 3 vols.

Merry England; or Nobles and Serfs. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, author of 'Old St. Paul's,' 'Rookwood,' 'Windsor Castle,' 'Boscobel,' 'Good Old Times,' 'Tower of London,' &c. 3 vols.

Crushed beneath his Idol. By A. C. SAMPSON. 3 vols.

The Last Inca; or the Story of Tupac Amaru. 3 vols.

Cramleigh College: a new Novel. By HENRY BELCHER. 3 vols.

A Rich Man's Secret: a Romance. By the Author of 'A Blot on his Escutcheon,' &c. 2 vols.

A Strange Love. By FRANK USHER, author of 'The Three Oxonians,' &c. 3 vols.

The Scarlet Shawl: a new Novel. By RICHARD JEFFERIES. 1st vol.

A Heart well Won; or the Life and Adventures of Arthur Oldfield. A Tale of the Modern Time. 3 vols.

Rolling in Riches: a new Novel. 3 vols.

Cicely. By the Author of 'Not without Thorns,' 'She was Young and He was Old,' 'Lover and Husband,' &c. 3 vols.

Fantoccini. By FRANK BARRETT. 2 vols.

Before he was Posted. By JOHN POMEROY, author of 'A Double Secret,' 'Golden Pippin,' 'Home from India.' 2 vols.

For Beauty's Sake: a new Novel. 1 vol.

The Vicar's Governess. By DORA RUSSELL, author of 'The Miner's Oath,' &c. 3 vols.

The Only One of her Mother. By the Author of 'Altogether Wrong,' 'A Winter Tour in Spain,' &c. 3 vols.

Once and For Ever; or Passages in the Life of the Curate of Danbury. By the Author of 'No Appeal,' 'Saved by a Woman.' 3 vols.

A Friend at Court. By ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A., author of 'The Life and Times of Algernon Sydney,' &c. 3 vols.

Frank Sinclair's Wife. By MRS. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'George Geith,' 'City and Suburb,' 'Too Much Alone,' 'The Race for Wealth,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' &c. 3 vols.

TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LIGHT AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

Now publishing,

Jessie Trim. By B. L. FARJEON, author of 'Blade-o'-Grass,' 'Golden Grain,' 'Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses,' 'Grif,' 'London's Heart,' and 'Joshua Marvel.'

Linley Rochford. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, author of 'My Enemy's Daughter,' 'A Fair Saxon,' &c.

Fairer than a Fairy. By JAMES GRANT, author of 'Under the Red Dragon,' 'The Romance of War,' &c.

Essays, Articles, Novelettes, &c.

The first Fourteen Volumes of 'Tinsleys' Magazine'

Are now ready, containing:

A Pair of Blue Eyes. A complete Novel. By the Author of 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' 'Desperate Remedies,' &c.

London's Heart. A complete Novel. By the Author of 'Grif,' 'Joshua Marvel,' and 'Blade-o'-Grass.'

Home, Sweet Home. A complete Novel. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'George Geith,' 'City and Suburb,' 'Too Much Alone,' &c.

Laura Erle. A complete Novel. By the Author of 'Blanche Seymour,' 'Erma's Engagement,' &c.

Under the Red Dragon. A complete Novel. By JAMES GRANT, author of 'The Romance of War,' 'Only an Ensign,' &c.

The Monarch of Mincing Lane. A complete Novel. By the Author of 'The Daughter of Heth,' &c.

George Canterbury's Will. A complete Novel. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of 'East Lynne,' &c.

The Rock Ahead. A complete Novel. By EDMUND YATES, author of 'Black Sheep,' &c.

Breaking a Butterfly. A complete Novel. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone,' &c.

Austin Friars. A complete Novel. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of 'George Geith,' &c.

Joshua Marvel. A complete Novel. By B. L. FARJEON, author of 'Grif,' &c.

Lady Judith. A complete Novel. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, author of 'My Enemy's Daughter,' &c.

A House of Cards. A complete Novel. By Mrs. CAGHEL HOEX, author of 'Falsely True,' &c.

Doctor Brady. A complete Novel. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., of the Times.

Musical Recollections of the last Half-Century.

The Hon. Alice Brand's Correspondence.

And numerous Essays, Articles, Novelettes, and Papers of interest.

The above Volumes are elegantly bound in cloth gilt, price 8s. per volume. Cases for Binding may be had of the Publisher, price 1s. 6d. each.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHEDRAL STREET, LONDON



